MARVEL
DOOM
2099
THE COMPLETE COLLECTION BY WARREN ELLIS

DOOM 2099

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PREVIOUSLY...

After a decades-long absence, an amnesiac Doctor Doom suddenly appeared in the year 2099 — finding himself in a world run by corporations, where information is power. Doom quickly seized control of Latveria by killing its current ruler, Tyger Wylde, and resumed his monarchy.

Recently, Doom took control of Valhalla, a floating aerial city created by the Alchemax Corporation. Soon afterward, Doom crash landed in the Savage Land after escaping from the exploding Chin Shan space platform. With his armor damaged, Doom became disoriented and began having flashes of memories from someone else's life.

Doom discovered that Christian L'Argent, an Alchemax executive, was running a Vibranium excavation in the Savage Land, but the reckless drilling caused earthquakes that threatened to destabilize its ecosystem. Doom confronted L'Argent, who claimed that Doom was an imposter and that the real Doctor Doom was a member of the Shadows, a small cabal of powermongers who control the world through their corporations. Doom killed L'Argent, but a mysterious woman and an armored man, remotely observing from a South Pacific island base, decided that "Doom" was getting too close to the truth.

Seeking answers to the mystery of his identity, Doom traveled to the island nation of Myridia, where the world's greatest secret information is kept. Doom confronted Myridia's ruler, General Tibor Diaghilev Czerny, and demanded that he hand over control of the island nation. Unless Czerny complied, Doom threatened to destroy Myridia's information systems with an electromagnetic pulse from Valhalla. Meanwhile, on the South Pacific island, the armored man revived Tyger Wylde and sent him after Doom.

General Czerny revealed that Doom is actually his son, Erik Kristofer Czerny. When Erik embarked on a mission to expose the Shadows, he was captured and brainwashed into believing that he was Doctor Doom — by the real Doctor Doom and his ally Margaretta von Geisterstadt.

Before Doom could verify this information, Tyger Wylde attacked. Doom discovered that "Wylde" was an android and swiftly defeated him — however, Czerny was fatally injured during the fight, and ceded control of Myridia to Doom as he died.

Now ruler of two nations, Latveria and Myridia, Doom pilots Valhalla toward a certain South Pacific island…

MARVEL
COMICS
DOOM 2099
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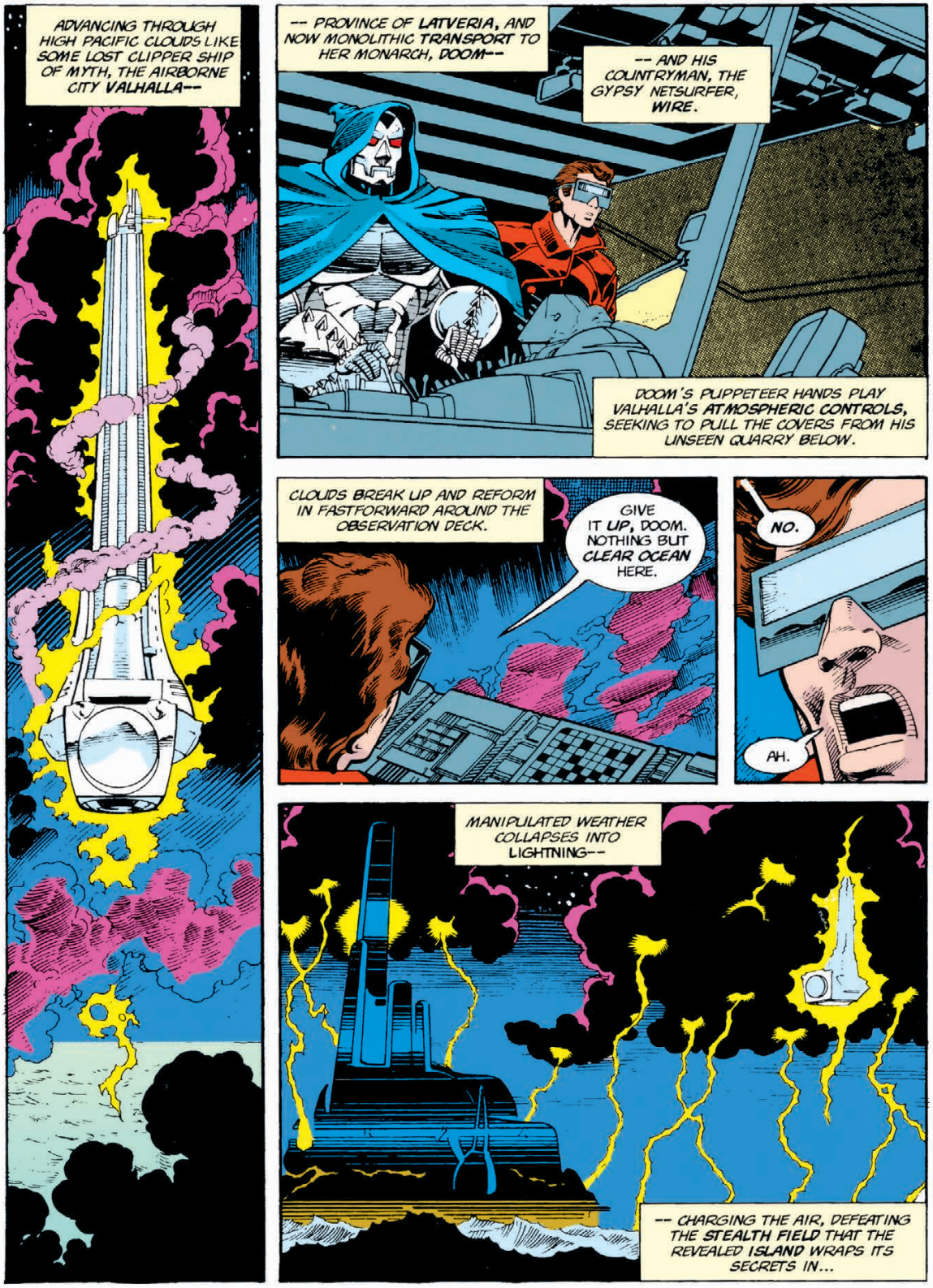
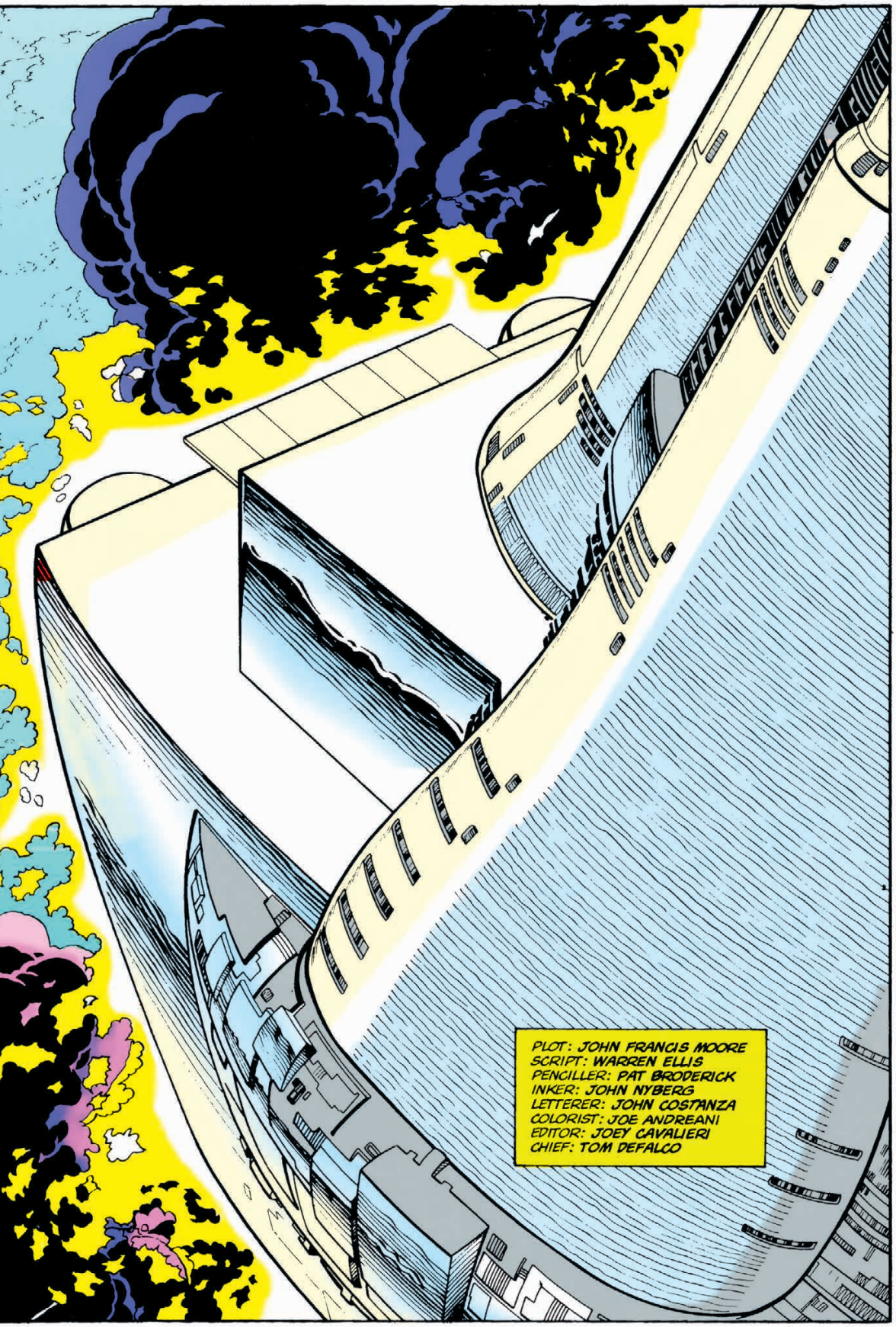
24 DEC
THE TRIUMPH OF TYGER WYLDE
PAT BRODERICK 94
AFTER KIRBY


ADVANCING THROUGH HIGH PACIFIC CLOUDS LIKE SOME LOST CLIPPER SHIP OF MYTH, THE AIRBORNE CITY VALHALLA--
-- PROVINCE OF LATVERIA, AND NOW MONOLITHIC TRANSPORT TO HER MONARCH, DOOM--
-- AND HIS COUNTRYMAN, THE GYPSY NETSURFER, WIRE.
DOOM'S PUPPETEER HANDS PLAY VALHALLA'S ATMOSPHERIC CONTROLS, SEEKING TO PULL THE COVERS FROM HIS UNSEEN QUARRY BELOW.
CLOUDS BREAK UP AND REFORM IN FASTFORWARD AROUND THE OBSERVATION DECK.
GIVE IT UP, DOOM. NOTHING BUT CLEAR OCEAN HERE.
NO.
AH.
MANIPULATED WEATHER COLLAPSES INTO LIGHTNING--
-- CHARGING THE AIR, DEFEATING THE STEALTH FIELD THAT THE REVEALED ISLAND WRAPS ITS SECRETS IN...

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
ISLAND of LOST SOULS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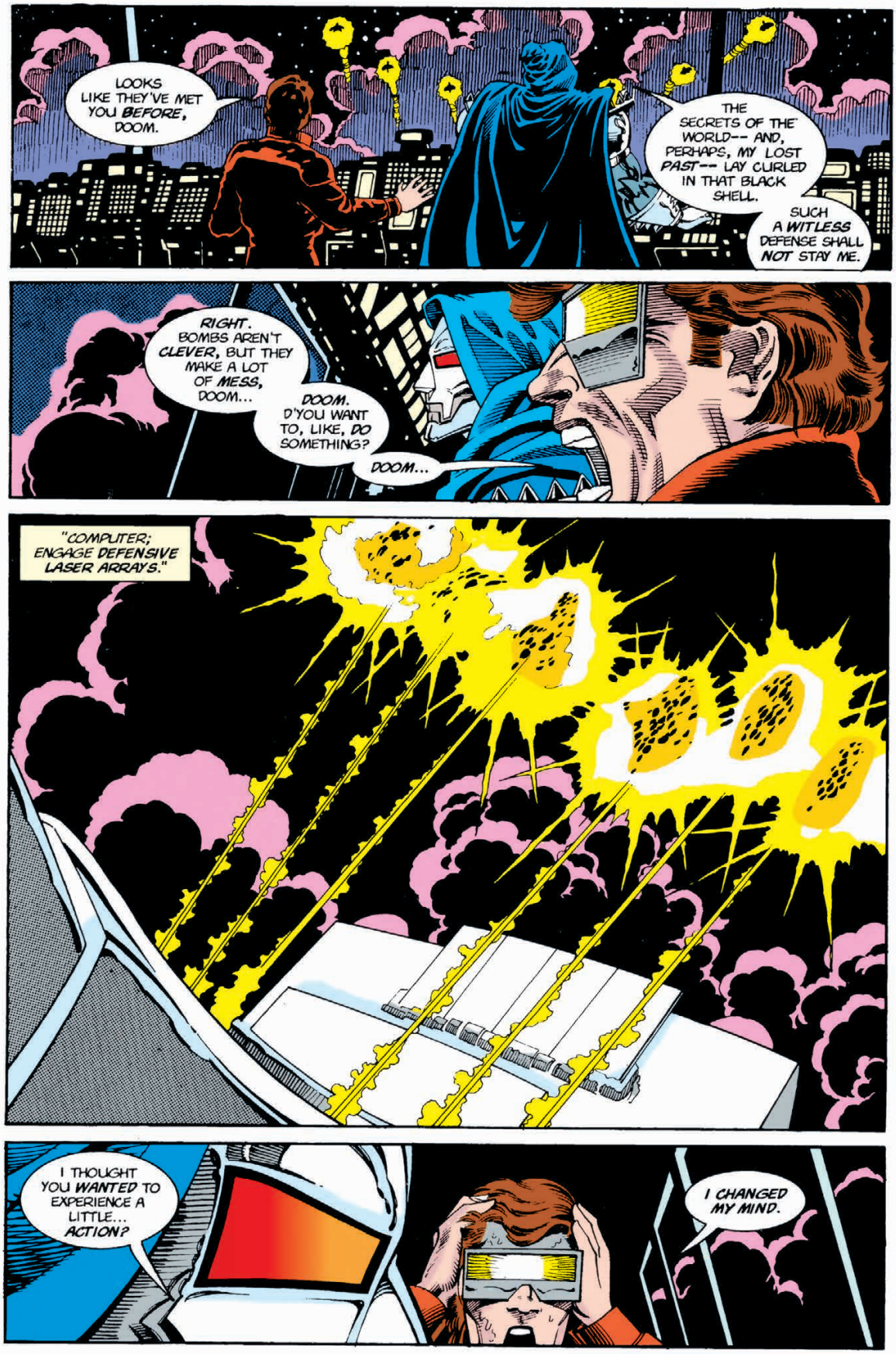
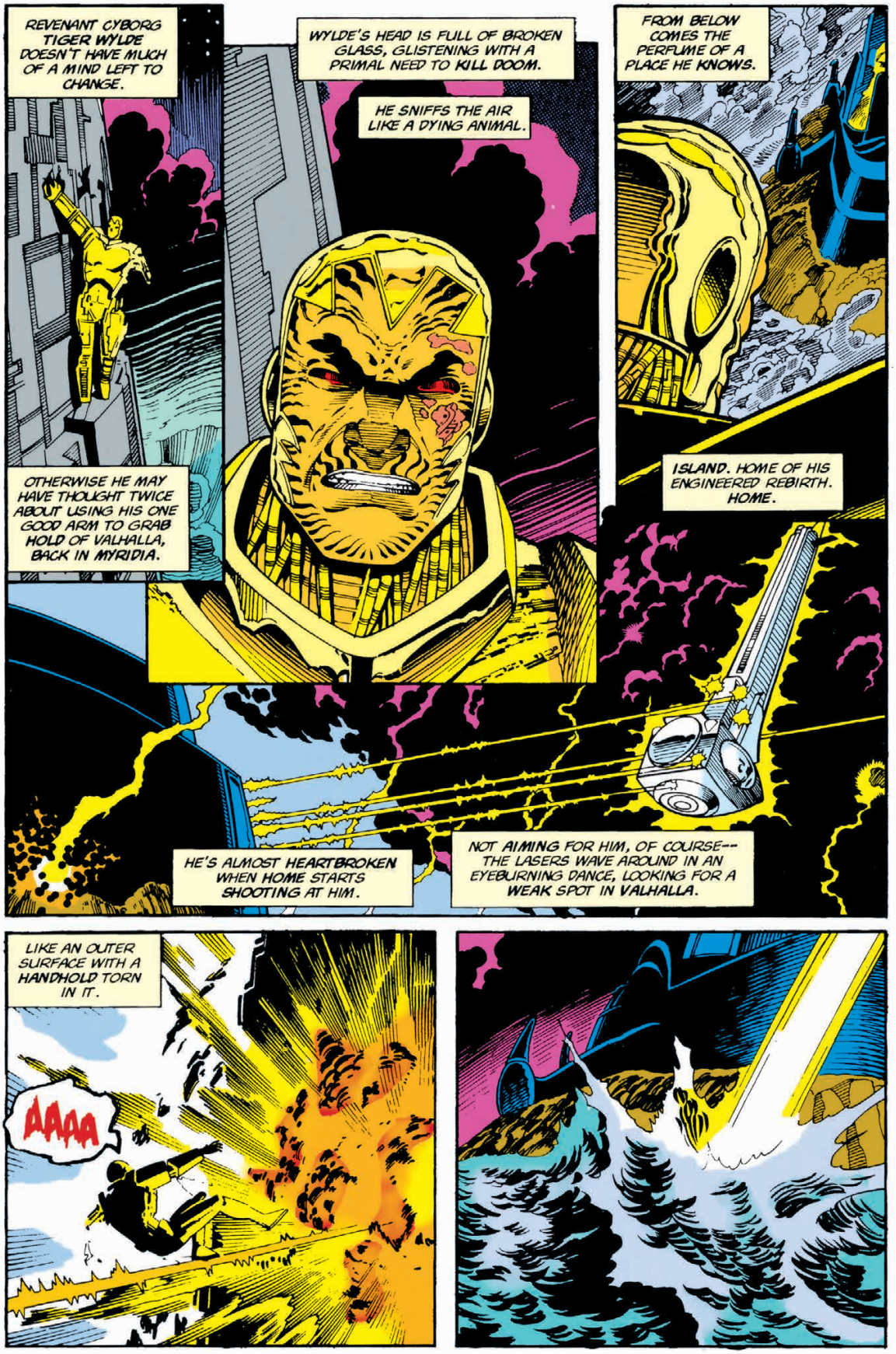
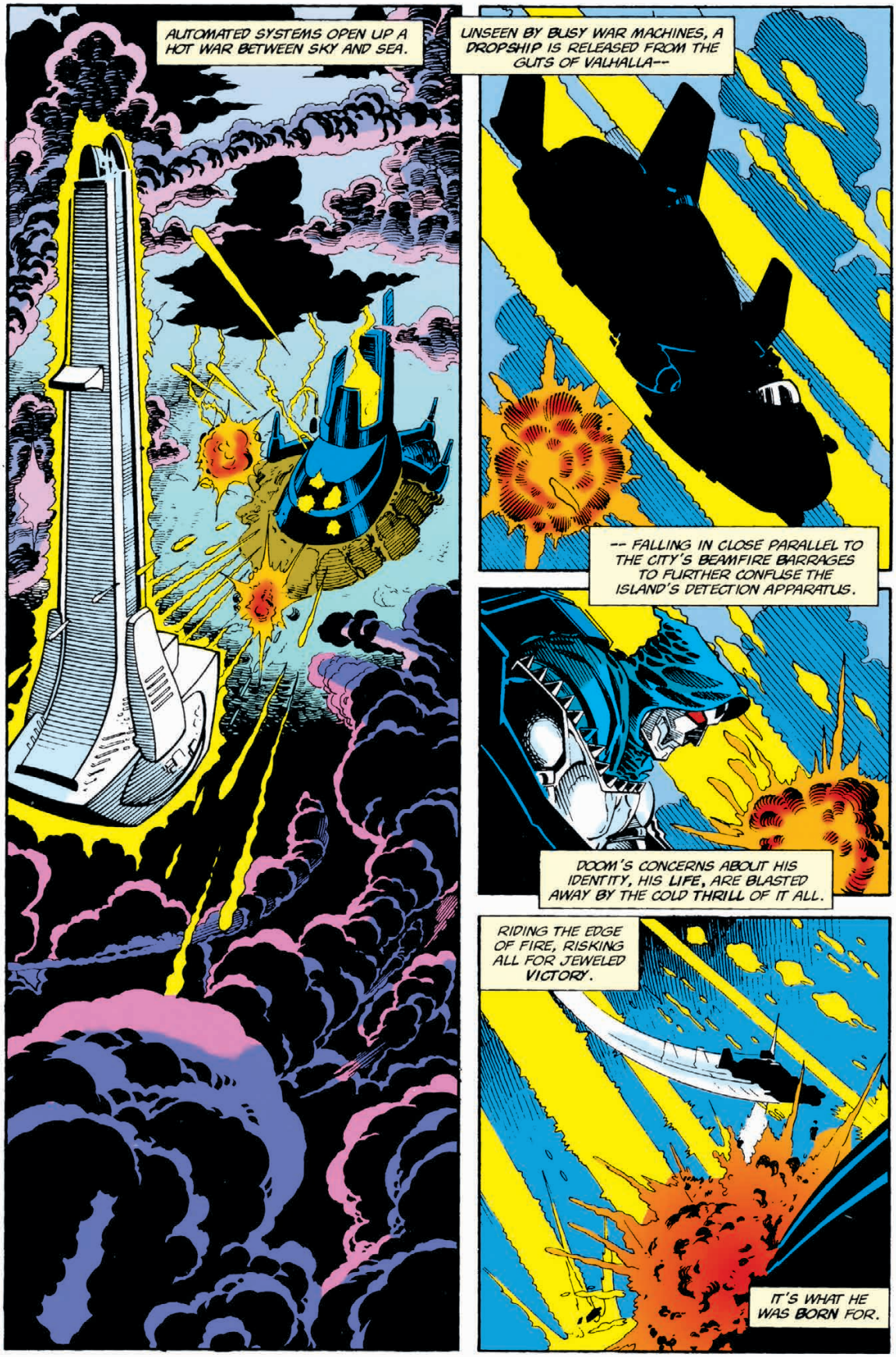
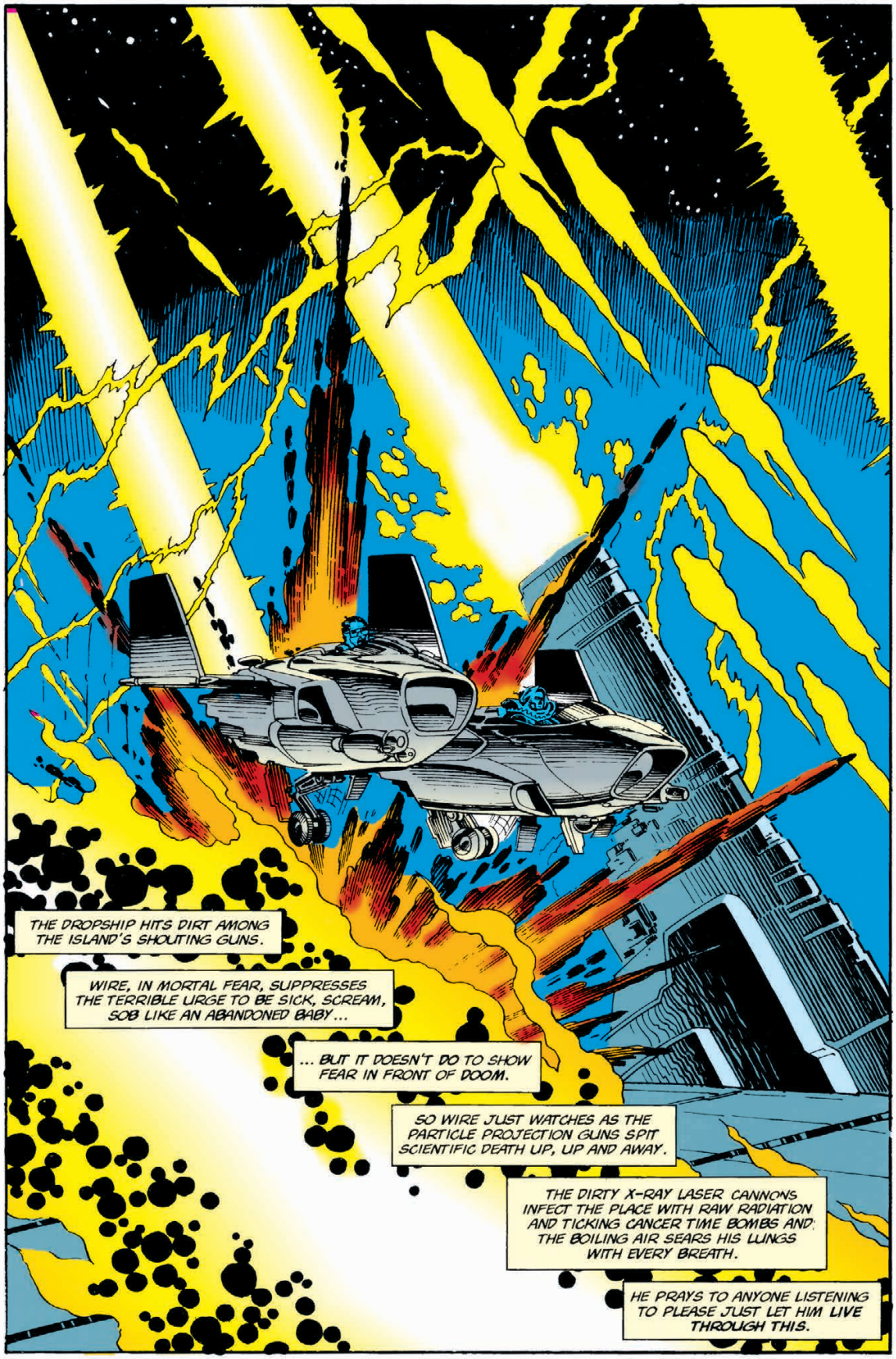
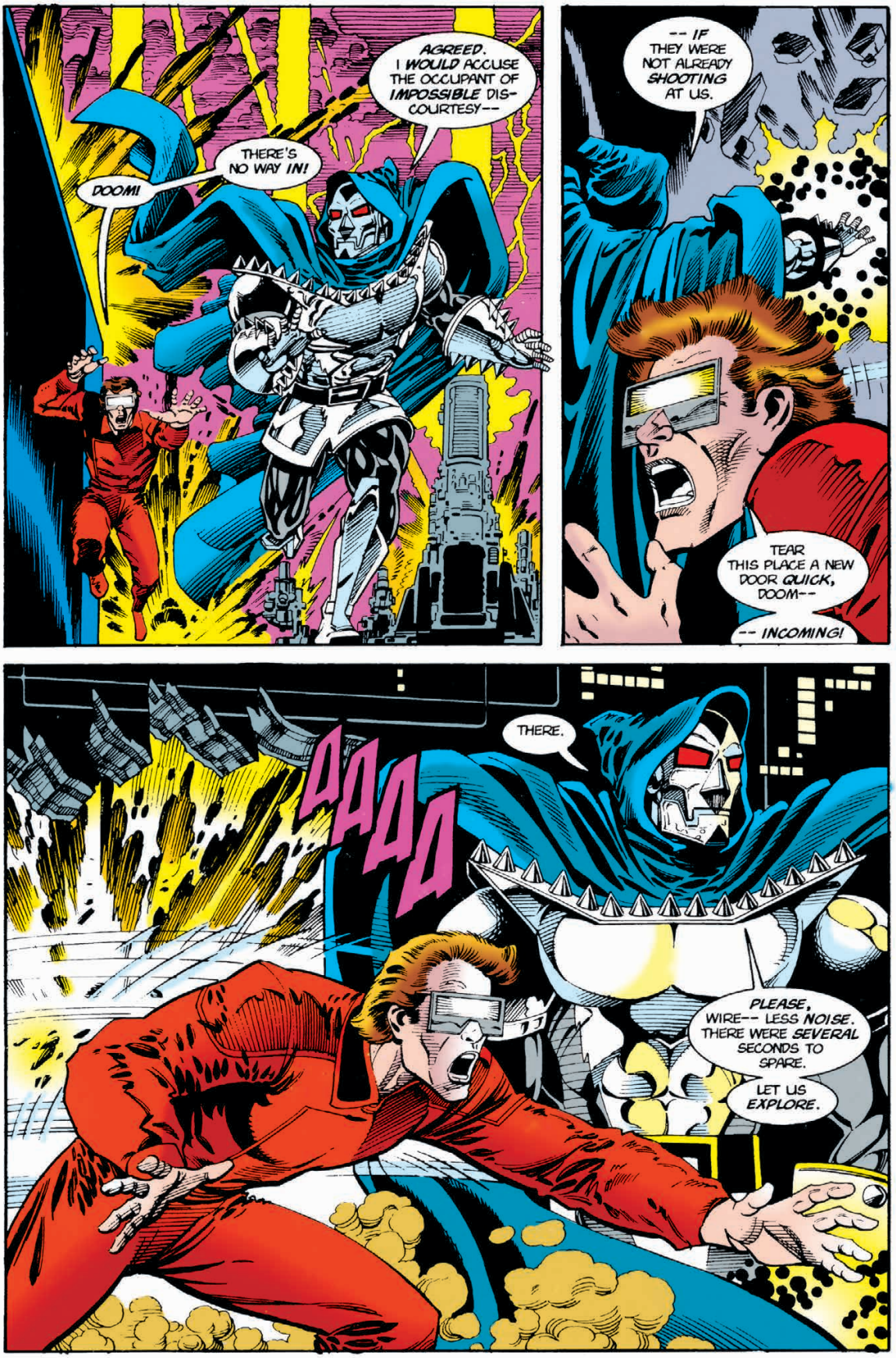

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE MET YOU BEFORE, DOOM.
THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD-- AND, PERHAPS, MY LOST PAST-- LAY CURLED IN THAT BLACK SHELL.
SUCH A WITLESS DEFENSE SHALL NOT STAY ME.
RIGHT. BOMBS AREN'T CLEVER, BUT THEY MAKE A LOT OF MESS, DOOM...
DOOM. D'YOU WANT TO, LIKE, DO SOMETHING?
DOOM...
"COMPUTER; ENGAGE DEFENSIVE LASER ARRAYS."
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO EXPERIENCE A LITTLE... ACTION?
I CHANGED MY MIND.

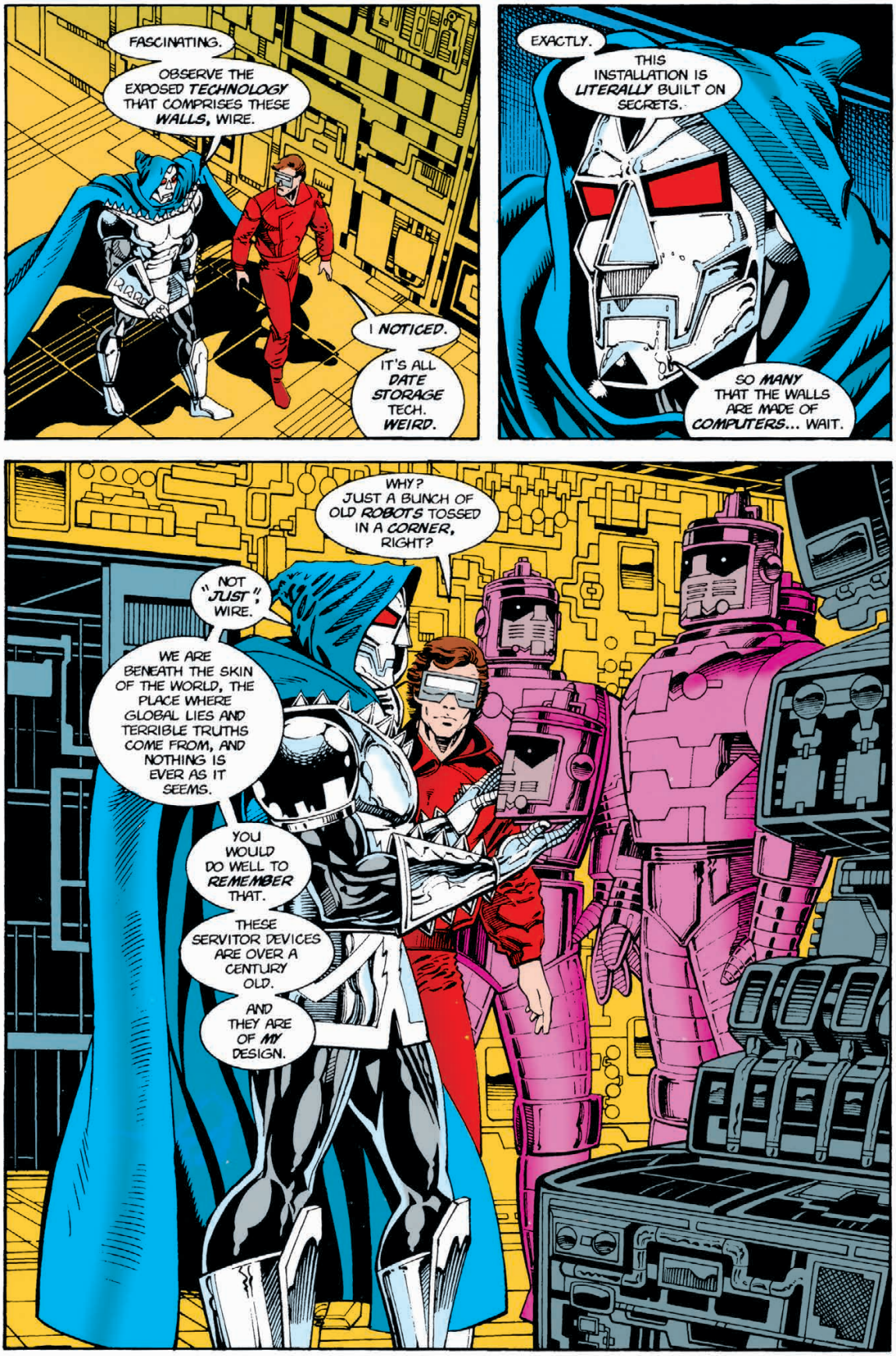

REVENANT CYBORG TIGER WYLDE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A MIND LEFT TO CHANGE.
WYLDE'S HEAD IS FULL OF BROKEN GLASS, GLISTENING WITH A PRIMAL NEED TO KILL DOOM.
HE SNIFFS THE AIR LIKE A DYING ANIMAL.
FROM BELOW COMES THE PERFUME OF A PLACE HE KNOWS.
OTHERWISE HE MAY HAVE THOUGHT TWICE ABOUT USING HIS ONE GOOD ARM TO GRAB HOLD OF VALHALLA, BACK IN MYRIDIA.
ISLAND. HOME OF HIS ENGINEERED REBIRTH. HOME.
HE'S ALMOST HEARTBROKEN WHEN HOME STARTS SHOOTING AT HIM.
NOT AIMING FOR HIM, OF COURSE-- THE LASERS WAVE AROUND IN AN EYEBURNING DANCE, LOOKING FOR A WEAK SPOT IN VALHALLA.
LIKE AN OUTER SURFACE WITH A HANDHOLD TORN IN IT.
AAAA


AUTOMATED SYSTEMS OPEN UP A HOT WAR BETWEEN SKY AND SEA.
UNSEEN BY BUSY WAR MACHINES, A DROPSHIP IS RELEASED FROM THE GUTS OF VALHALLA--
-- FALLING IN CLOSE PARALLEL TO THE CITY'S BEAMFIRE BARRAGES TO FURTHER CONFUSE THE ISLAND'S DETECTION APPARATUS.
DOOM'S CONCERNS ABOUT HIS IDENTITY, HIS LIFE, ARE BLASTED AWAY BY THE COLD THRILL OF IT ALL.
RIDING THE EDGE OF FIRE, RISKING ALL FOR JEWELED VICTORY.
IT'S WHAT HE WAS BORN FOR.

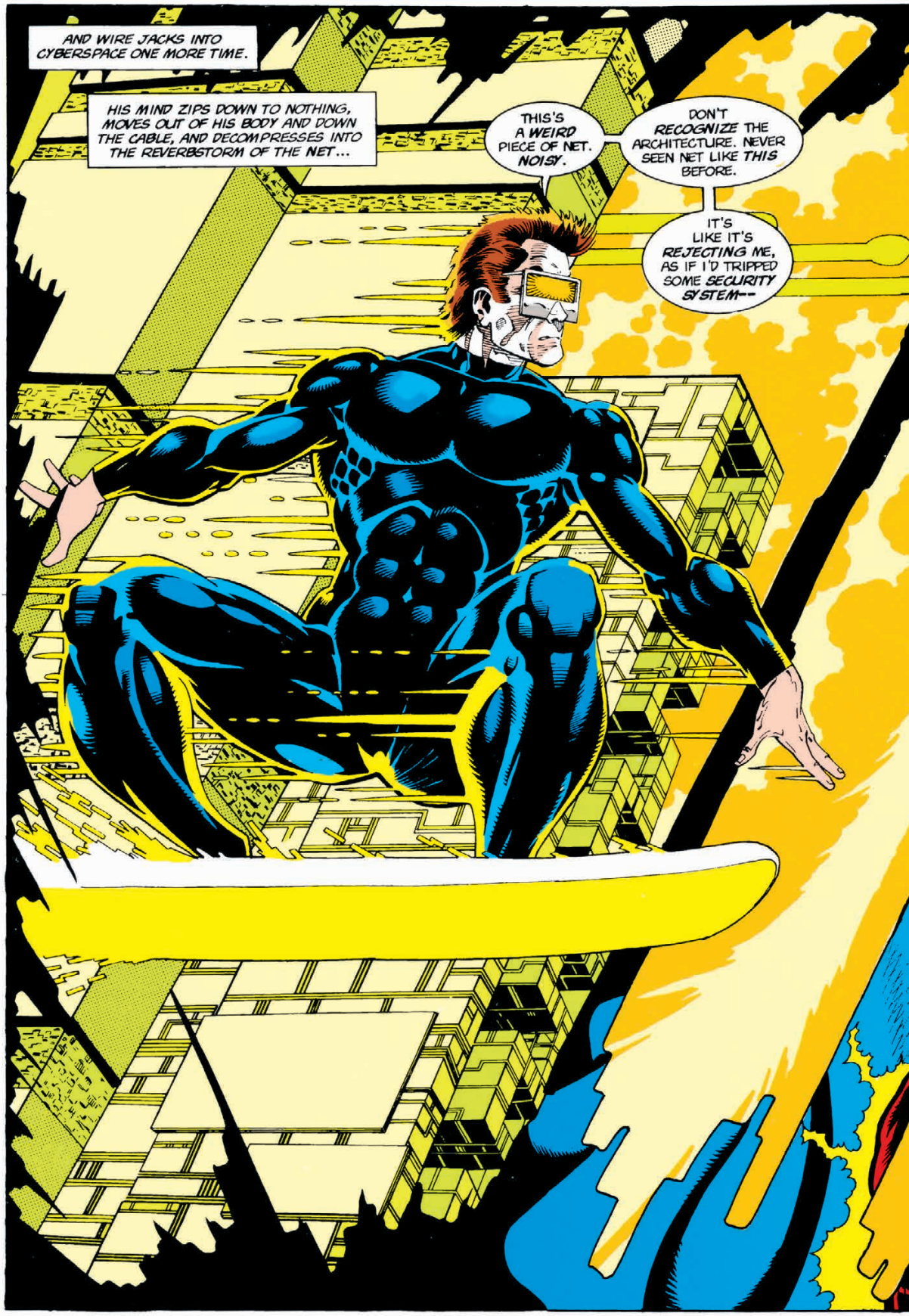

THE DROPSHIP HITS DIRT AMONG THE ISLAND'S SHOUTING GUNS.
WIRE, IN MORTAL FEAR, SUPPRESSES THE TERRIBLE URGE TO BE SICK, SCREAM, SOB LIKE AN ABANDONED BABY...
... BUT IT DOESN'T DO TO SHOW FEAR IN FRONT OF DOOM.
SO WIRE JUST WATCHES AS THE PARTICLE PROJECTION GUNS SPIT SCIENTIFIC DEATH UP, UP AND AWAY.
THE DIRTY X-RAY LASER CANNONS INFECT THE PLACE WITH RAW RADIATION AND TICKING CANCER TIME BOMBS AND THE BOILING AIR SEARS HIS LUNGS WITH EVERY BREATH.
HE PRAYS TO ANYONE LISTENING TO PLEASE JUST LET HIM LIVE THROUGH THIS.

LATVERIA; THE EDGE OF GOJRADIA, ITS HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE FALLEN TO SOME SARAJEVO OF NEGLECT.
FORTUNE, HEAD OF STATE IN DOOM'S ABSENCE-- BROUGHT BY THE MERCENARY POET-- IS A STRANGER HERE.
BLESSED MOTHER, POET-- WHY BRING ME HERE?
I TOLD YOU. SOMEONE WANTS TO MEET YOU.
NOW BE QUIET. WATCH AND LISTEN.
THAT LIGHT--
I AM THE NEON ANGEL.
BLESSED MOTHER.
IT'S LIKE THE VISIONS MY MOTHER HAD WHEN SHE PRAYED FOR TOO LONG...
... TO THE BLESSED MOTHER.
FORTUNE. GYPSY DAUGHTER OF FAITH.
YOUR BROTHER, KAZIMIERZ, SUFFERS INCURABLE DAMAGE.
SERVE ME, DAUGHTER. WILLINGLY ENTER MY EMPLOY.
AND I SHALL CURE HIM.
AND POET TRIES NOT TO SMIRK AT THE CHEAP HOLOGRAPHY THAT HIS EMPLOYER USES TO IMPRESS THE MARKS.


AGREED. I WOULD ACCUSE THE OCCUPANT OF IMPOSSIBLE DISCOURTESY--
THERE'S NO WAY IN!
DOOM!
-- IF THEY WERE NOT ALREADY SHOOTING AT US.
TEAR THIS PLACE A NEW DOOR QUICK, DOOM--
-- INCOMING!
AAAA
THERE.
PLEASE, WIRE-- LESS NOISE. THERE WERE SEVERAL SECONDS TO SPARE.
LET US EXPLORE.


FASCINATING.
OBSERVE THE EXPOSED TECHNOLOGY THAT COMPRISES THESE WALLS, WIRE.
I NOTICED.
IT'S ALL DATE STORAGE TECH. WEIRD.
EXACTLY.
THIS INSTALLATION IS LITERALLY BUILT ON SECRETS.
SO MANY THAT THE WALLS ARE MADE OF COMPUTERS... WAIT.
WHY? JUST A BUNCH OF OLD ROBOTS TOSSED IN A CORNER, RIGHT?
NOT "JUST", WIRE.
WE ARE BENEATH THE SKIN OF THE WORLD, THE PLACE WHERE GLOBAL LIES AND TERRIBLE TRUTHS COME FROM, AND NOTHING IS EVER AS IT SEEMS.
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT.
THESE SERVITOR DEVICES ARE OVER A CENTURY OLD.
AND THEY ARE OF MY DESIGN.

IS THIS DOOM?, WIRE WONDERS
WIRE RECALLS THE DATA SHOWN HIM BY DUKE STRATOSPHERE, A PROGRAM SHOWING DOOM'S MEMORY AS A FRAGMENTED, WRONG THING--
-- SHOWING THAT HE MAY NOT BE THE REAL DOOM.
NO, THINKS WIRE. HE MUST BE THE REAL DOOM.
HE MUST BE.
WIRE.
WE MUST MOVE ON.
I INTEND TO LEARN AS MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE AS POSSIBLE BEFORE WE ARE LOCATED BY THE OCCUPANTS.
HEY, CHECK IT OUT!
YOU WANNA LEARN ABOUT THIS PLACE? I JUST SPOTTED A CYBERDECK!
WIRE. BEWARE.
RELAX.
I'LL JUST GLIDE INTO THE HOUSE SYSTEM AND PULL THE BASIC SPECS ON THE BUILDING FOR YOU.
'SIDES, I'VE BEEN DYING TO RIDE SOME NET FOR DAYS.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

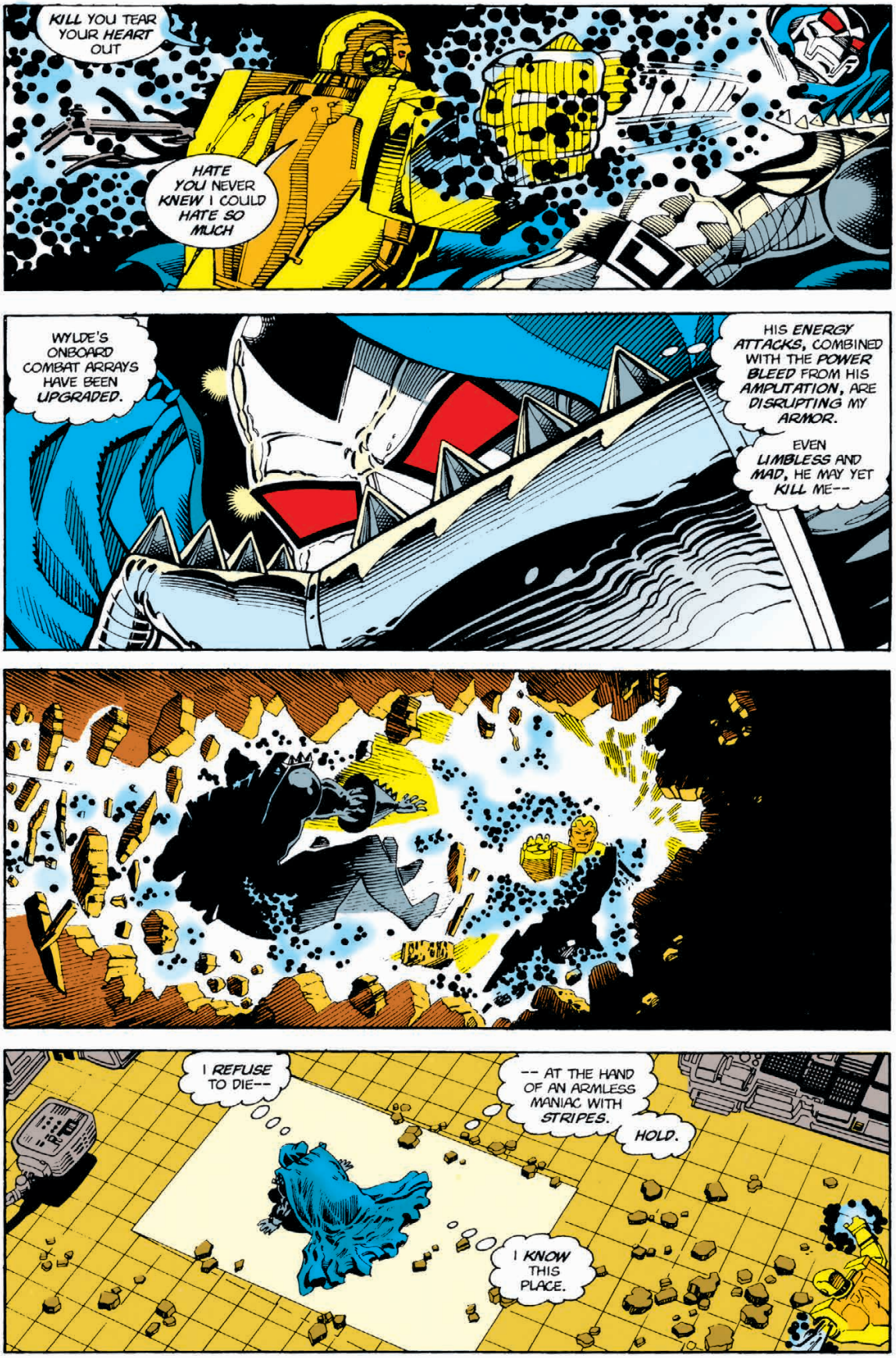

AND WIRE JACKS INTO CYBERSPACE ONE MORE TIME.
HIS MIND ZIPS DOWN TO NOTHING, MOVES OUT OF HIS BODY AND DOWN THE CABLE, AND DECOMPRESSES INTO THE REVERBSTORM OF THE NET...
THIS'S A WEIRD PIECE OF NET. NOISY.
DON'T RECOGNIZE THE ARCHITECTURE. NEVER SEEN NET LIKE THIS BEFORE.
IT'S LIKE IT'S REJECTING ME, AS IF I'D TRIPPED SOME SECURITY SYSTEM--

-- JUST BY JACKING IN.
AN NO.
WIRE. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
UNJACK.
NOW.

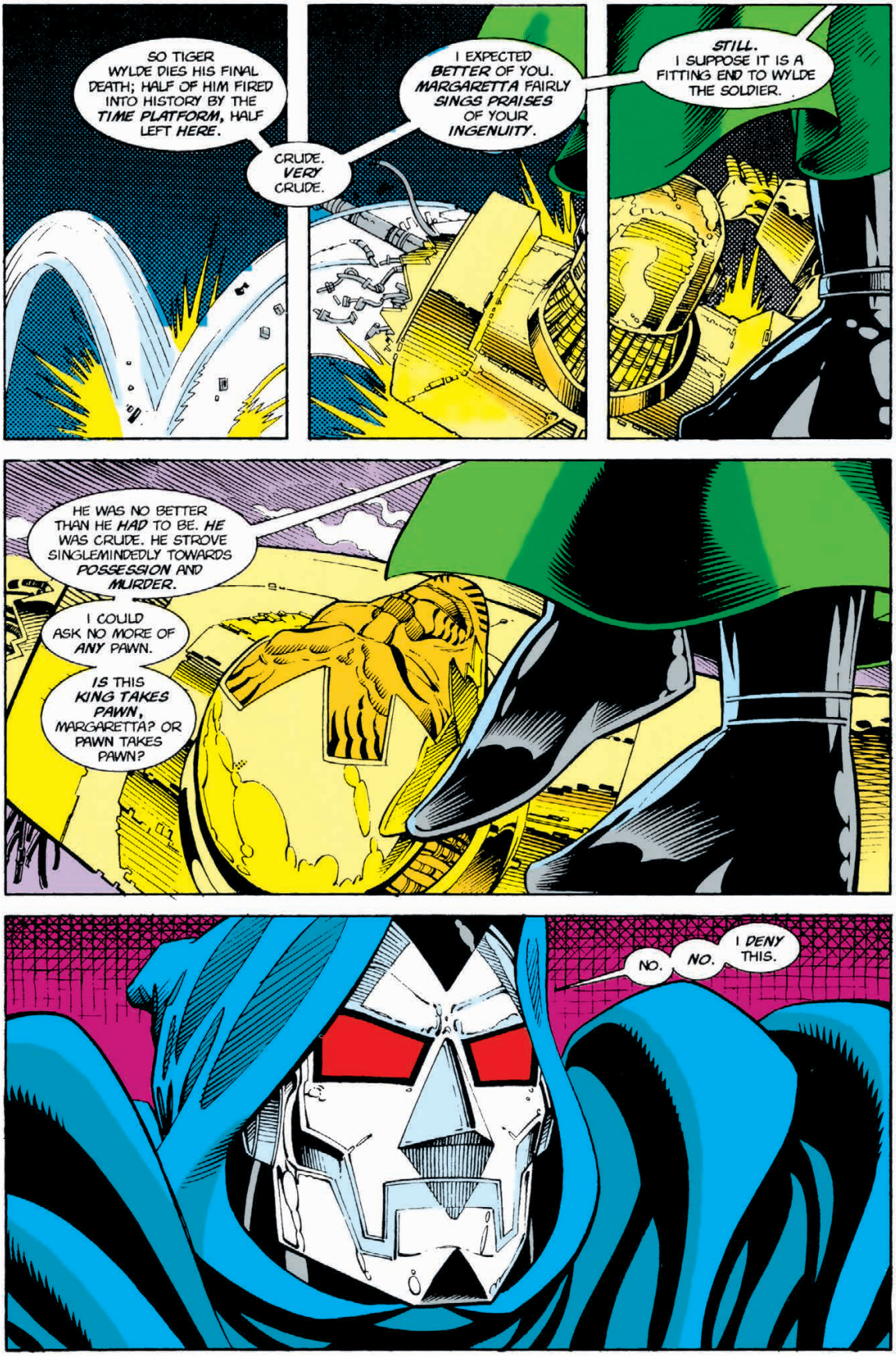
WHAT A SHAME.
NAME YOURSELF.
YOU KNOW ME.
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE LIKELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THIS CHILD.
MUST I MAKE A SECOND GRAVE THIS DAY?
SPEAK, OR I BRING OUR WAR INSIDE.
OUR COMBAT IS ALREADY ENDED. I HAVE HALTED MY ISLAND'S DEFENSIVE ACTION AGAINST YOUR REMARKABLE TRANSPORT.
IT IS TIME FOR WORDS, MY DOOM.
TZZT
DOOM

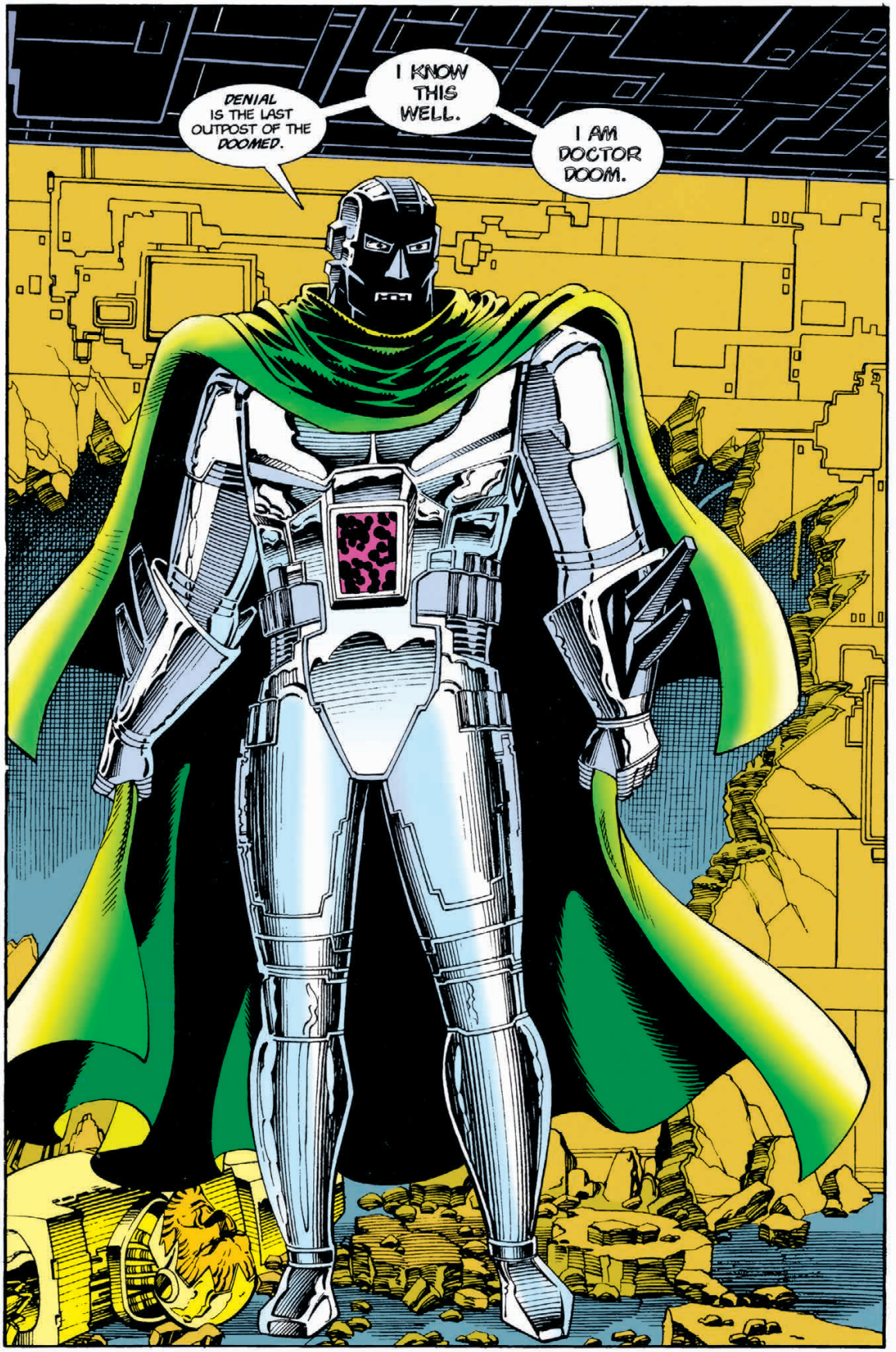
"YOUR" DOOM?
I REFUSE TO PARLAY WITH ONE WHO HIDES THEIR FACE.
I WISH TO SEE YOUR EYES AND LIPS, WHERE *LIES* COME FROM.
SHOW YOURSELF!
THAT'S *RICH*, COMING FROM *YOU*, MY DOOM, BUT I IMAGINE YOU ARE BLIND TO THE IRONY.
WELL, IS *THIS* THE FACE YOU WISHED TO SEE?
I...
... *REMEMBER.*
MARGARETTA...?
YES, MY DOOM.
MARGARETTA.

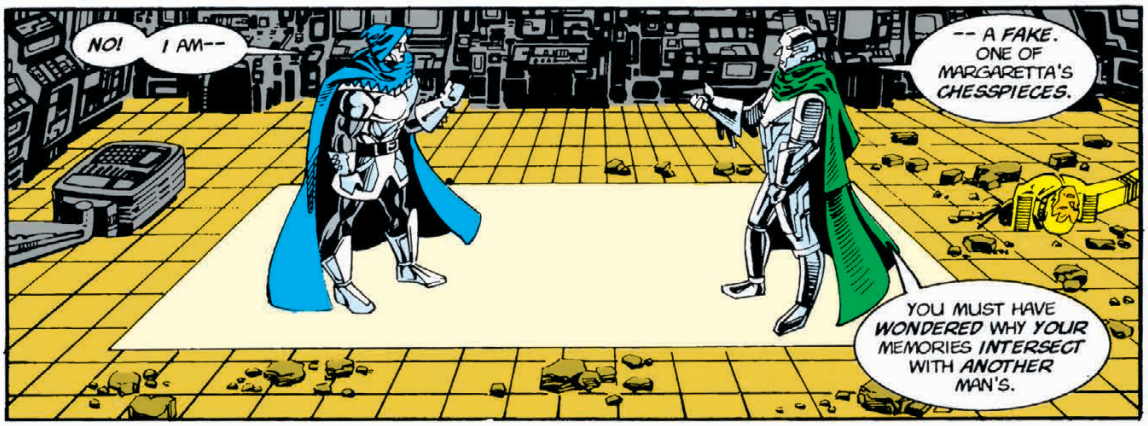
MY MEMORY... IS DIM...
THERE WAS... LOVE?... BETWEEN US? AND... COMPETITION.
CHESS, MY DOOM. FOR US, ALL THE WORLD WAS CHESS.
BUT NOW THE PIECES ARE WILD, AND THE KING AND QUEEN FACE EACH OTHER, WITH THE OUTCOME IN DOUBT...
RRRRAOHR
DOOM
CHESS IS WAR AND SECRETS. THAT IS WHY WE LOVED IT.
TAKE THIS PAWN, MY DOOM. PROGRESS TO THE FINAL TIER OF OUR BOARD AND FIND THE TRUTH OF THIS GAME.
DIE DIE DIE


KILL YOU TEAR YOUR HEART OUT
HATE YOU NEVER KNEW I COULD HATE SO MUCH
WYLDE'S ONBOARD COMBAT ARRAYS HAVE BEEN UPGRADED.
HIS ENERGY ATTACKS, COMBINED WITH THE POWER BLEED FROM HIS AMPUTATION, ARE DISRUPTING MY ARMOR.
EVEN LIMBLESS AND MAD, HE MAY YET KILL ME--
I REFUSE TO DIE--
-- AT THE HAND OF AN ARMLESS MANIAC WITH STRIPES.
HOLD.
I KNOW THIS PLACE.

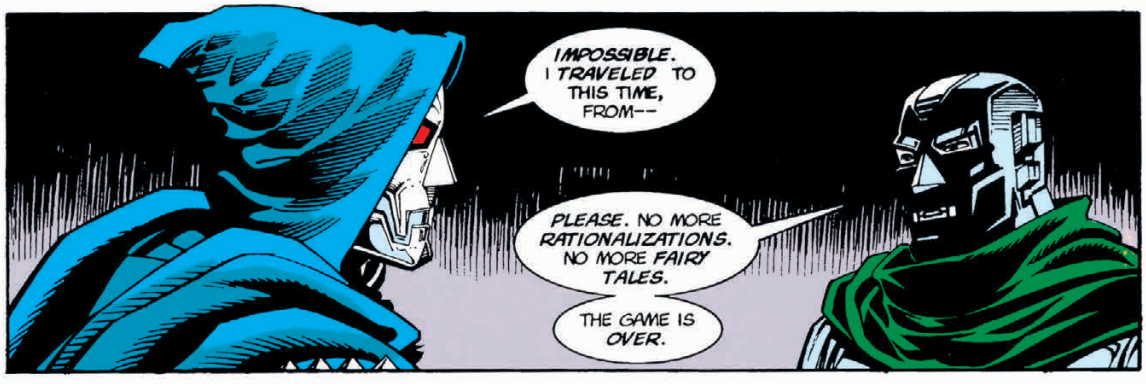
I WANT YOU DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BEGGING FOR RELEASE FROM ALL THE THINGS I WANT TO DO TO YOU.
SHUT UP.
YOU ARE A PATHETIC, SHAMBLING TOY.
I DISMISS YOU.
OH, YOU'LL REGRET SAYING THAT.
I'LL PEEL YOU OUT OF THAT CAN AND PLAY WITH YOUR ENTRAILS FOR THAT.
THEN COME FORWARD AND TRY-- CRETIN.
TAP
TIME PLATFORM IGNITED
DIE.
TIME PLATFORM EXTINGUISHED

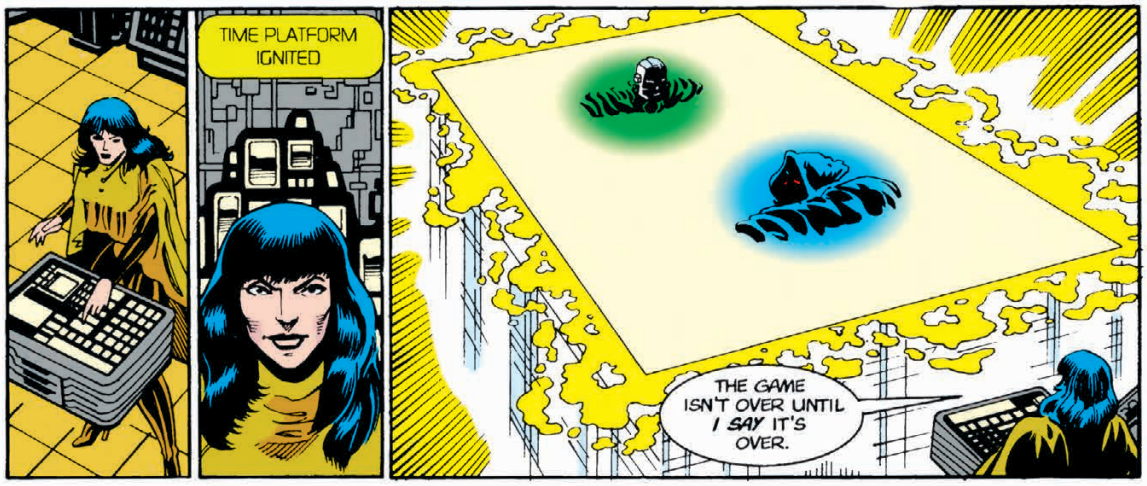

SO TIGER WYLDE DIES HIS FINAL DEATH; HALF OF HIM FIRED INTO HISTORY BY THE *TIME PLATFORM*, HALF LEFT *HERE*.
CRUDE. *VERY* CRUDE.
I EXPECTED *BETTER* OF YOU. *MARGARETTA* FAIRLY *SINGS PRAISES* OF YOUR *INGENUITY*.
STILL. I SUPPOSE IT IS A FITTING END TO WYLDE THE SOLDIER.
HE WAS NO BETTER THAN HE *HAD* TO BE. *HE* WAS CRUDE. HE STROVE SINGLEMINDEDLY TOWARDS *POSSESSION* AND *MURDER*.
I COULD ASK NO MORE OF *ANY* PAWN.
IS THIS *KING TAKES PAWN*, MARGARETTA? OR PAWN TAKES PAWN?
NO. *NO*. I *DENY* THIS.


DENIAL IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE DOOMED.
I KNOW THIS WELL.
I AM DOCTOR DOOM.


NO! I AM--
-- A FAKE. ONE OF MARGARETTA'S CHESSPIECES.
YOU MUST HAVE WONDERED WHY YOUR MEMORIES INTERSECT WITH ANOTHER MAN'S.

AND YOU HAVE ALREADY NOTED, I THINK, THAT I AM AN APPRECIABLY OLDER MAN THAT YOU.
ARE THERE TOO MANY HOLES IN YOUR MIND? DO YOU NOT RECALL MY MARGARETTA'S SKILL?
AS MY GENIUS IS IN ROBOTICS, HERS IS IN GENETICS.
SHE GREW YOU, PRETENDER.


IMPOSSIBLE. I TRAVELED TO THIS TIME, FROM--
PLEASE. NO MORE RATIONALIZATIONS. NO MORE FAIRY TALES.
THE GAME IS OVER.


TIME PLATFORM IGNITED
THE GAME ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY IT'S OVER.

TIME TRAVEL; THE TRAVELERS REMAIN STATIC, BUT THE WORLD TURNS BENEATH THEM.
THIS, DOOM REALIZES, IS WHY THEIR LOCATION HAS CHANGED, AS WELL AS THEIR YEAR.
THIS IS HOW THEY CAN COME TO REST IN THE CLOSING MONTHS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY--
-- IN LATVERIA.
"He is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature."
—G.B. Shaw, *Caesar and Cleopatra*

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DOUBLE-SIZED 25TH ISSUE
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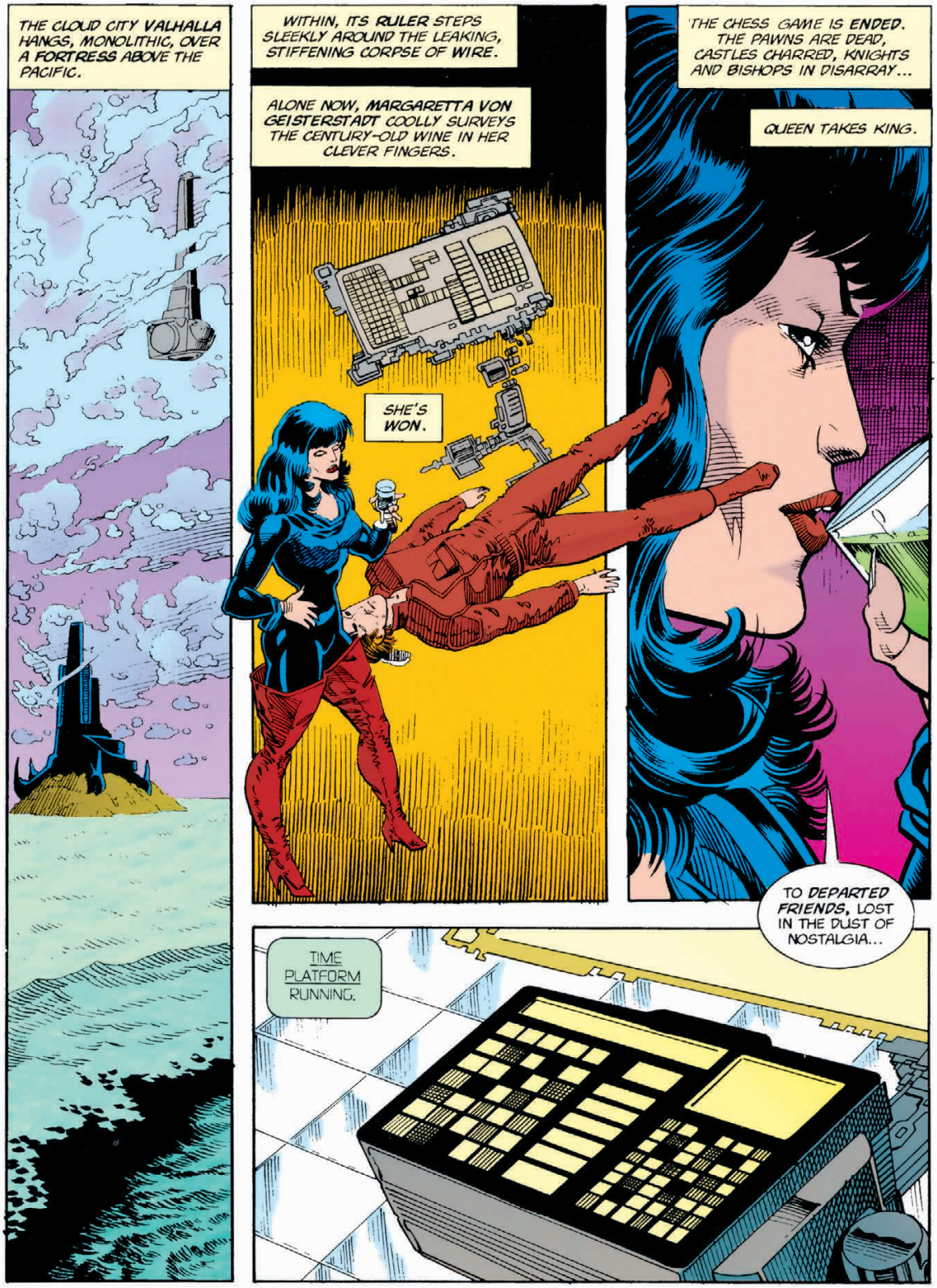
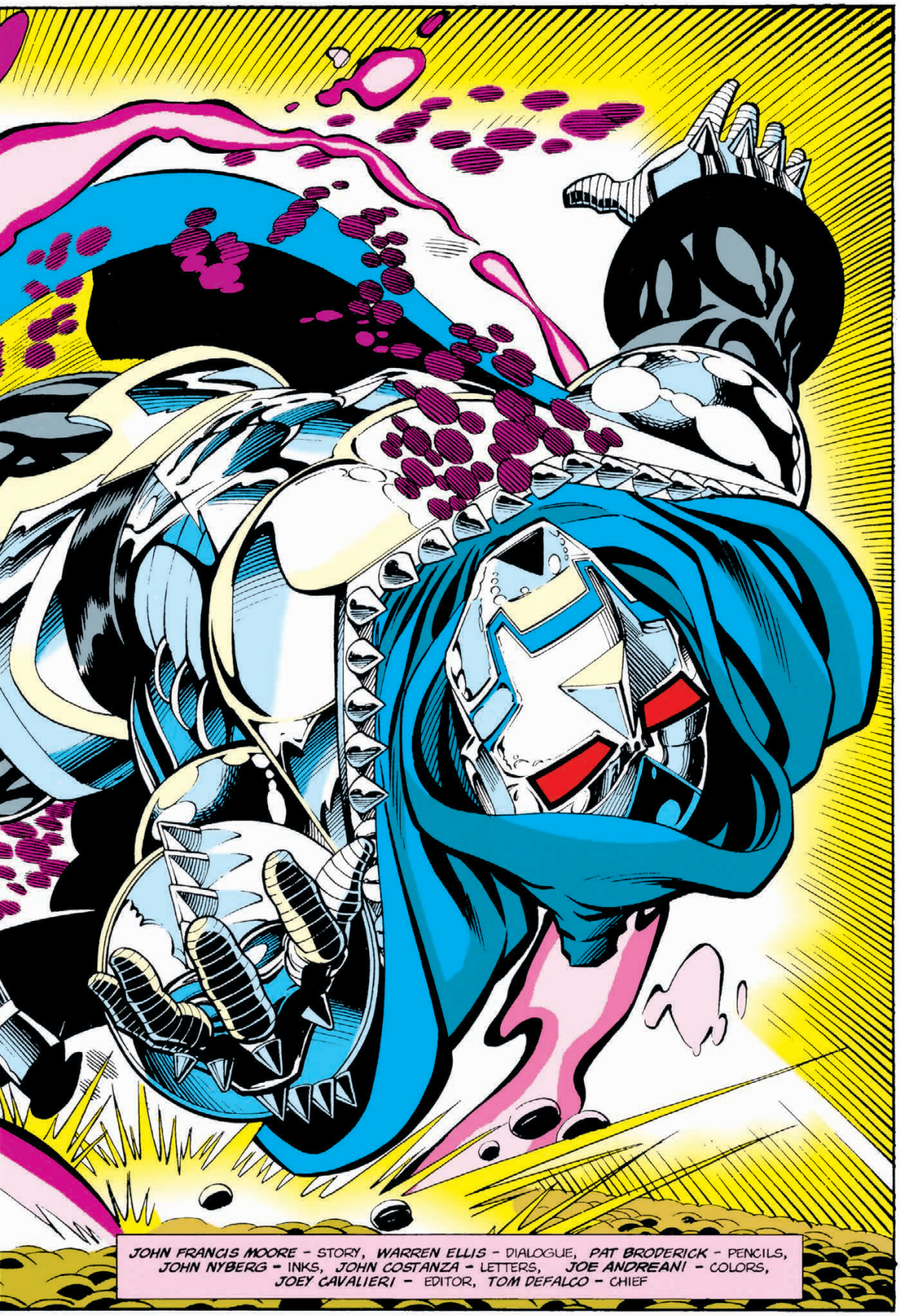

THE CLOUD CITY VALHALLA HANGS, MONOLITHIC, OVER A FORTRESS ABOVE THE PACIFIC.
WITHIN, ITS RULER STEPS SLEEKLY AROUND THE LEAKING, STIFFENING CORPSE OF WIRE.
ALONE NOW, MARGARETTA VON GEISTERSTADT COOLLY SURVEYS THE CENTURY-OLD WINE IN HER CLEVER FINGERS.
SHE'S WON.
'THE CHESS GAME IS ENDED. THE PAWNS ARE DEAD, CASTLES CHARRED, KNIGHTS AND BISHOPS IN DISARRAY...
QUEEN TAKES KING.
TO DEPARTED FRIENDS, LOST IN THE DUST OF NOSTALGIA...
TIME PLATFORM RUNNING.

FABLES OF THE DECONSTRUCTION
A STAN LEE presentation



JOHN FRANCIS MOORE - STORY, WARREN ELLIS - DIALOGUE, PAT BRODERICK - PENCILS,
JOHN NYBERG - INKS, JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERS, JOE ANDREANI - COLORS,
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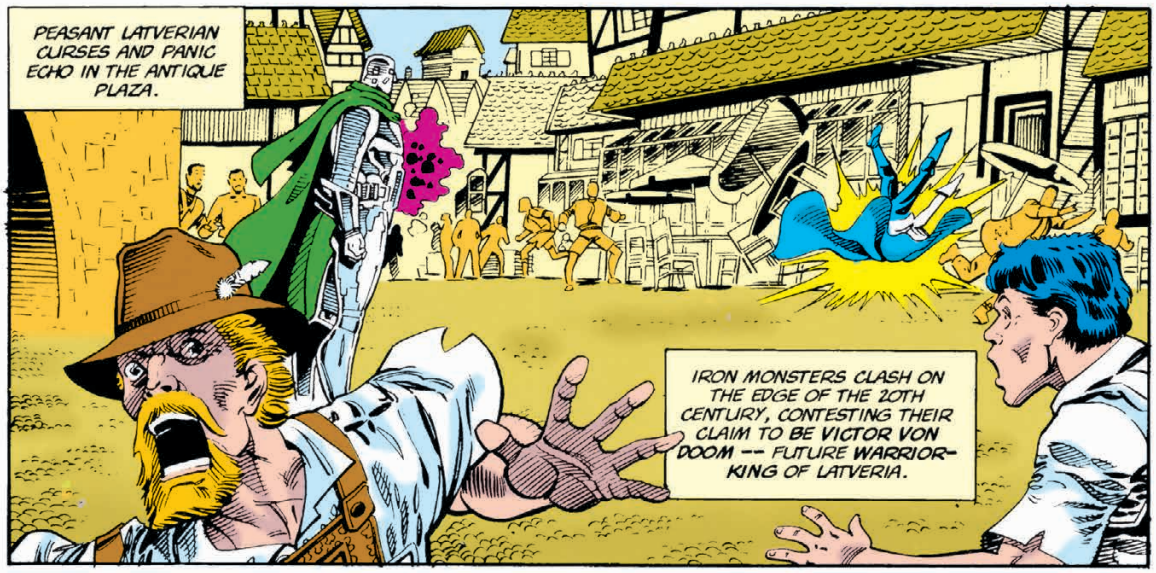
DOOM
2099

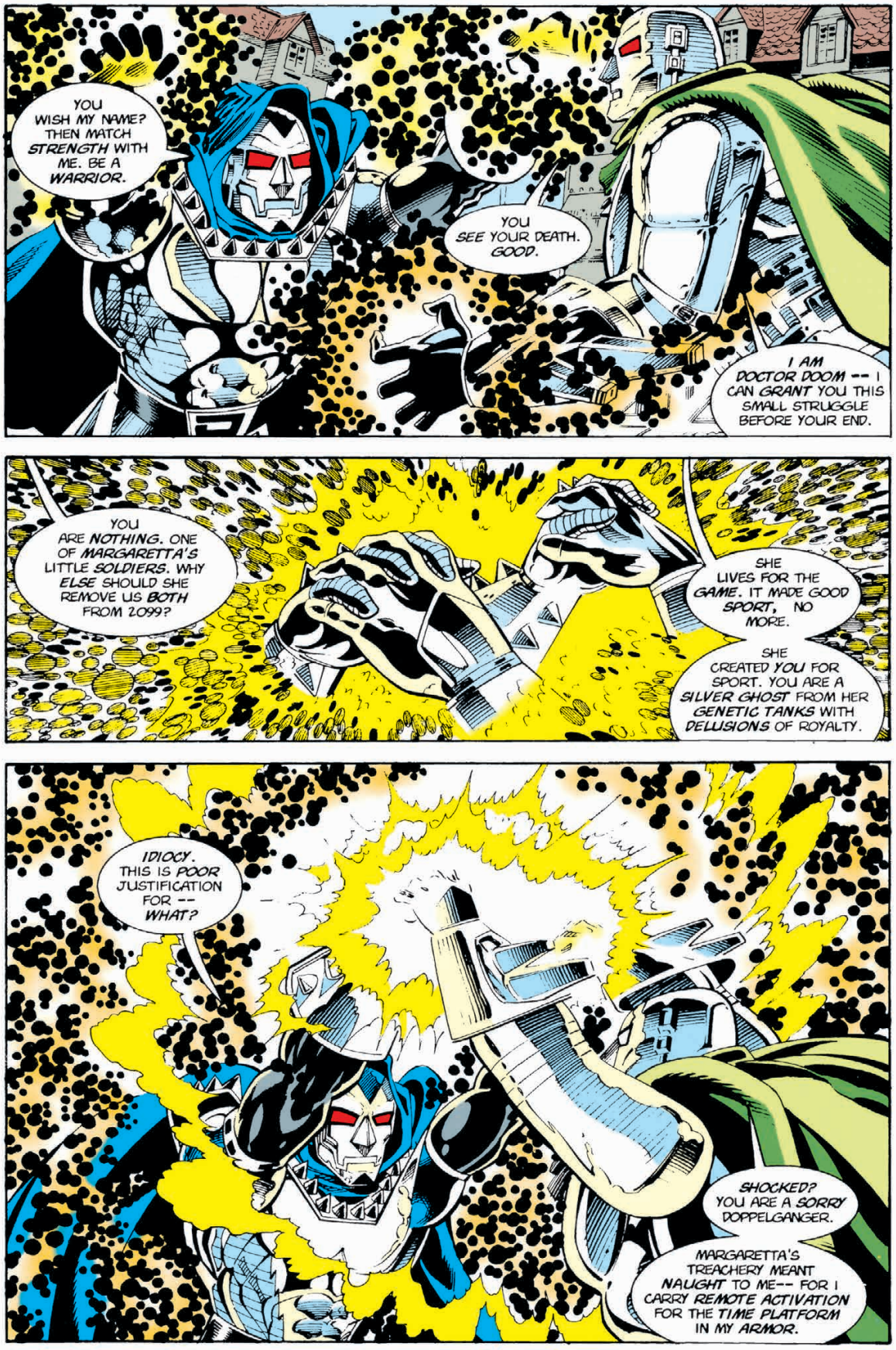

PEASANT LATVERIAN CURSES AND PANIC ECHO IN THE ANTIQUE PLAZA.
IRON MONSTERS CLASH ON THE EDGE OF THE 20TH CENTURY, CONTESTING THEIR CLAIM TO BE VICTOR VON DOOM -- FUTURE WARRIOR-KING OF LATVERIA.

< WERNER! >
< WERNER, COME AWAY! >
< BUT MOTHER -- THEIR MASKS -- >

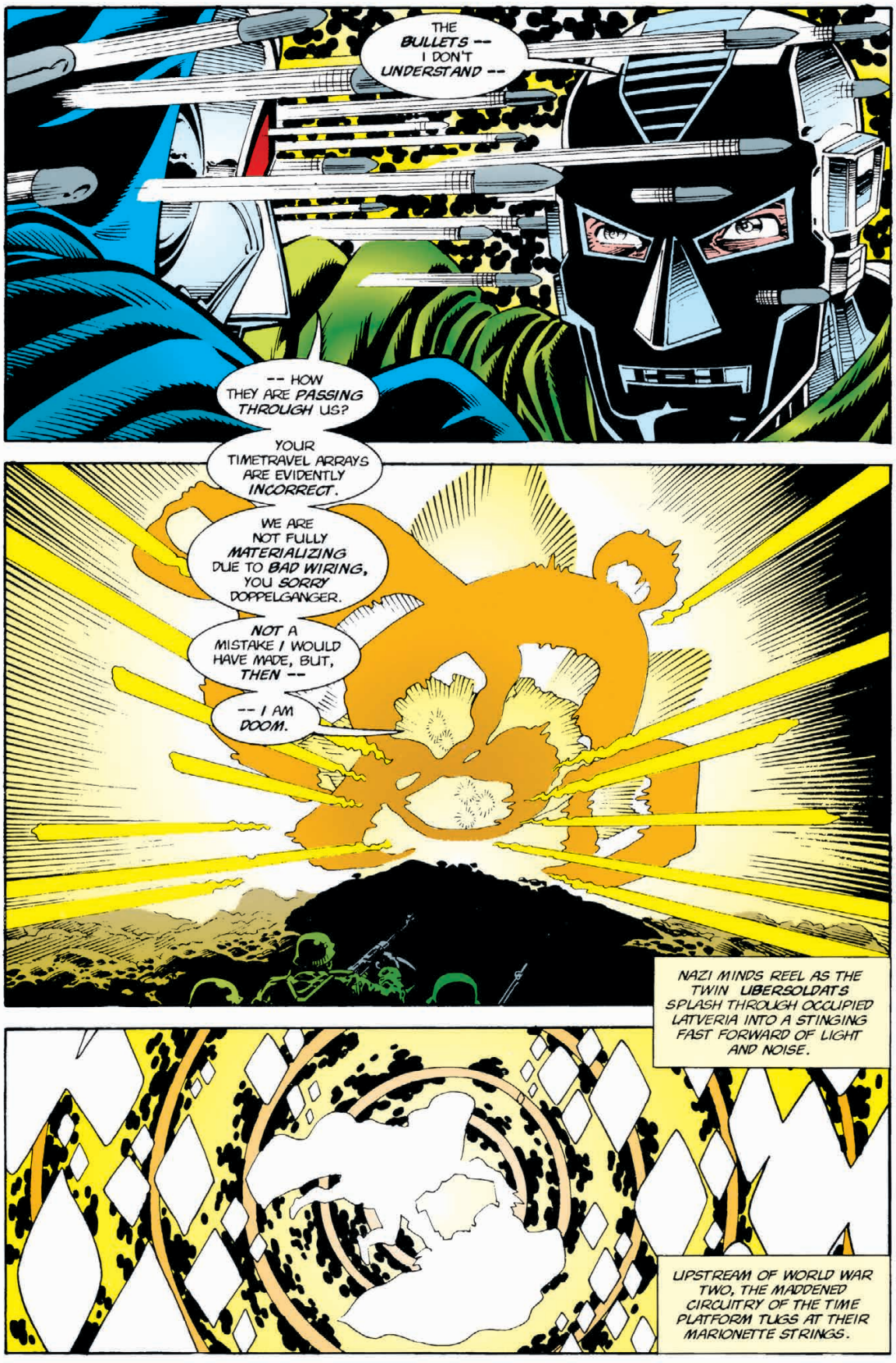
< THEIR IRON MASKS -- >

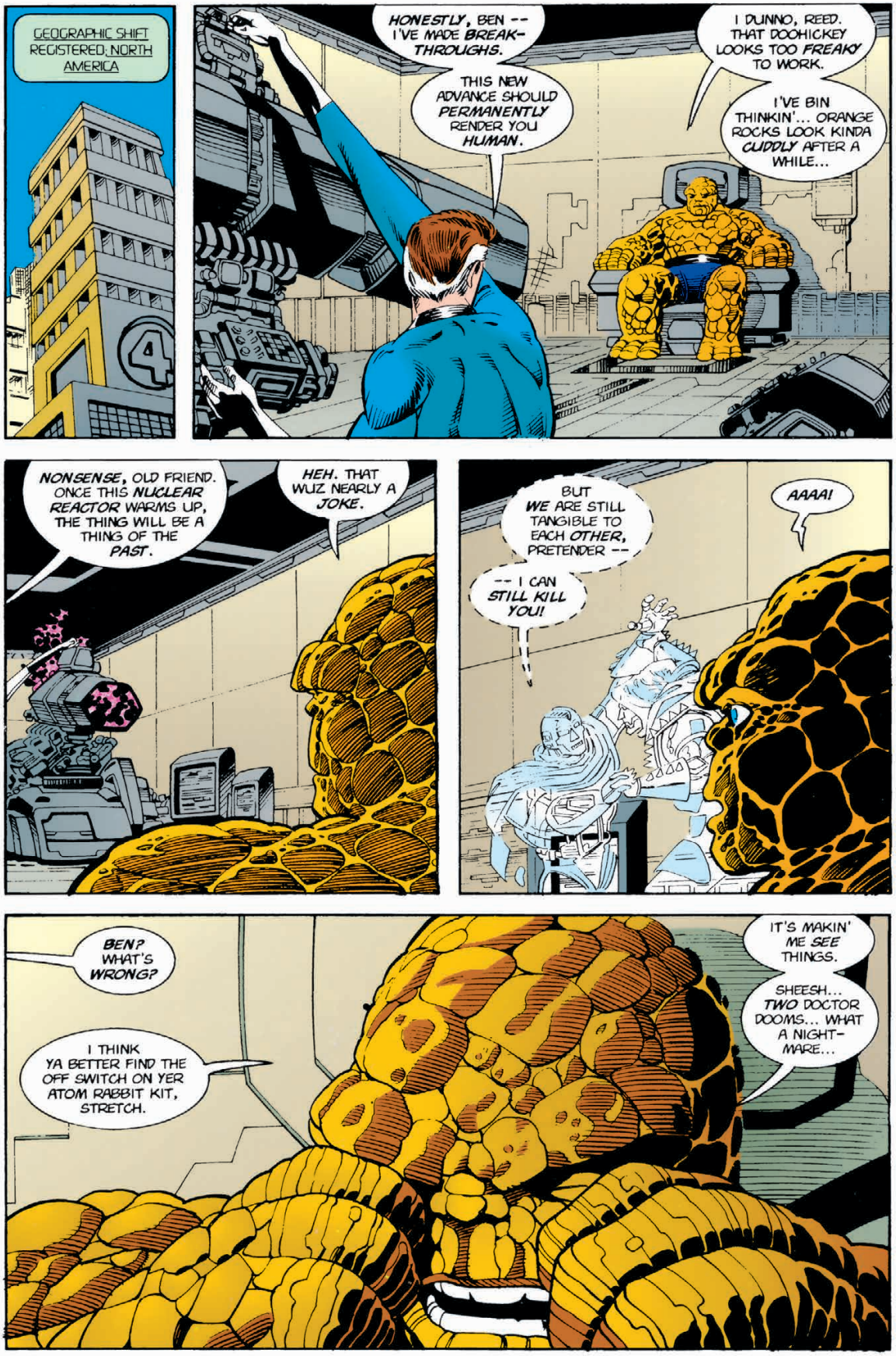
WERNER.
MY FATHER'S NAME.
I WONDER IF MY IMPERSONATOR APPRECIATES THE IRONY.

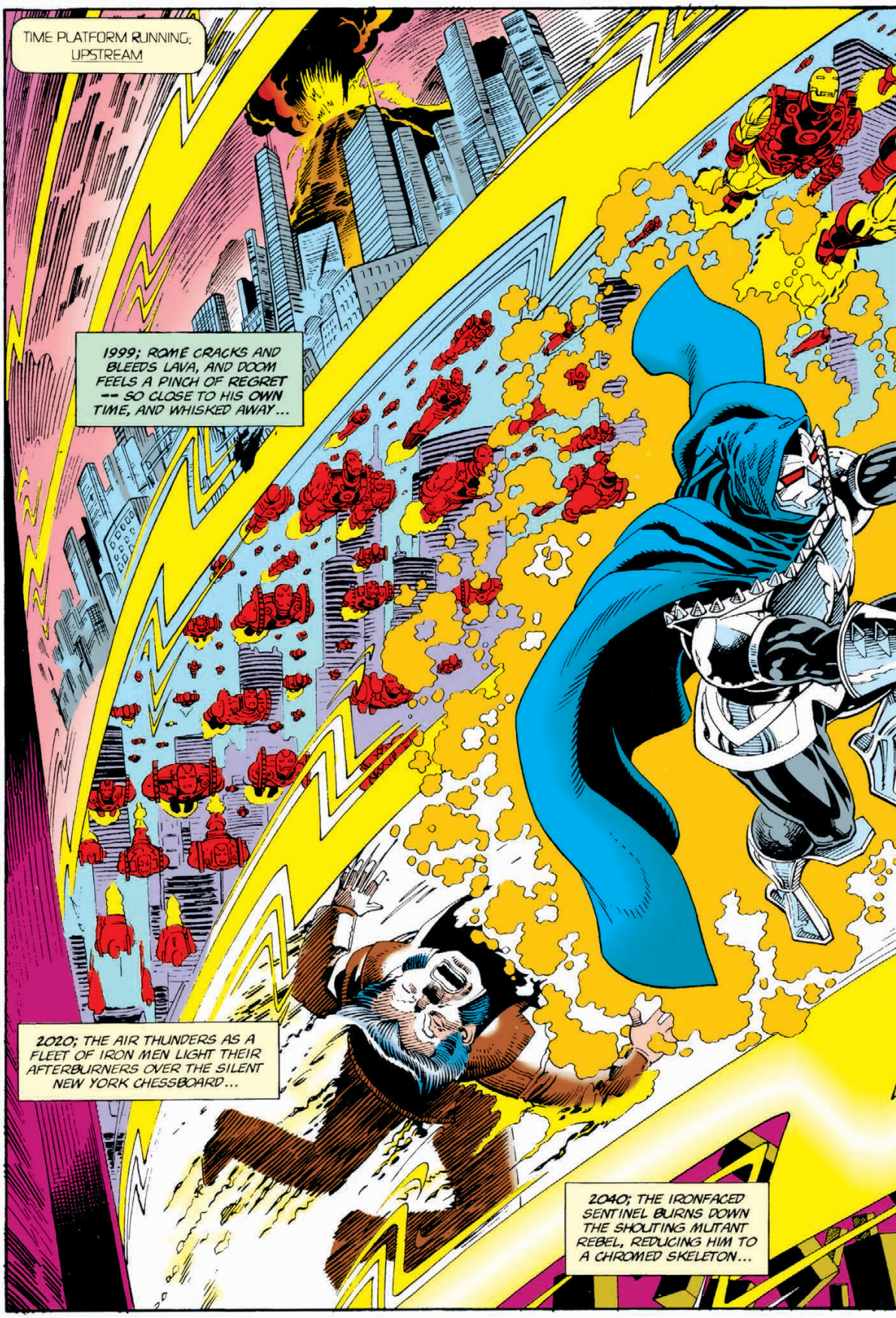
MY GRANDFATHER FASCINATED ME WITH HIS MARIONETTES, CREATING MY INTEREST IN ROBOTICS. MY FAVORITE PUPPET BORE AN IRON MASK.
WHEN MARGARETTA FIRED US BACK IN TIME TO BE RID OF ME, SHE INADVERTENTLY CREATED ME.
STILL. I MUST CONCENTRATE ON THIS BLACK-SHELLED LUNATIC CLAIMING TO BE ME.


YOU WISH MY NAME? THEN MATCH STRENGTH WITH ME. BE A WARRIOR.
YOU SEE YOUR DEATH. GOOD.
I AM DOCTOR DOOM -- I CAN GRANT YOU THIS SMALL STRUGGLE BEFORE YOUR END.
YOU ARE NOTHING. ONE OF MARGARETTA'S LITTLE SOLDIERS. WHY ELSE SHOULD SHE REMOVE US BOTH FROM 2099?
SHE LIVES FOR THE GAME. IT MADE GOOD SPORT, NO MORE.
SHE CREATED YOU FOR SPORT. YOU ARE A SILVER GHOST FROM HER GENETIC TANKS WITH DELUSIONS OF ROYALTY.
IDIOCY. THIS IS POOR JUSTIFICATION FOR -- WHAT?
SHOCKED? YOU ARE A SORRY DOPPELGANGER.
MARGARETTA'S TREACHERY MEANT NAUGHT TO ME-- FOR I CARRY REMOTE ACTIVATION FOR THE TIME PLATFORM IN MY ARMOR.

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING: 1942
ONCE YOU ARE DISPOSED OF, I CAN TRANSFER TO 2099 AT MY LEISURE.
DIE WITH THE TRUTH IN YOUR FIST!
YOU ARE NOT DOOM! YOU CANNOT BE DOOM!
I AM THE CORRECT AGE, AND HEAVY WITH THE STRENGTH OF WISDOM -- YOU ARE YOUNG AND WEAK!
GUTTURAL GERMAN FOULS THE AIR BEHIND THEM...
... HARSH LANGUAGE COMPLEMENTED BY THE RATCHET OF ROUGH STEEL AND THE CRACK OF GUNPOWDER.

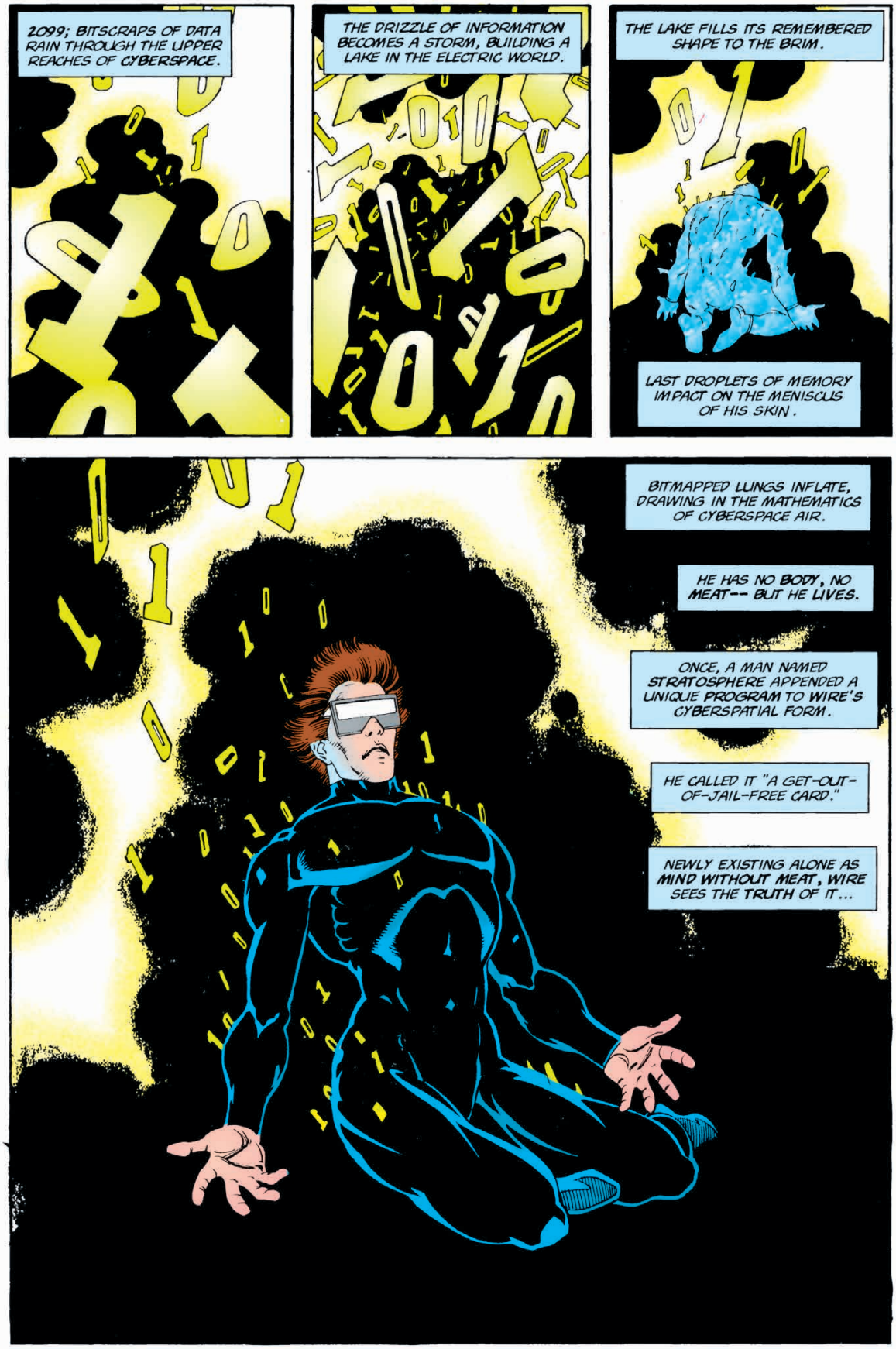

THE BULLETS -- I DON'T UNDERSTAND --
-- HOW THEY ARE PASSING THROUGH US?
YOUR TIMETRAVEL ARRAYS ARE EVIDENTLY INCORRECT.
WE ARE NOT FULLY MATERIALIZING DUE TO BAD WIRING, YOU SORRY DOPPELGANGER.
NOT A MISTAKE I WOULD HAVE MADE, BUT, THEN --
-- I AM DOOM.
NAZI MINDS REEL AS THE TWIN UBERSOLDATS SPLASH THROUGH OCCUPIED LATVERIA INTO A STINGING FAST FORWARD OF LIGHT AND NOISE.
UPSTREAM OF WORLD WAR TWO, THE MADDENED CIRCUITRY OF THE TIME PLATFORM TUGS AT THEIR MARIONETTE STRINGS.

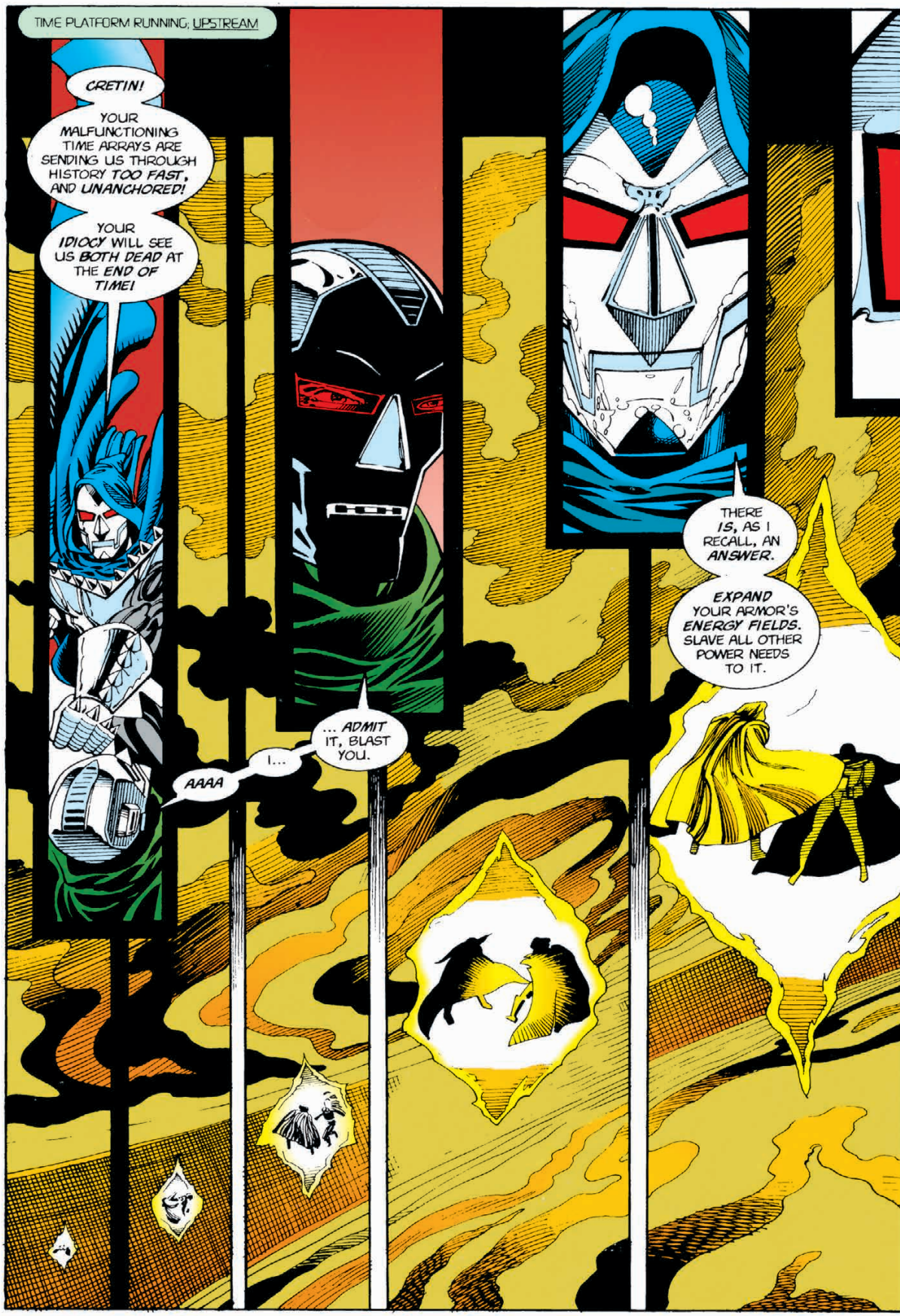

GEOGRAPHIC SHIFT REGISTERED: NORTH AMERICA
HONESTLY, BEN -- I'VE MADE BREAK-THROUGHS.
THIS NEW ADVANCE SHOULD PERMANENTLY RENDER YOU HUMAN.
I DUNNO, REED. THAT DOOHICKEY LOOKS TOO FREAKY TO WORK.
I'VE BIN THINKIN'... ORANGE ROCKS LOOK KINDA CUDDLY AFTER A WHILE...
NONSENSE, OLD FRIEND. ONCE THIS NUCLEAR REACTOR WARMS UP, THE THING WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST.
HEH. THAT WUZ NEARLY A JOKE.
BUT WE ARE STILL TANGIBLE TO EACH OTHER, PRETENDER --
-- I CAN STILL KILL YOU!
AAAA!
BEN? WHAT'S WRONG?
I THINK YA BETTER FIND THE OFF SWITCH ON YER ATOM RABBIT KIT, STRETCH.
IT'S MAKIN' ME SEE THINGS.
SHEESH... TWO DOCTOR DOOMS... WHAT A NIGHT-MARE...

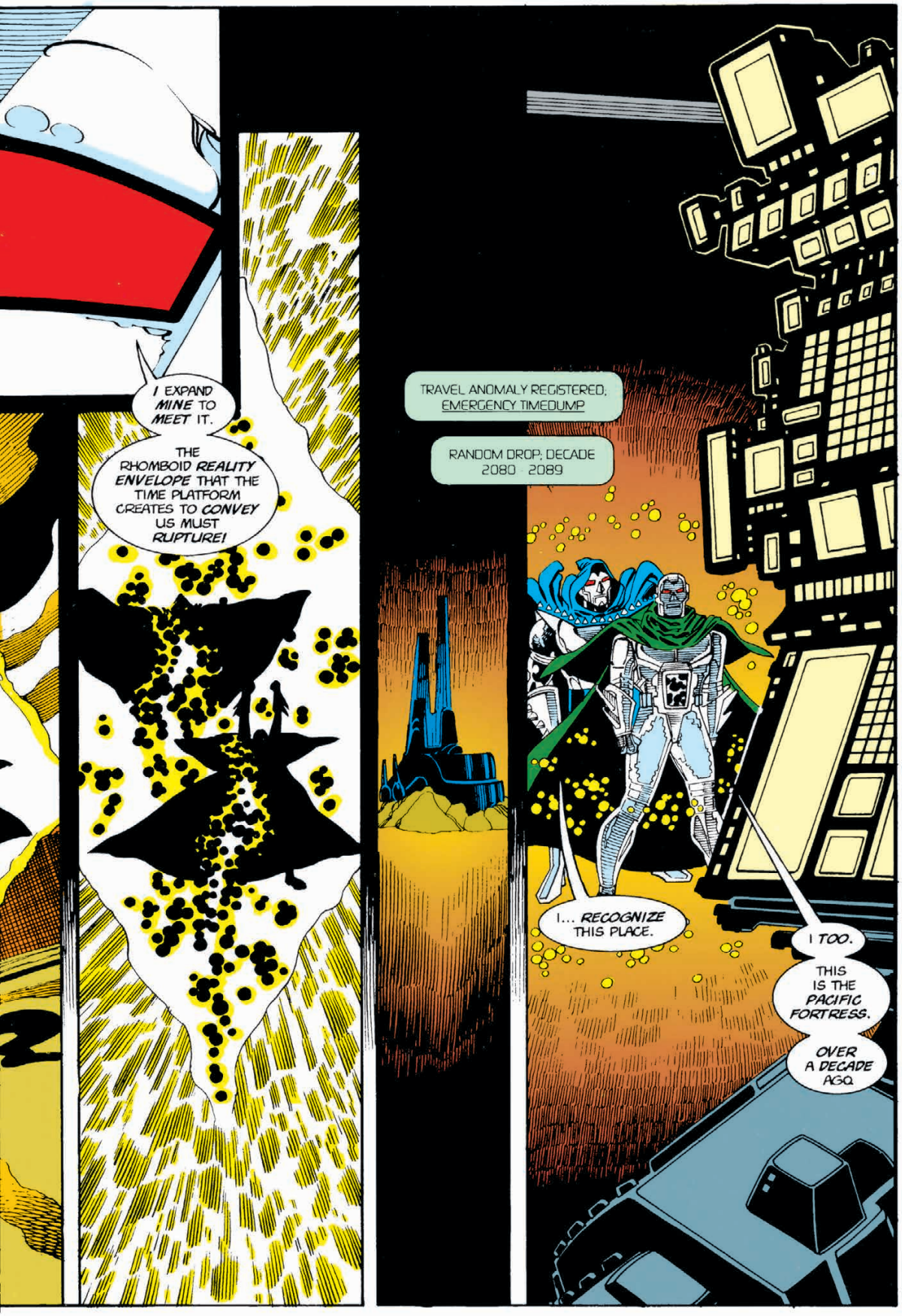

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING: UPSTREAM
1999; ROME CRACKS AND BLEEDS LAVA, AND DOOM FEELS A PINCH OF REGRET -- SO CLOSE TO HIS OWN TIME, AND WHISKED AWAY...
2020; THE AIR THUNDERS AS A FLEET OF IRON MEN LIGHT THEIR AFTERBURNERS OVER THE SILENT NEW YORK CHESSBOARD...
2040; THE IRONFACED SENTINEL BURNS DOWN THE SHOUTING MUTANT REBEL, REDUCING HIM TO A CHROMED SKELETON...

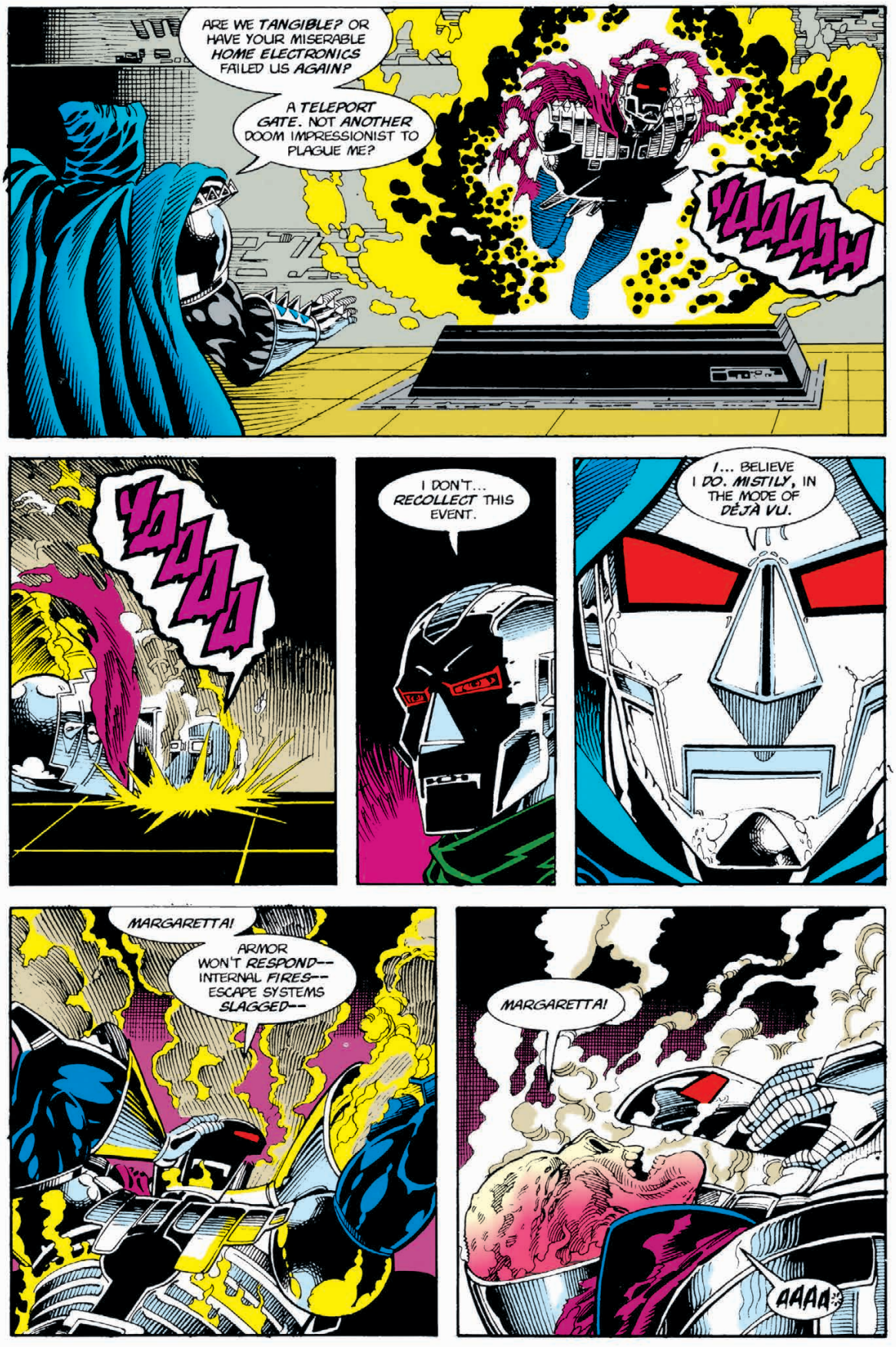
CAUGHT IN THE UNDERTOW OF FUTURE HISTORY, DROWNING IN THEIR OWN DOUBTS ABOUT THEIR IDENTITIES, THE KINGS IN STEEL STRIKE SPARKS OFF THE OTHERS' ARMORS.
THE DOOM IN SILVER, HEAD FULL OF INCOMPLETE AND OFTEN ALIEN MEMORIES, WEARING TOO YOUNG A BODY, IS DISCOVERING SOMETHING LIKE FEAR.
2060; CASTLE DOOM DROPS LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS UNDER FOREIGN MISSILES...

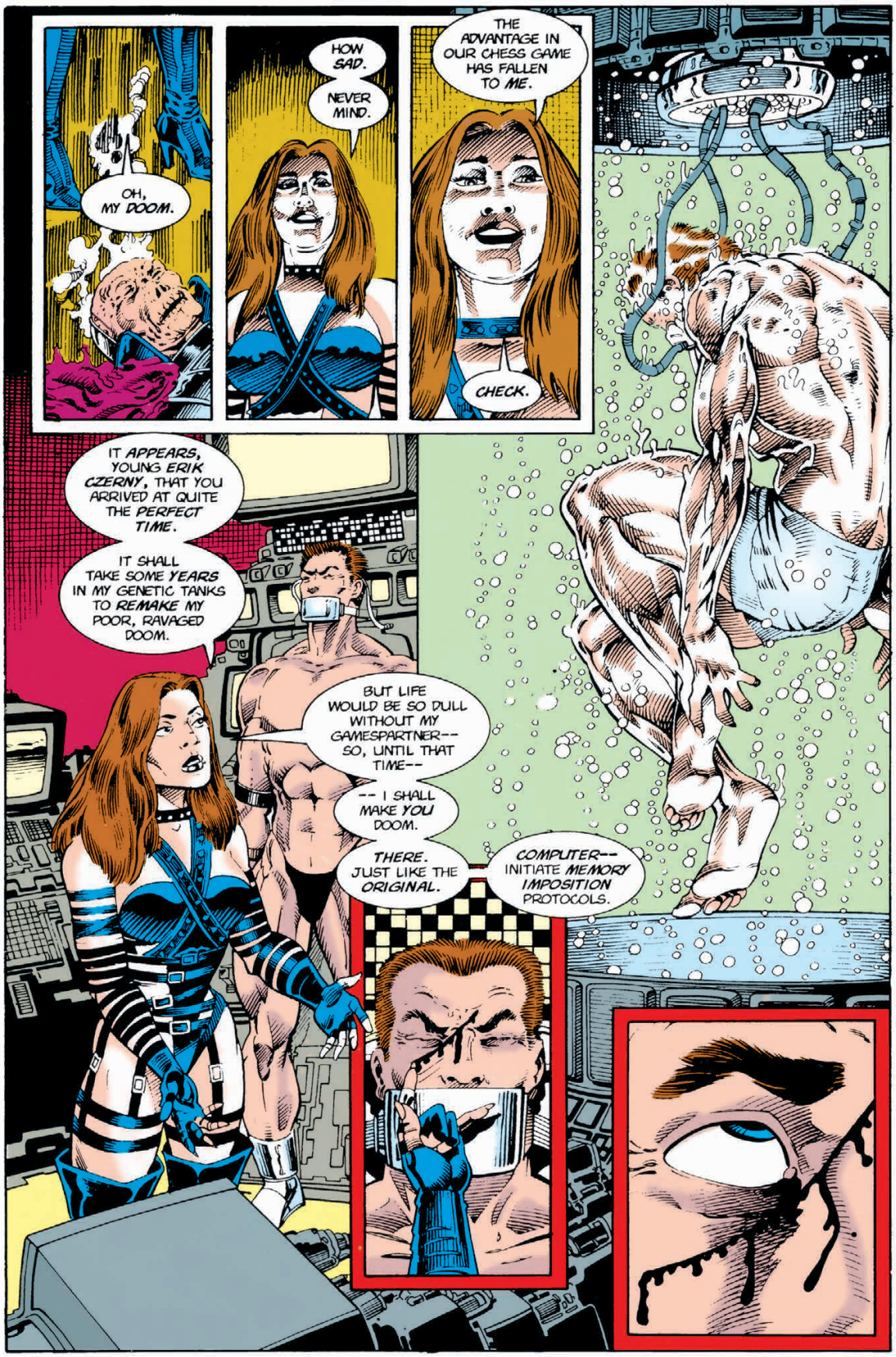
DOOM
2099


2099; BITSCRAPS OF DATA RAIN THROUGH THE UPPER REACHES OF CYBERSPACE.
THE DRIZZLE OF INFORMATION BECOMES A STORM, BUILDING A LAKE IN THE ELECTRIC WORLD.
THE LAKE FILLS ITS REMEMBERED SHAPE TO THE BRIM.
LAST DROPLETS OF MEMORY IMPACT ON THE MENISCUS OF HIS SKIN.
BITMAPPED LUNGS INFLATE, DRAWING IN THE MATHEMATICS OF CYBERSPACE AIR.
HE HAS NO BODY, NO MEAT-- BUT HE LIVES.
ONCE, A MAN NAMED STRATOSPHERE APPENDED A UNIQUE PROGRAM TO WIRE'S CYBERSPATIAL FORM.
HE CALLED IT "A GET-OUT-OF-JAIL-FREE CARD."
NEWLY EXISTING ALONE AS MIND WITHOUT MEAT, WIRE SEES THE TRUTH OF IT...


TIME PLATFORM RUNNING; UPSTREAM
CRETIN!
YOUR MALFUNCTIONING TIME ARRAYS ARE SENDING US THROUGH HISTORY TOO FAST, AND UNANCHORED!
YOUR IDIOCY WILL SEE US BOTH DEAD AT THE END OF TIME!
AAAA
I...
... ADMIT IT, BLAST YOU.
THERE IS, AS I RECALL, AN ANSWER.
EXPAND YOUR ARMOR'S ENERGY FIELDS. SLAVE ALL OTHER POWER NEEDS TO IT.

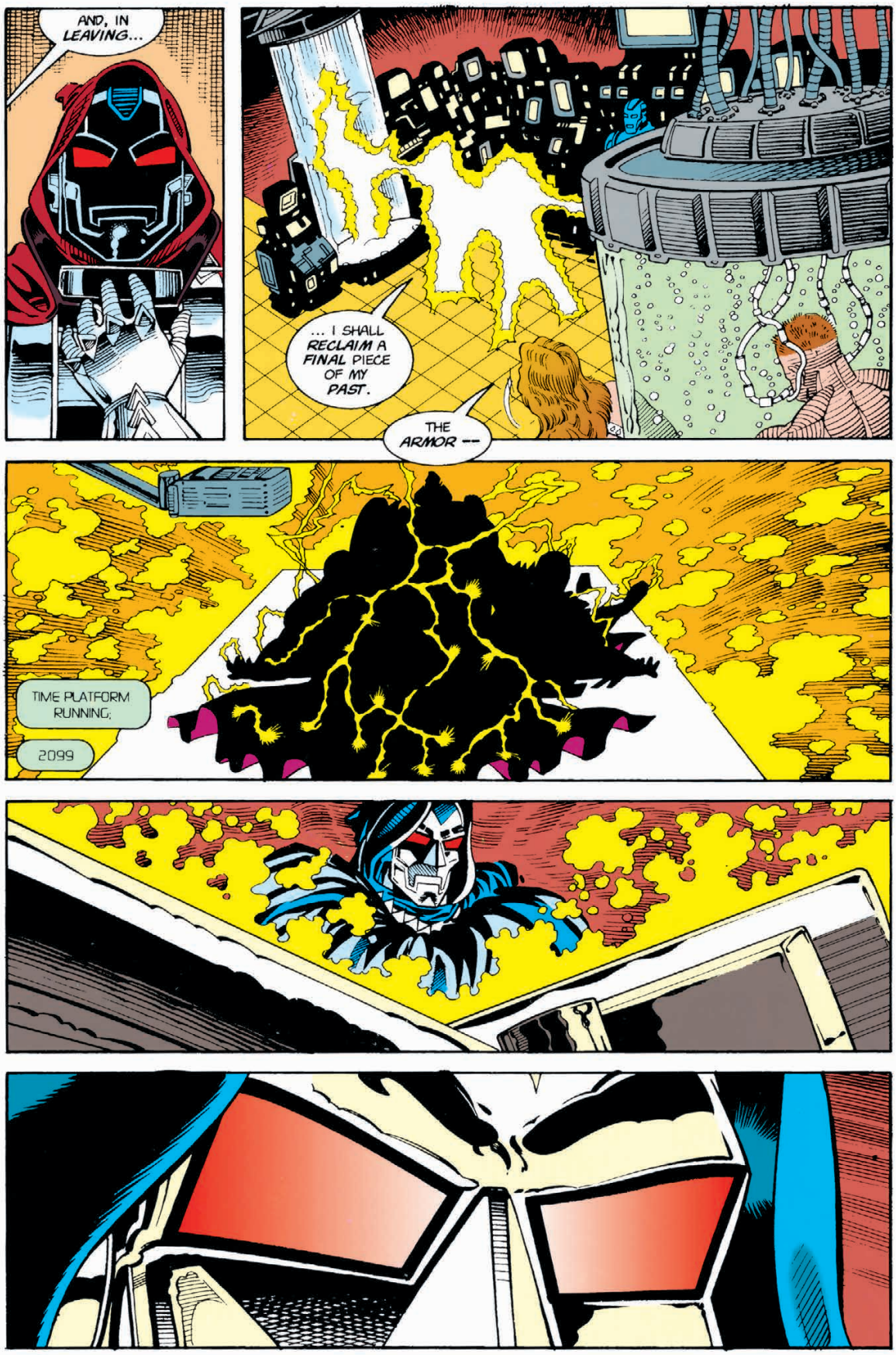

I EXPAND MINE TO MEET IT.
THE RHOMBOID REALITY ENVELOPE THAT THE TIME PLATFORM CREATES TO CONVEY US MUST RUPTURE!
TRAVEL ANOMALY REGISTERED, EMERGENCY TIMEDUMP
RANDOM DROP; DECADE 2080 - 2089
I... RECOGNIZE THIS PLACE.
I TOO.
THIS IS THE PACIFIC FORTRESS.
OVER A DECADE AGO.


ARE WE TANGIBLE? OR HAVE YOUR MISERABLE HOME ELECTRONICS FAILED US AGAIN?
A TELEPORT GATE. NOT ANOTHER DOOM IMPRESSIONIST TO PLAGUE ME?
YAAAAH
YAAAA
I DON'T... RECOLLECT THIS EVENT.
I... BELIEVE I DO. MISTILY, IN THE MODE OF DÉJA VU.
MARGARETTA!
ARMOR WON'T RESPOND-- INTERNAL FIRES-- ESCAPE SYSTEMS SLAGGED--
MARGARETTA!
AAAA


OH, MY DOOM.
HOW SAD.
NEVER MIND.
THE ADVANTAGE IN OUR CHESS GAME HAS FALLEN TO ME.
CHECK.
IT APPEARS, YOUNG ERIK CZERNY, THAT YOU ARRIVED AT QUITE THE PERFECT TIME.
IT SHALL TAKE SOME YEARS IN MY GENETIC TANKS TO REMAKE MY POOR, RAVAGED DOOM.
BUT LIFE WOULD BE SO DULL WITHOUT MY GAMESPARTNER-- SO, UNTIL THAT TIME--
-- I SHALL MAKE YOU DOOM.
THERE. JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL.
COMPUTER-- INITIATE MEMORY IMPOSITION PROTOCOLS.

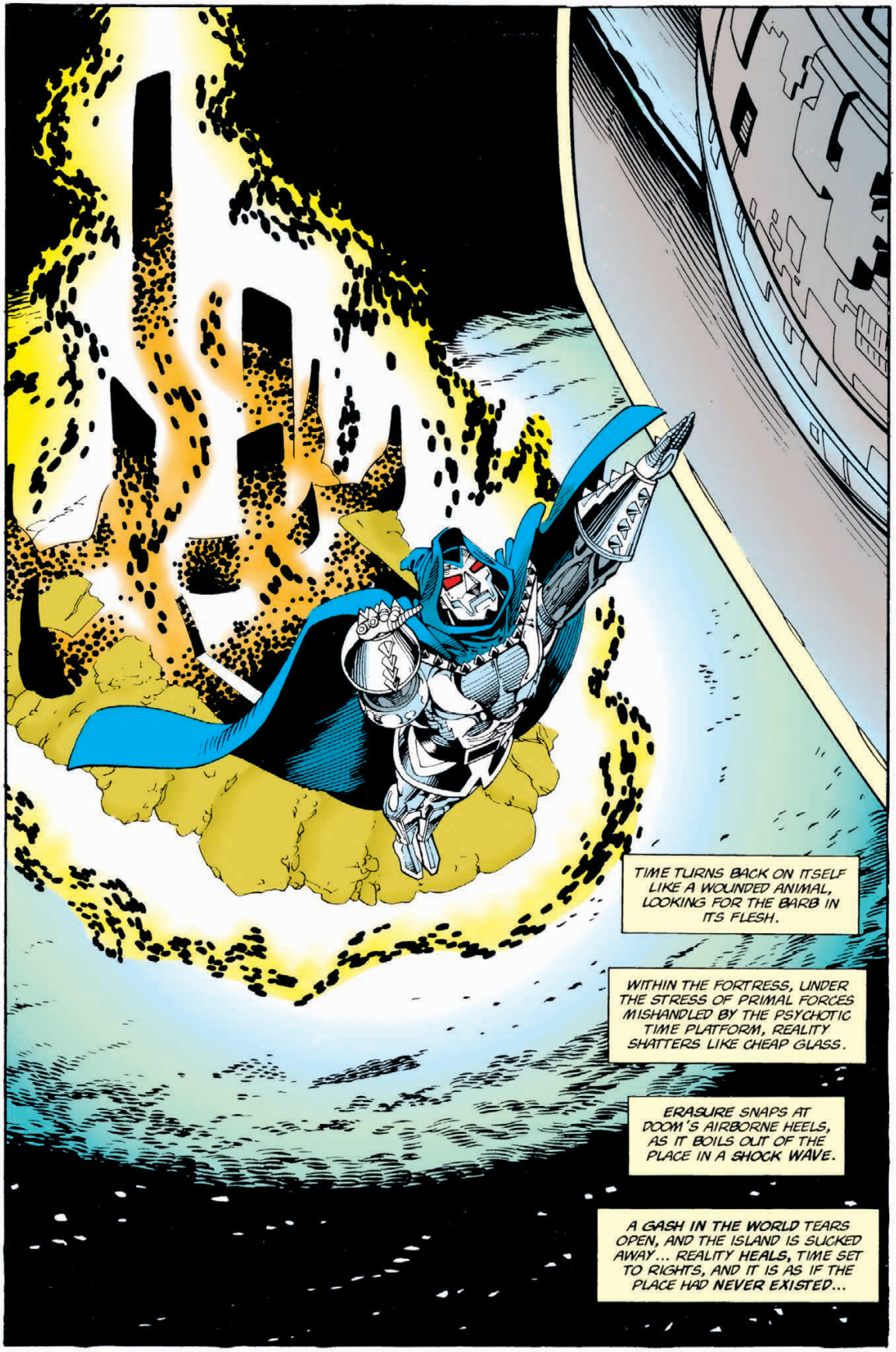
ONE MAN AGED TEN YEARS OR MORE AS "DOOM" -- THE OTHER WAS REGENERATED OVER THAT SAME TIME...
NO! THIS IS A LIE!
MARGARETTA! YOU LYING SACK OF FILTH! TALK TO ME!
CAN'T YOU SEE ME? CAN'T YOU HEAR? I AM YOUR DOOM!
IS THIS ME?
AM I DOOM?
YES.

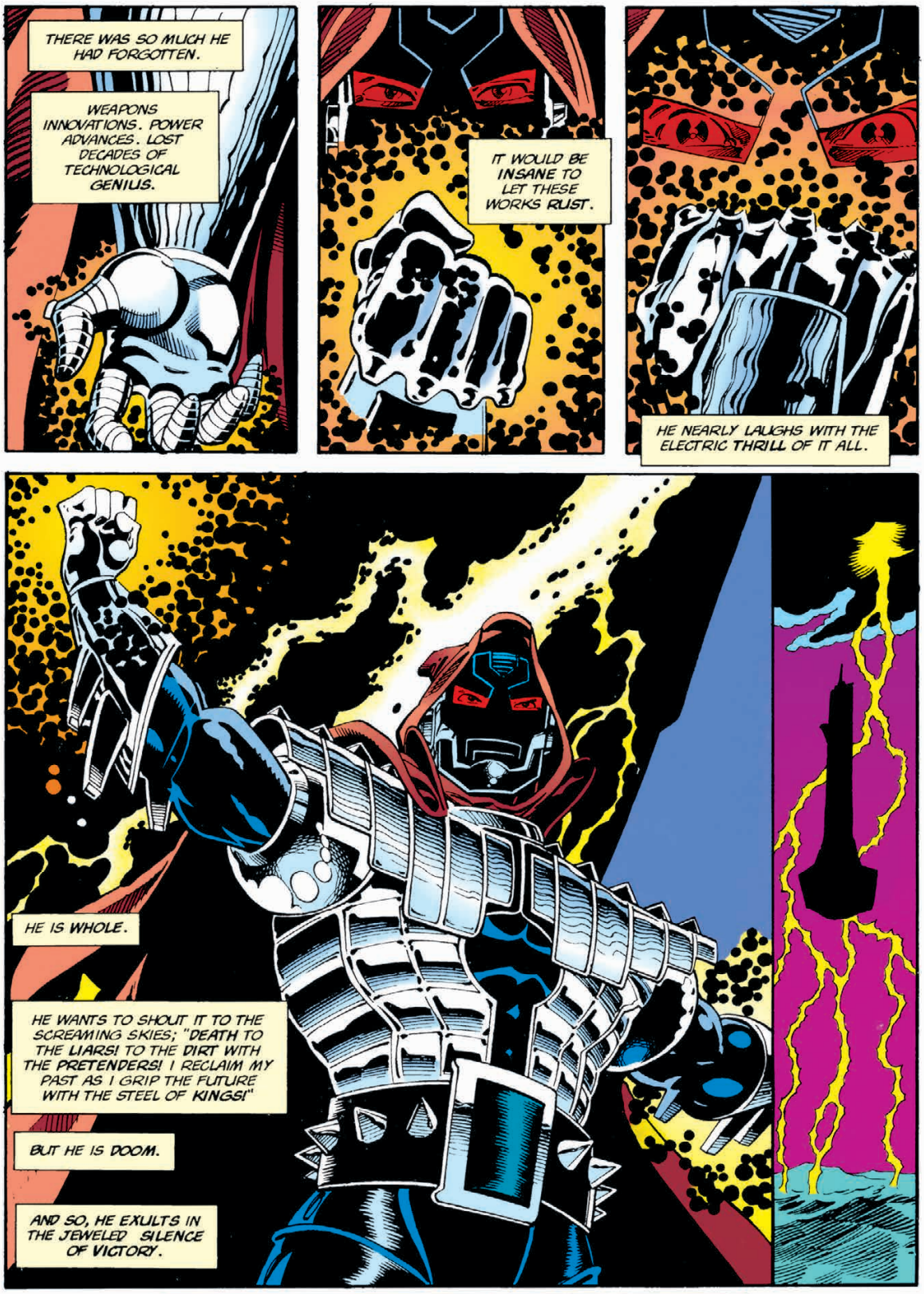
FALSE MEMORY IMPOSITION ACHIEVED
RANDOM MEMORY PARTIAL TRANSFER TO MEMORY DONOR ACHIEVED
AUTOMATIC ARMORING ROUTINE ENGAGED
NO.
NONONO-NONO.
THIS CANNOT BE.
DENIAL IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE DOOMED.
I NOW CONTROL YOUR ARMOR.
MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVES. THE TEMPTATION TO ELECTROCUTE YOU IN YOUR SHELL IS ALMOST OVER-WHELMING.
FROM HERE, I CAN REWIRE YOUR TIME ARRAYS --
-- REROUTING YOUR APPALLING WORKMANSHIP'S IGNITION UNIT TO MY ARMOR,
NONO-NONONO-NOOO --
SILENCE!


AND, IN LEAVING...
... I SHALL RECLAIM A FINAL PIECE OF MY PAST.
THE ARMOR --
TIME PLATFORM RUNNING;
2099

MARGARETTA.
MY DOOM.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY NIGHTS I'VE SPENT, FANTASIZING ABOUT THIS...
...THE CZERNY CREATURE WAS SMALL CONSOLATION... BUT NOW --
WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?
THE GAME, OF COURSE. YOU MUST REMEMBER.
YOU AND I, DESPITE OUR POWER, FOUND THIS WORLD DULL. SO WE CREATED CHALLENGES FOR ONE ANOTHER.
I ADMIT, I ADDED SPICE TO THIS SPORT BY SCATTERING CZERNY'S MEMORIES AMONG YOUR OWN, BUT --
DON'T TOUCH ME.
WHAT'S WRONG? YOU OVERCAME THE HANDICAP! WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN!
THIS IS THE GAME!
I AM DOOM.
AND I DO NOT PLAY GAMES.

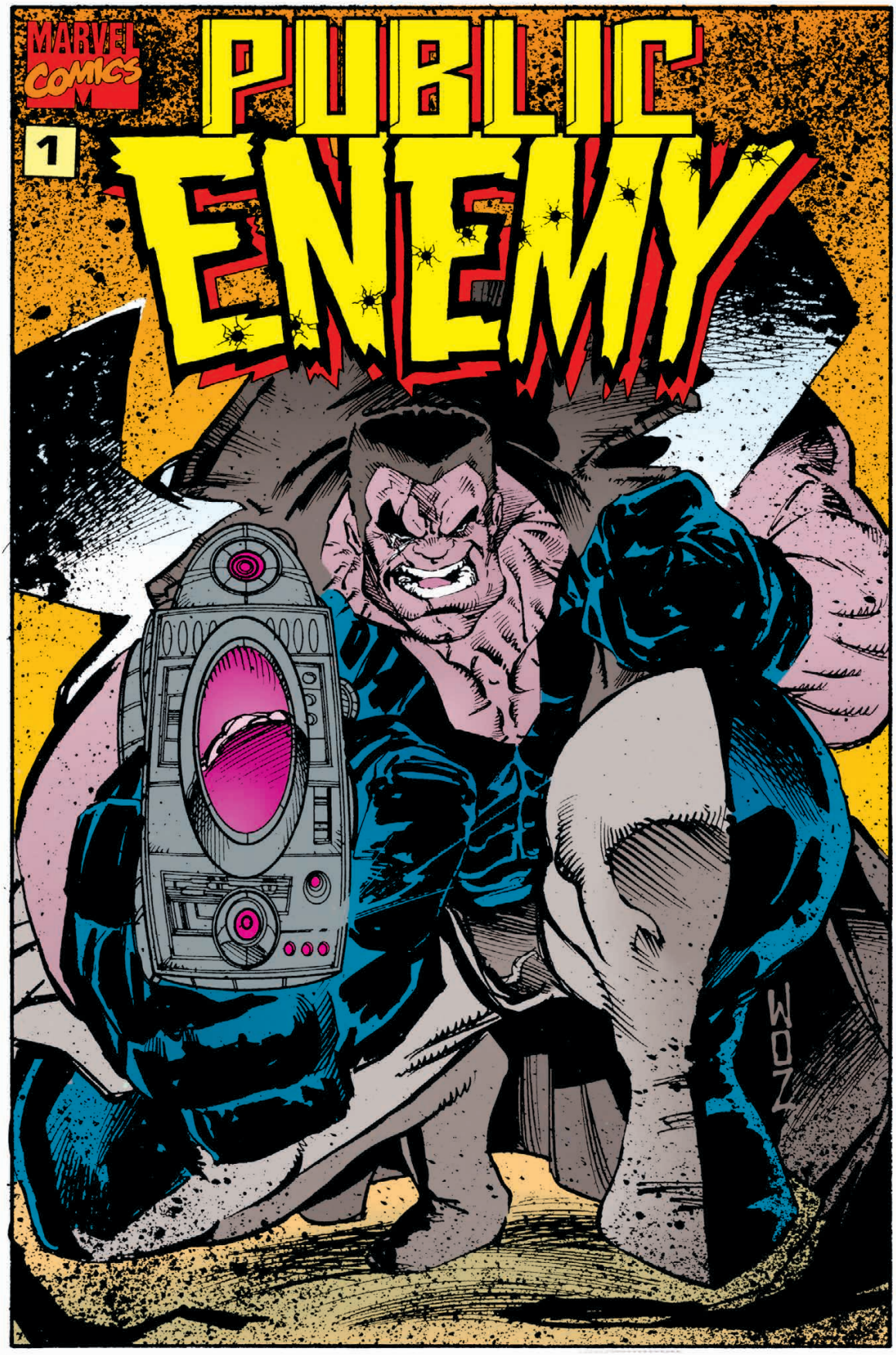
THEREFORE, I AM TAKING MY TOYS AND GOING HOME.
RECALLING YOUR WEAPONRY OUTSIDE, IT AMUSES ME TO DEPART INTANGIBLY VIA PHASE SHIFTER.
IF YOU MUST PLAY YOUR PUERILE, VICIOUS GAMES, MARGARETTA, I WOULD ADVISE YOU THAT YOUR ISLAND HOLDS ONE LAST CHALLENGE.
YOUR PET THERE DISASTROUSLY MISALIGNED HIS TIMETRAVEL EQUIPMENT, DRIVING THE PLATFORM INTO PSYCHOSIS.
NONONONO
ITS TRAVEL FIELDS ARE FOLDING IN ON THEMSELVES. THE FEEDBACK WILL BE QUITE TERMINAL.
I'M SURE YOU APPRECIATE THE SPORT IN FINDING A WAY OFF YOUR LITTLE FORTRESS BEFORE IT IS SWALLOWED UP BY TIMEQUAKES.
DOOM! THIS ISN'T HOW WE PLAY THE GAME.!
DOOM!
DOOM!


TIME TURNS BACK ON ITSELF LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL, LOOKING FOR THE BARB IN ITS FLESH.
WITHIN THE FORTRESS, UNDER THE STRESS OF PRIMAL FORCES MISHANDLED BY THE PSYCHOTIC TIME PLATFORM, REALITY SHATTERS LIKE CHEAP GLASS.
ERASURE SNAPS AT DOOM'S AIRBORNE HEELS, AS IT BOILS OUT OF THE PLACE IN A SHOCK WAVE.
A GASH IN THE WORLD TEARS OPEN, AND THE ISLAND IS SUCKED AWAY... REALITY HEALS, TIME SET TO RIGHTS, AND IT IS AS IF THE PLACE HAD NEVER EXISTED...


THERE WAS SO MUCH HE HAD FORGOTTEN.
WEAPONS INNOVATIONS. POWER ADVANCES. LOST DECADES OF TECHNOLOGICAL GENIUS.
IT WOULD BE INSANE TO LET THESE WORKS RUST.
HE NEARLY LAUGHS WITH THE ELECTRIC THRILL OF IT ALL.
HE IS WHOLE.
HE WANTS TO SHOUT IT TO THE SCREAMING SKIES; "DEATH TO THE LIARS! TO THE DIRT WITH THE PRETENDERS! I RECLAIM MY PAST AS I GRIP THE FUTURE WITH THE STEEL OF KINGS!"
BUT HE IS DOOM.
AND SO, HE EXULTS IN THE JEWELED SILENCE OF VICTORY.

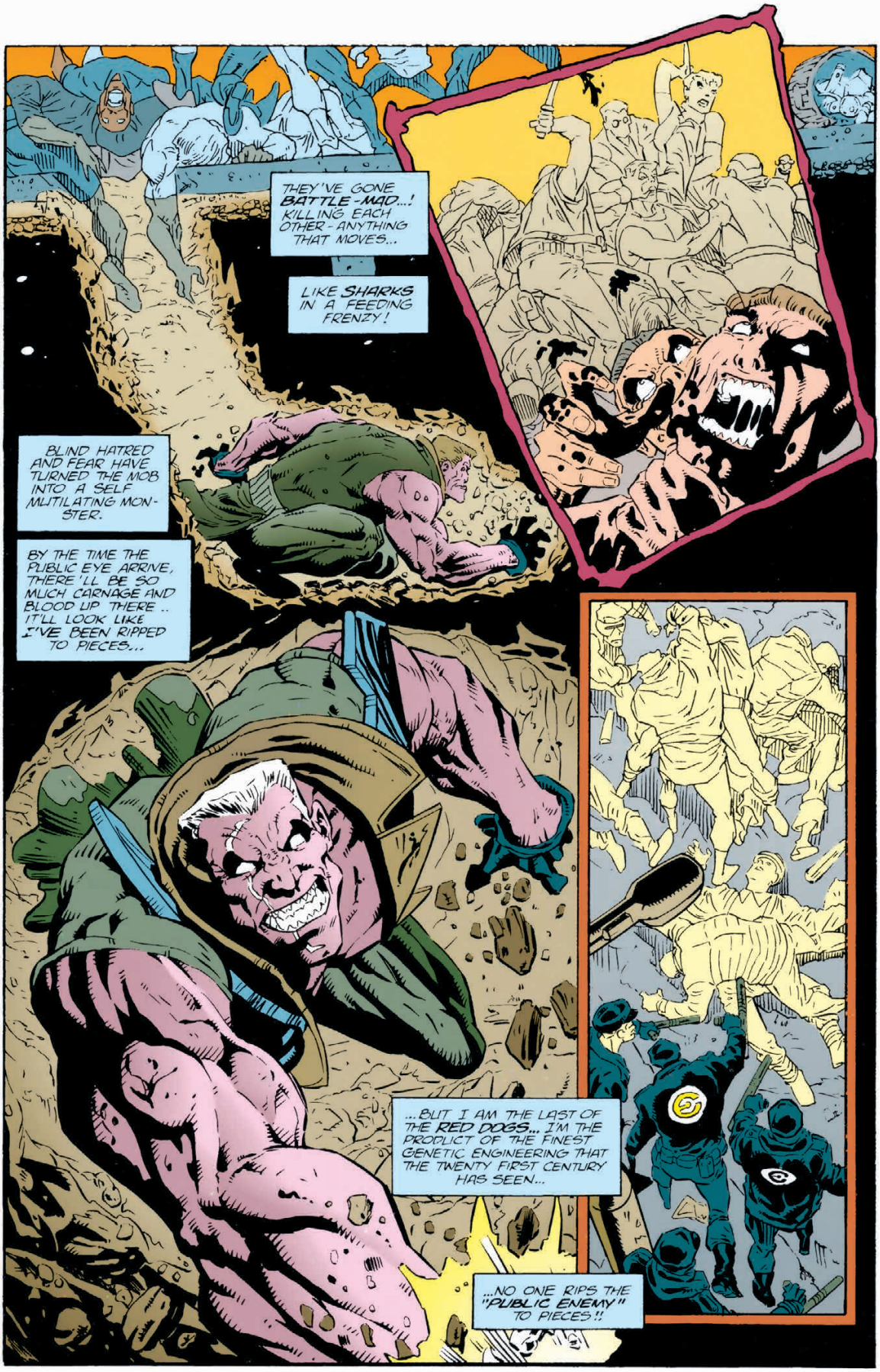
"Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith..."

1 Timothy 1:4

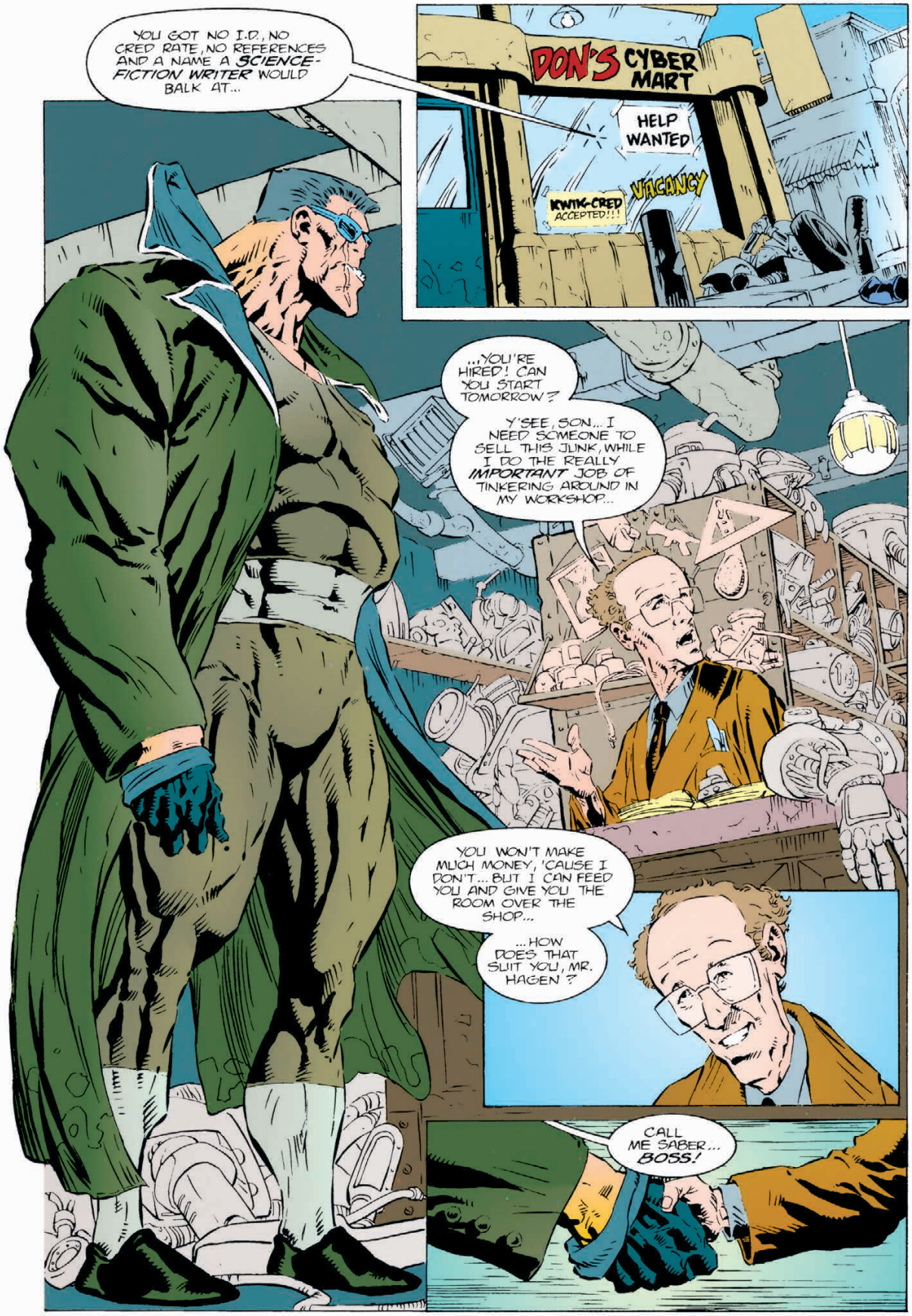

MARVEL COMICS
1
PUBLIC ENEMY
WOZ

YES! ATTACK ME! KILL ME! AVENGE YOURSELVES! STOP ME FROM HARMING YOUR FAMILIES!
...YOU HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELVES!
...ONLY YOU CAN STOP THE--
PUBLIC ENEMY!
SEEING RED
PAT MILLS WRITERS
TOM SKINNER WRITERS
LUKE ROSS PENCILER
KEITH WILLIAMS INKER
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
IAN LAUGHLIN COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO PUBLIC ENEMY

GOOD, THAT'S THE WAY...!
AT LAST.. AT LAST, YOU'VE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD!
AND MY WORK...
...IS...
...DONE.
VIPER
OF COURSE, THERE'S NO WAY ANY OF THESE SOFT NORMALS COULD HURT ME...
* SEE PUNISHER 2099 # 17-- JOEY
THE PUNISHER'S BULLETS DIDN'T STOP ME*, SO WHAT CHANCE HAVE THEIR KNIVES, CLUBS AND FISTS GOT?
KRAK!


THEY'VE GONE BATTLE-MAD...! KILLING EACH OTHER - ANYTHING THAT MOVES...
LIKE SHARKS IN A FEEDING FRENZY!
BLIND HATRED AND FEAR HAVE TURNED THE MOB INTO A SELF MUTILATING MONSTER.
BY THE TIME THE PUBLIC EYE ARRIVE, THERE'LL BE SO MUCH CARNAGE AND BLOOD UP THERE .. IT'LL LOOK LIKE I'VE BEEN RIPPED TO PIECES...
...BUT I AM THE LAST OF THE RED DOGS... I'M THE PRODUCT OF THE FINEST GENETIC ENGINEERING THAT THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY HAS SEEN...
...NO ONE RIPS THE "PUBLIC ENEMY" TO PIECES!!

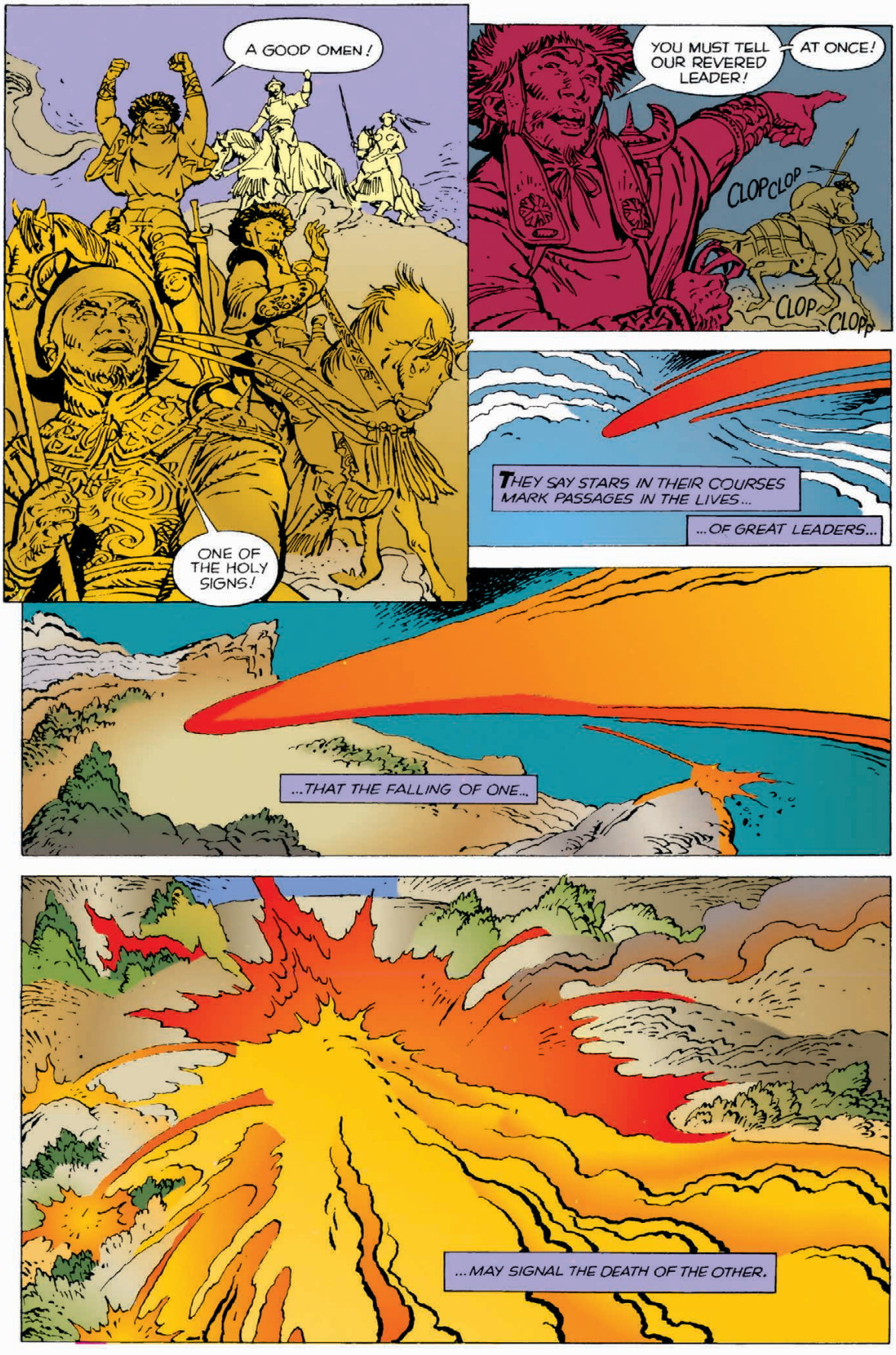
EEEOW!
I SHOULD SLEEP UNDER THE GROUND MORE OFTEN... IT'S SO RELAXING... GAVE ME A CHANCE TO GAIN A LITTLE PERSPECTIVE ON MY LIFE...
I'M GONNA START A NEW LIFE... GONNA TAKE A SHOT AT BEING THE PUBLIC MYSELF -- JUST PLAIN MR. SABER HAGEN!
...THE WHOLE WORLD -- INCLUDING THE PUNISHER -- THINKS I'M DEAD...AND MAYBE I AM! THE PUBLIC REALLY STOOD UP TO ME... I NO LONGER HAVE TO BE THE PUBLIC ENEMY...!


YOU GOT NO I.D., NO CRED RATE, NO REFERENCES AND A NAME A SCIENCE-FICTION WRITER WOULD BALK AT...
DON'S CYBER MART
HELP WANTED
KWIK-CRED ACCEPTED!!!
VACANCY
...YOU'RE HIRED! CAN YOU START TOMORROW?
Y'SEE, SON... I NEED SOMEONE TO SELL THIS JUNK, WHILE I DO THE REALLY IMPORTANT JOB OF TINKERING AROUND IN MY WORKSHOP...
YOU WON'T MAKE MUCH MONEY, 'CAUSE I DON'T... BUT I CAN FEED YOU AND GIVE YOU THE ROOM OVER THE SHOP...
...HOW DOES THAT SUIT YOU, MR. HAGEN?
CALL ME SABER... BOSS!

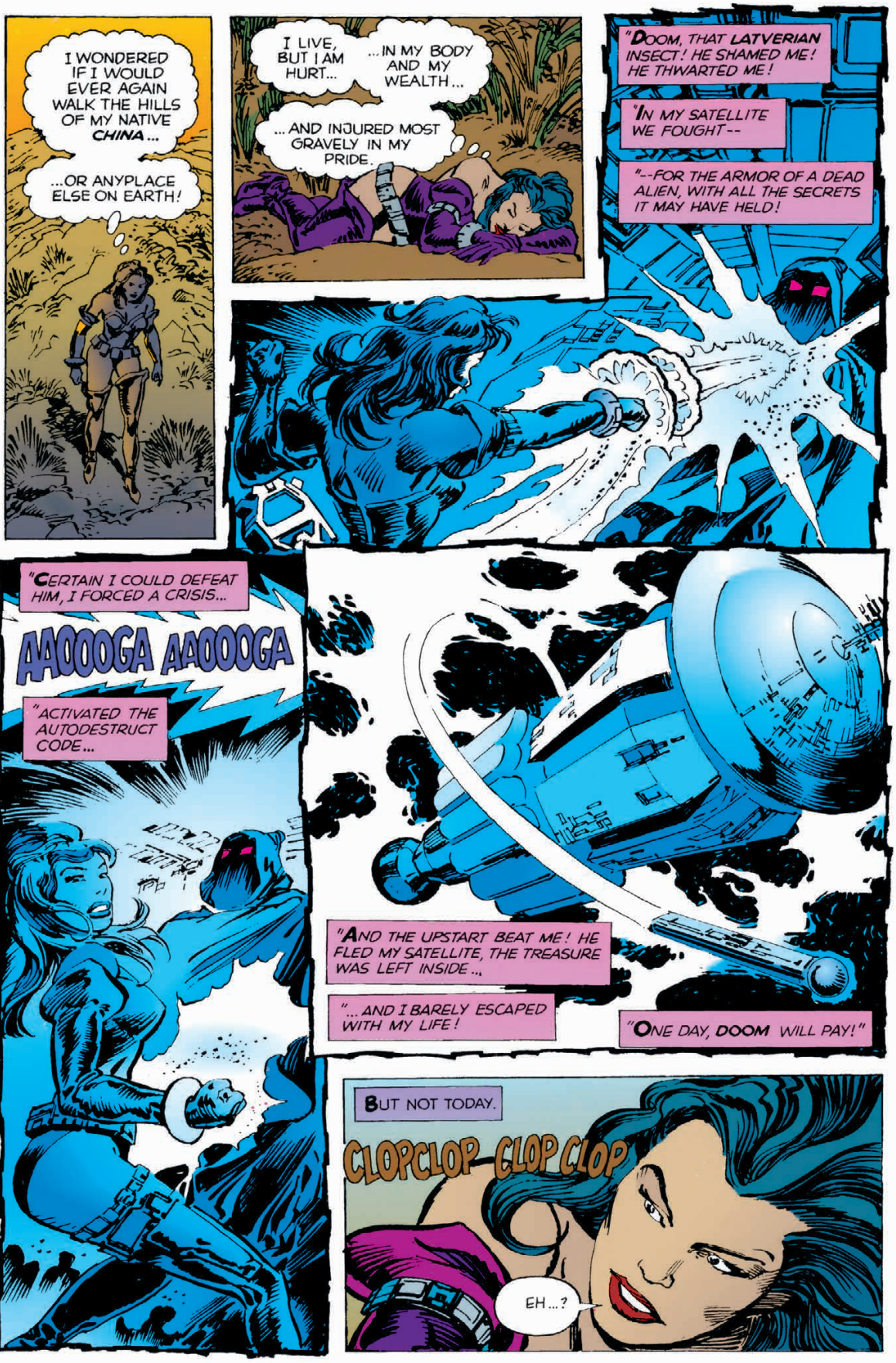
I COULD GET USED TO THIS "NORMAL LIFE"... I'VE BEEN HERE TWO WEEKS AND HAVEN'T TURNED RED ONCE!
MODERN HARDWARE, SABER... IT'S ALL JUNK...THEY BUILD IT NOT TO LAST...
...YOUR AVERAGE GUY CAN'T REPAIR IT... SO HE BUYS NEW STUFF ALL THE TIME... STUPID, HUH?
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, DON... "STUPID" IS THE WORD I MOST OFTEN THINK OF WHEN SOMEONE MENTIONS THE PUBLIC... D' YOU SEE THAT THING ON THE HOLO, LAST NIGHT...?
WE'VE COME TO EXCHANGE SOME BULLETS FOR KWIK-CREDS!
WE'RE DOING A BARGAIN THIS MONTH... EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT.. FOR JUST ONE BULLET!
OH, ER-- GOOD MORNING! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU GUYS?
LET ME HANDLE THIS, SABER...!
ALL RIGHT YOU PUNKS...! YOUR KIND ONLY UNDER-STAND ONE THING, SO I'M...
NO, DON, STAY BEHIND ME...! LET ME...
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUD
CHAKKA
CHAK
CHAK
YOU'VE... YOU'VE KILLED DON!

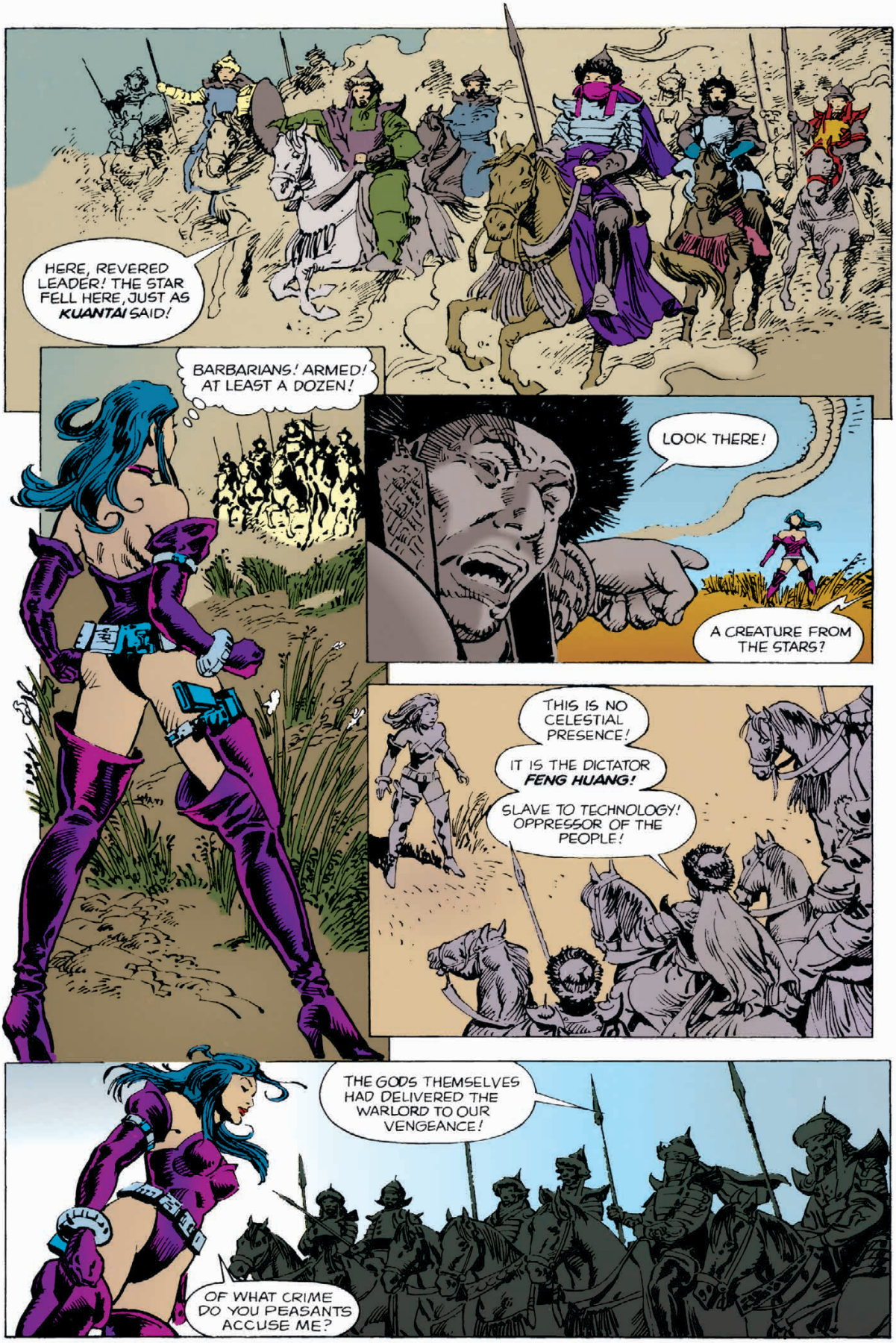
SNIARL
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST!
...I WAS DESIGNED TO KILL...!
...AND BY SHOCK THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
TO BE CONTINUED IN PUNISHER 2099 #25!

JO DUFFY : WRITER
MIKE THOMAS : COLORIST
LEO DURAÑONA : ARTIST
JOEY CAVALIERI : EDITOR
H. FORMENTO : LETTERER
TOM DE FALCO : EDITOR IN CHIEF

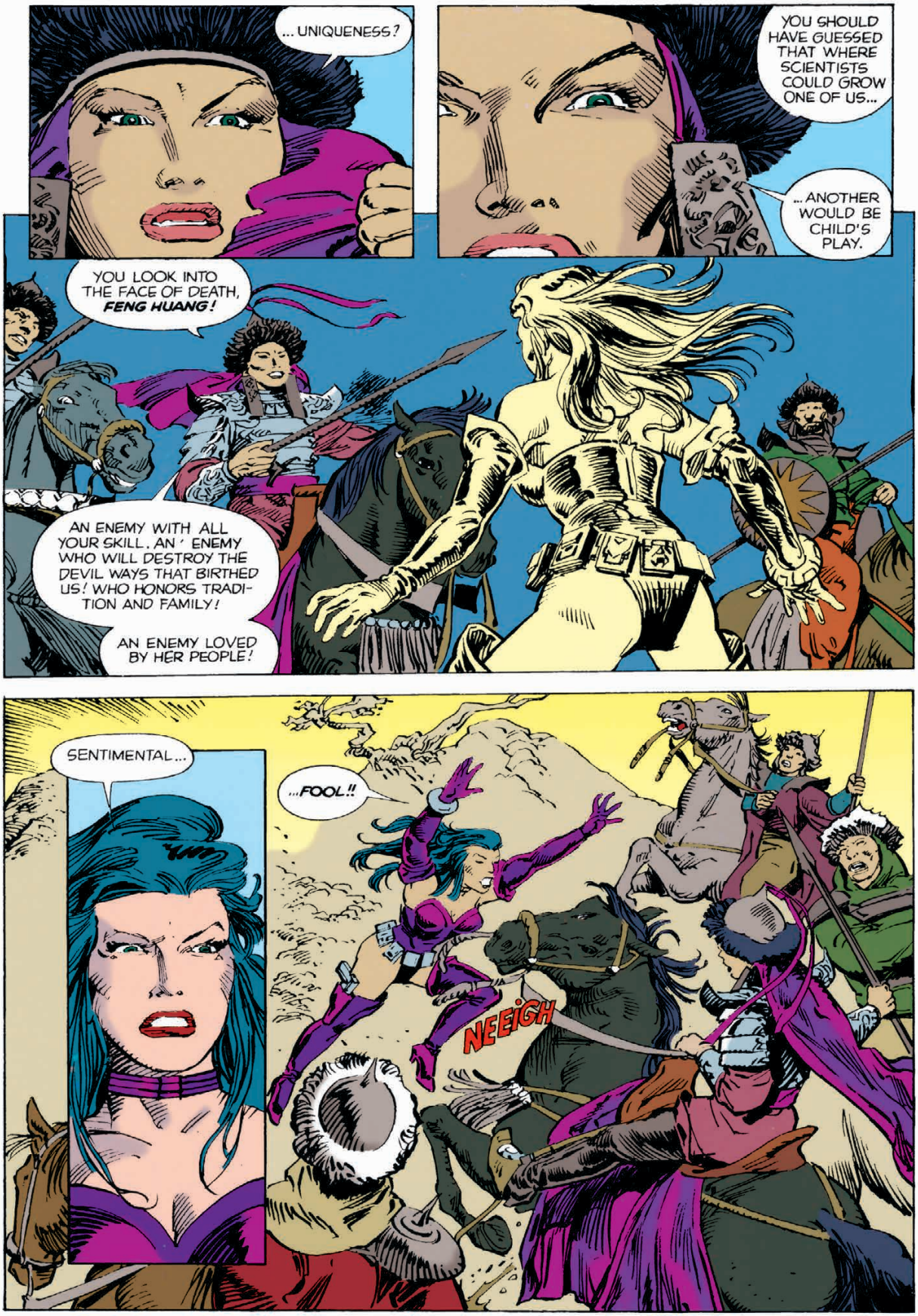

A GOOD OMEN!
ONE OF THE HOLY SIGNS!
YOU MUST TELL OUR REVERED LEADER!
AT ONCE!
CLOPCLOP
CLOP
CLOPp
THEY SAY STARS IN THEIR COURSES MARK PASSAGES IN THE LIVES...
...OF GREAT LEADERS...
...THAT THE FALLING OF ONE...
...MAY SIGNAL THE DEATH OF THE OTHER.

FALLING STARS ARE ALSO SEEN WHEN LEADERS HAVE ARRIVED...
POK
CLAAANG
...BY BIRTH...
...OR VIA LESS TRADITIONAL MEANS.
THANK ALL SPIRITS AND SCIENTISTS MY ESCAPE POD WAS SOUND!


I WONDERED IF I WOULD EVER AGAIN WALK THE HILLS OF MY NATIVE CHINA...
...OR ANYPLACE ELSE ON EARTH!
I LIVE, BUT I AM HURT...
...IN MY BODY AND MY WEALTH...
...AND INJURED MOST GRAVELY IN MY PRIDE.
"DOOM, THAT LATVERIAN INSECT! HE SHAMED ME! HE THWARTED ME!
"IN MY SATELLITE WE FOUGHT--
"--FOR THE ARMOR OF A DEAD ALIEN, WITH ALL THE SECRETS IT MAY HAVE HELD!
"CERTAIN I COULD DEFEAT HIM, I FORCED A CRISIS...
AAOOOGA AAOOOGA
"ACTIVATED THE AUTODESTRUCT CODE...
"AND THE UPSTART BEAT ME! HE FLED MY SATELLITE, THE TREASURE WAS LEFT INSIDE...
"...AND I BARELY ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE!
"ONE DAY, DOOM WILL PAY!"
BUT NOT TODAY.
CLOPCLOP CLOP CLOP
EH...?

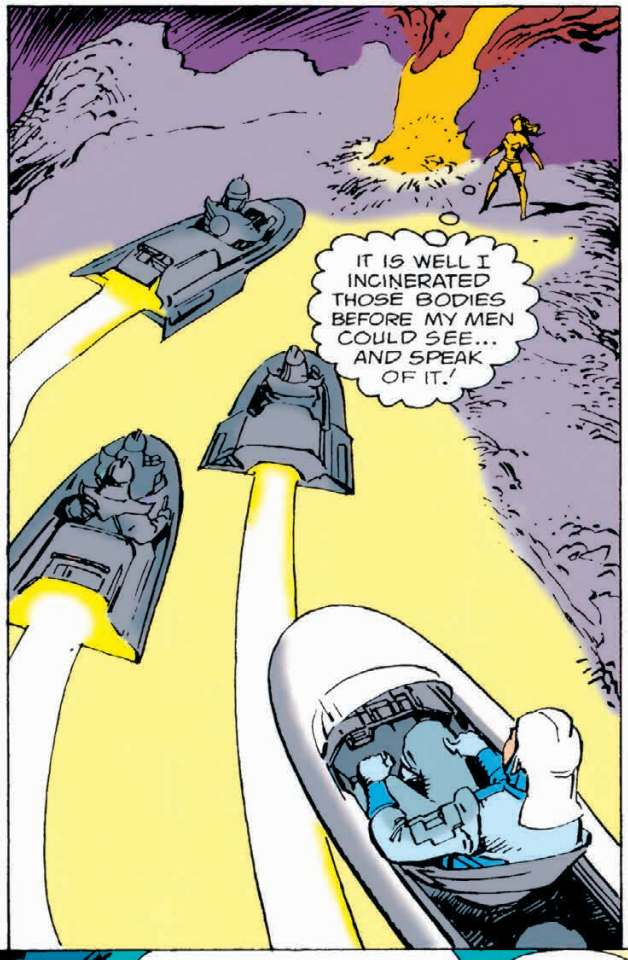

HERE, REVERED LEADER! THE STAR FELL HERE, JUST AS KUANTAI SAID!
BARBARIANS! ARMED! AT LEAST A DOZEN!
LOOK THERE!
A CREATURE FROM THE STARS?
THIS IS NO CELESTIAL PRESENCE!
IT IS THE DICTATOR FENG HUANG!
SLAVE TO TECHNOLOGY! OPPRESSOR OF THE PEOPLE!
THE GODS THEMSELVES HAD DELIVERED THE WARLORD TO OUR VENGEANCE!
OF WHAT CRIME DO YOU PEASANTS ACCUSE ME?

YOU ARE UNNATURAL! AN ABOMINATION! A THING GROWN IN A LABORATORY!
YOU EMBRACE THE DEVIL SCIENCES, BETRAYING OUR CULTURE AND YOUR OWN ANCESTORS!
FOOL! I HAVE NO ANCESTORS! I SHALL BE THE FIRST OF ALL ANCESTORS!
MY CULTURE WAS A CELL CULTURE, MY HOMELAND THE INCUBATION CHAMBER OF THE CRECHE!
I AM THE GREATEST MONARCH THE WORLD WILL EVER KNOW! YOUR CHILDREN WILL FIGHT TO CLAIM ME AS AN ANCESTOR!
ARE YOU SO CERTAIN? OF YOUR FUTURE?
YOUR...
>GASP!<

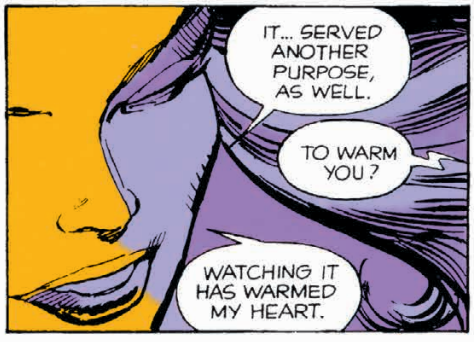

... UNIQUENESS?
YOU SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT WHERE SCIENTISTS COULD GROW ONE OF US...
...ANOTHER WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY.
YOU LOOK INTO THE FACE OF DEATH, FENG HUANG!
AN ENEMY WITH ALL YOUR SKILL. AN ENEMY WHO WILL DESTROY THE DEVIL WAYS THAT BIRTHED US! WHO HONORS TRADITION AND FAMILY!
AN ENEMY LOVED BY HER PEOPLE!
SENTIMENTAL...
...FOOL!!
NEEIGH

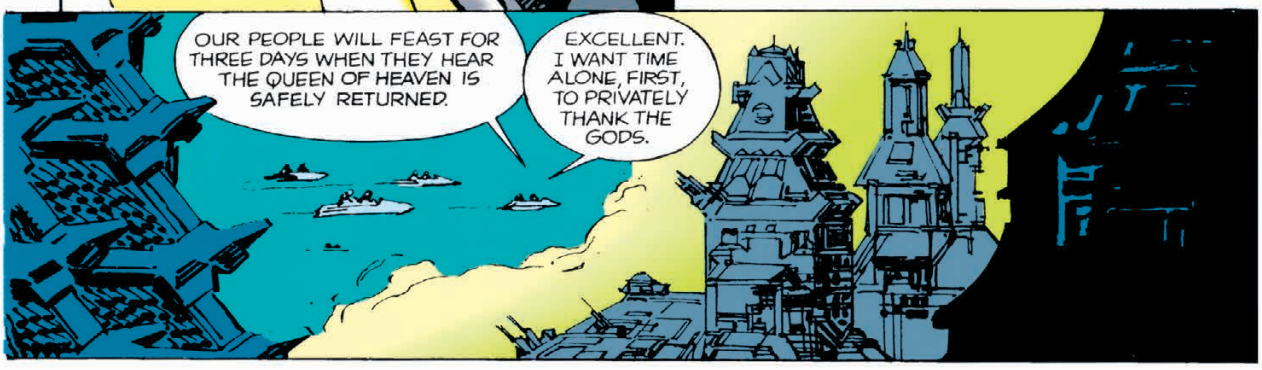
YOU ARE IMBECILES... CLOWNS!
WITHOUT COURAGE...
...OR STRATEGY.
SCARCELY WORTHY OF DEATH AT MY HAND!
A LEADER IS NOT TECHNOLOGY OR RELIGION...
...BUT ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO ACT!
AAAiEEEE
DEMON! MONSTER!!
YOU SHALL NOT LIVE!

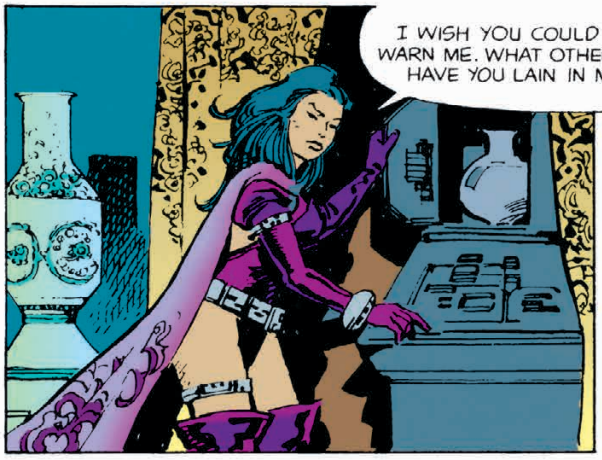
CLUMSY!
AND CARELESS!
IT SEEMS I'VE MASTERED SOME TRADITIONS MORE FULLY THAN YOURSELF!
I FIND YOU REDUNDANT.
CAN YOU KILL YOURSELF?
YOU ARE NOT ME!

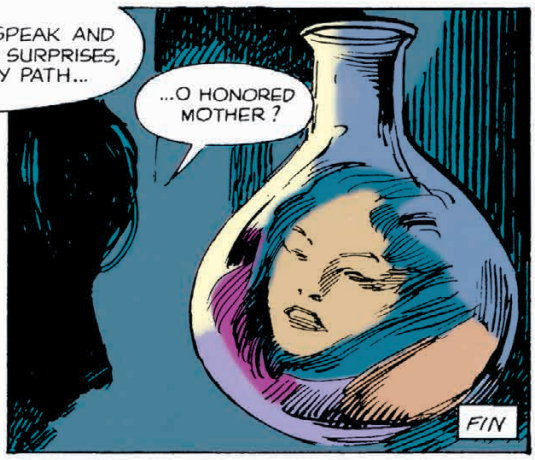

IT IS WELL I INCINERATED THOSE BODIES BEFORE MY MEN COULD SEE... AND SPEAK OF IT.!

QUEEN OF HEAVEN, ARE YOU WELL?
PERFECTLY!
LIGHTING THE FIRE WAS A MASTERSTROKE! IT SHOWED US WHERE YOUR CAPSULE FELL.

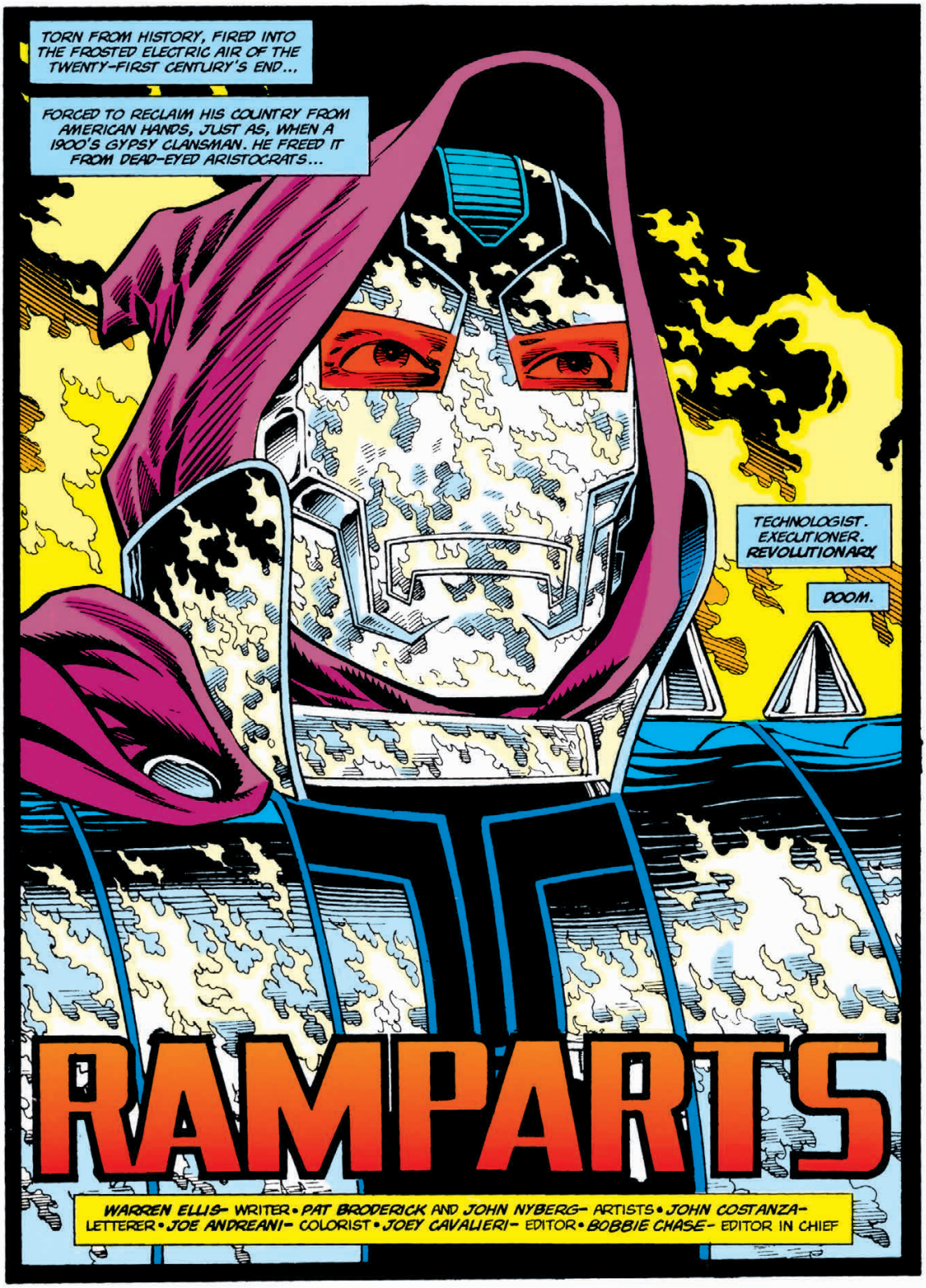

IT... SERVED ANOTHER PURPOSE, AS WELL.
TO WARM YOU?
WATCHING IT HAS WARMED MY HEART.

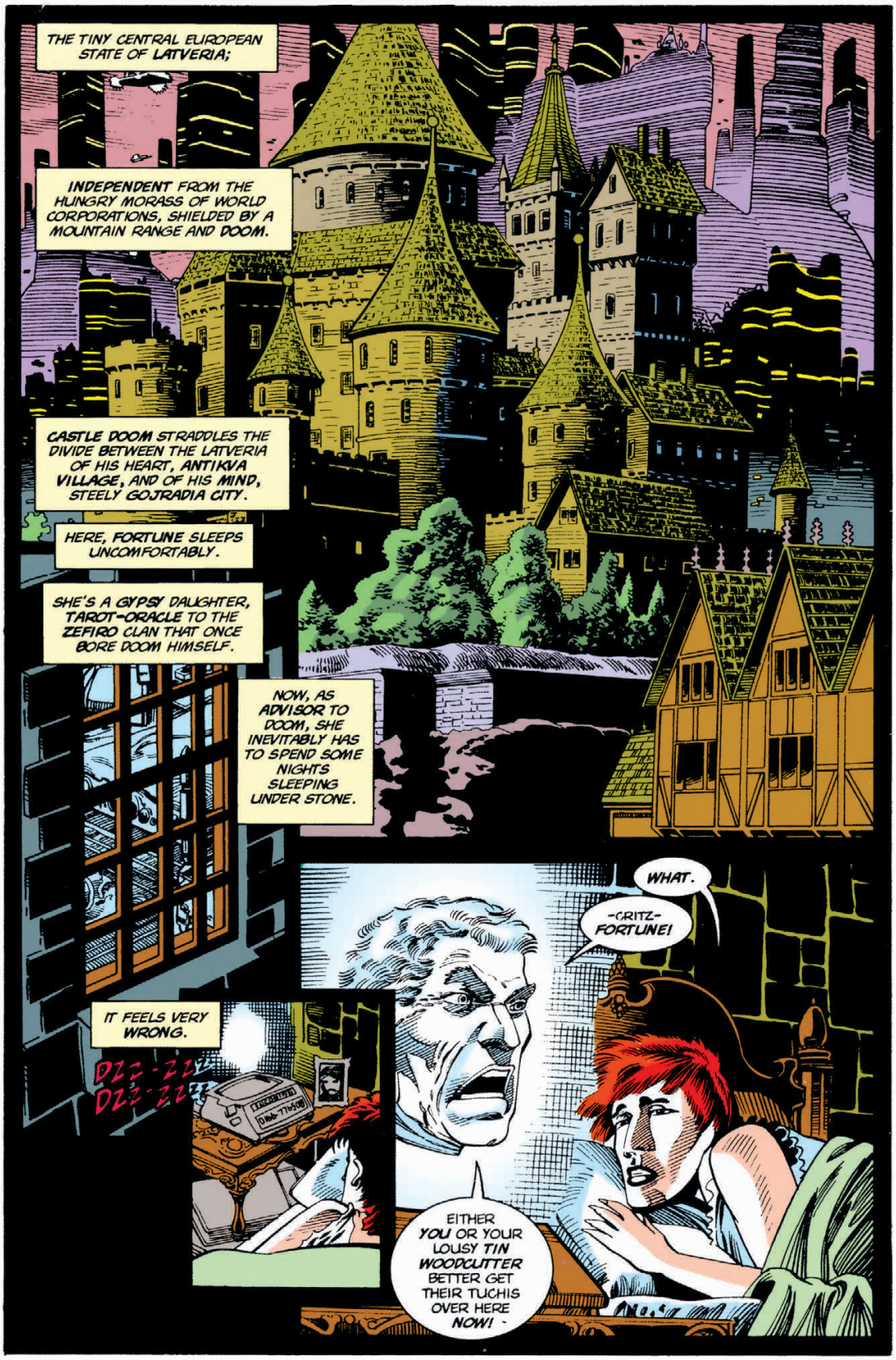

OUR PEOPLE WILL FEAST FOR THREE DAYS WHEN THEY HEAR THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN IS SAFELY RETURNED.
EXCELLENT. I WANT TIME ALONE, FIRST, TO PRIVATELY THANK THE GODS.


I WISH YOU COULD SPEAK AND WARN ME. WHAT OTHER SURPRISES, HAVE YOU LAIN IN MY PATH...

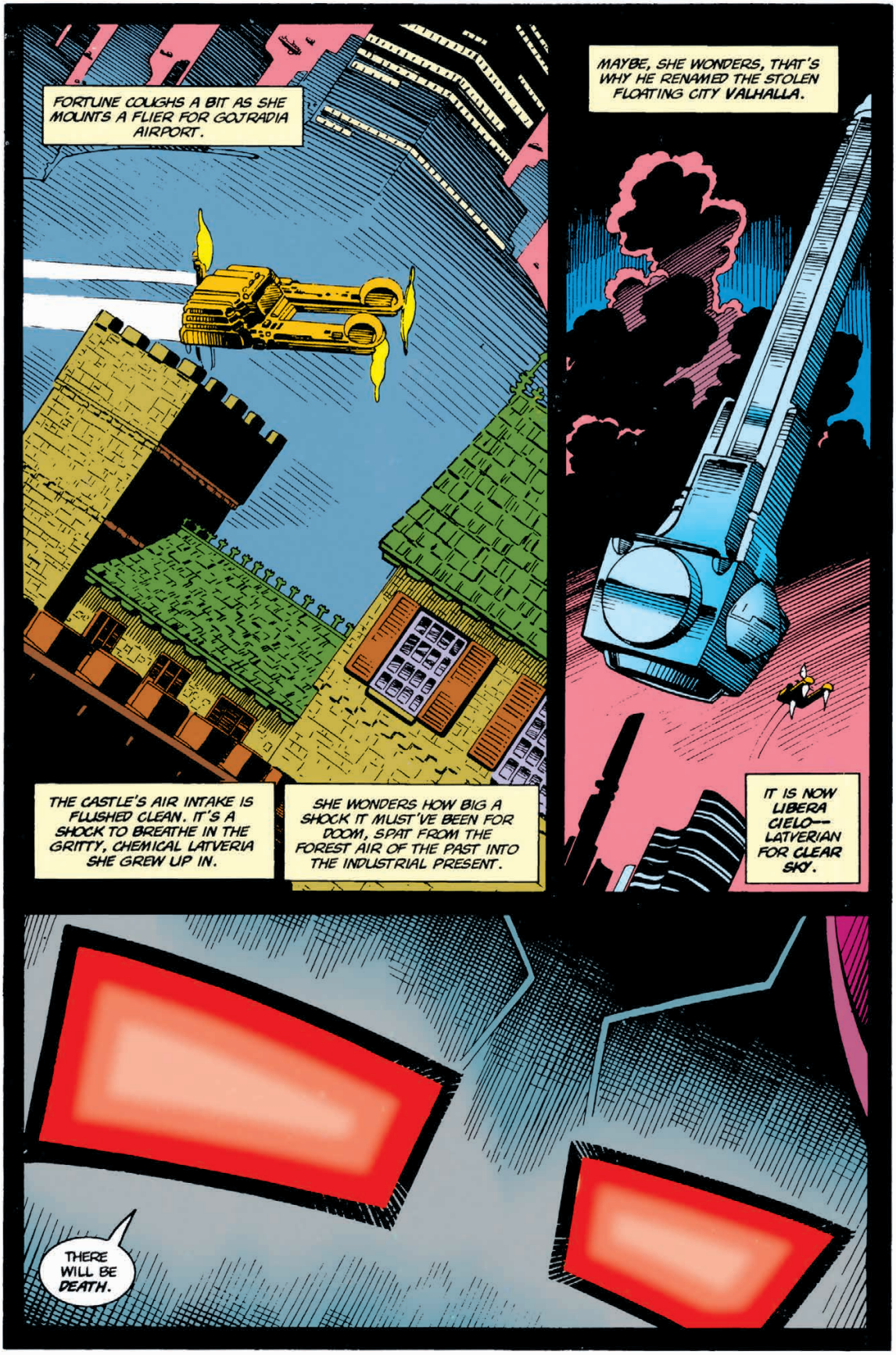

...O HONORED MOTHER?
FIN

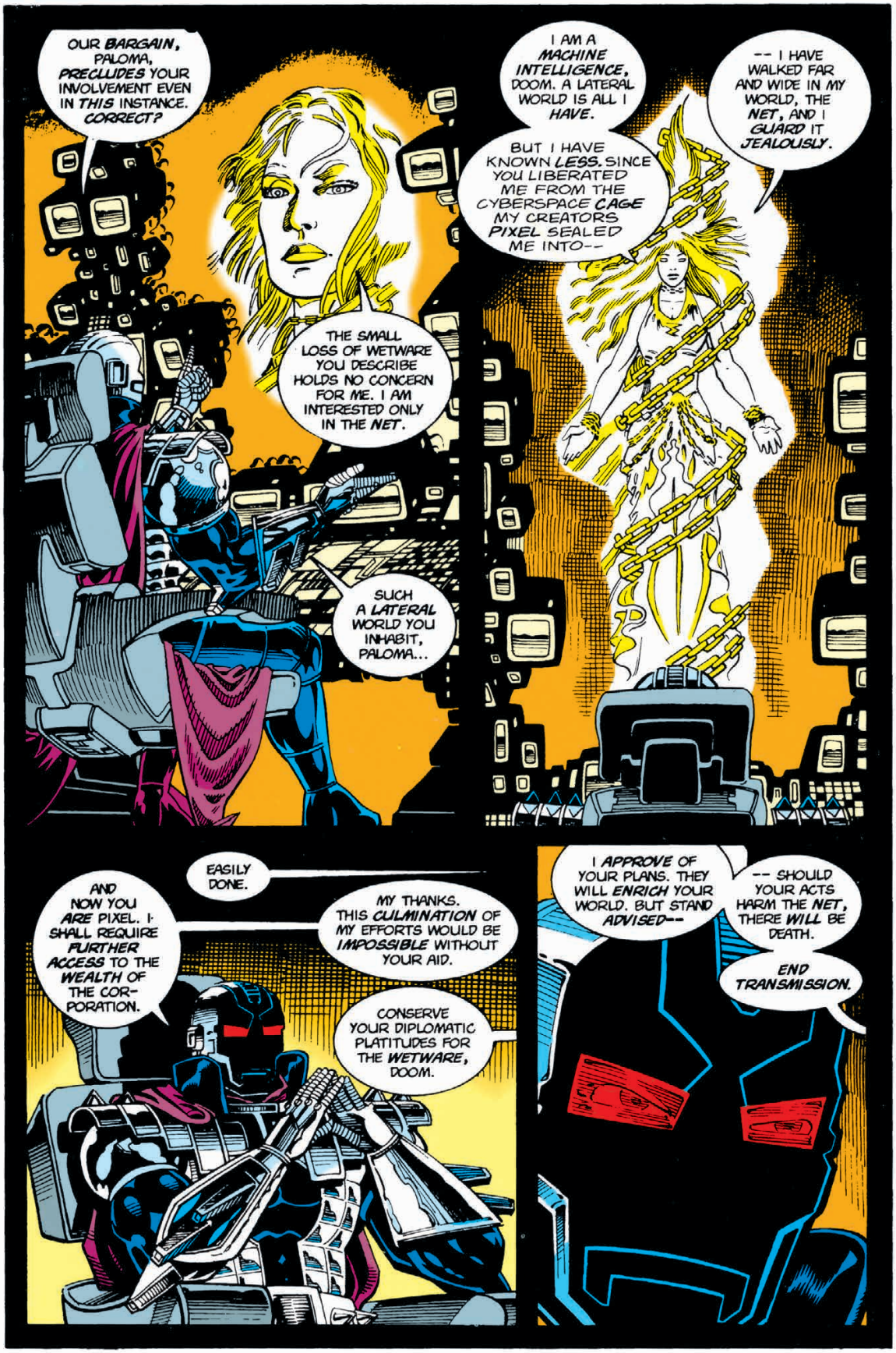
MARVEL
DOOM
2099
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
26 FEB
PAT BRODERICK 94

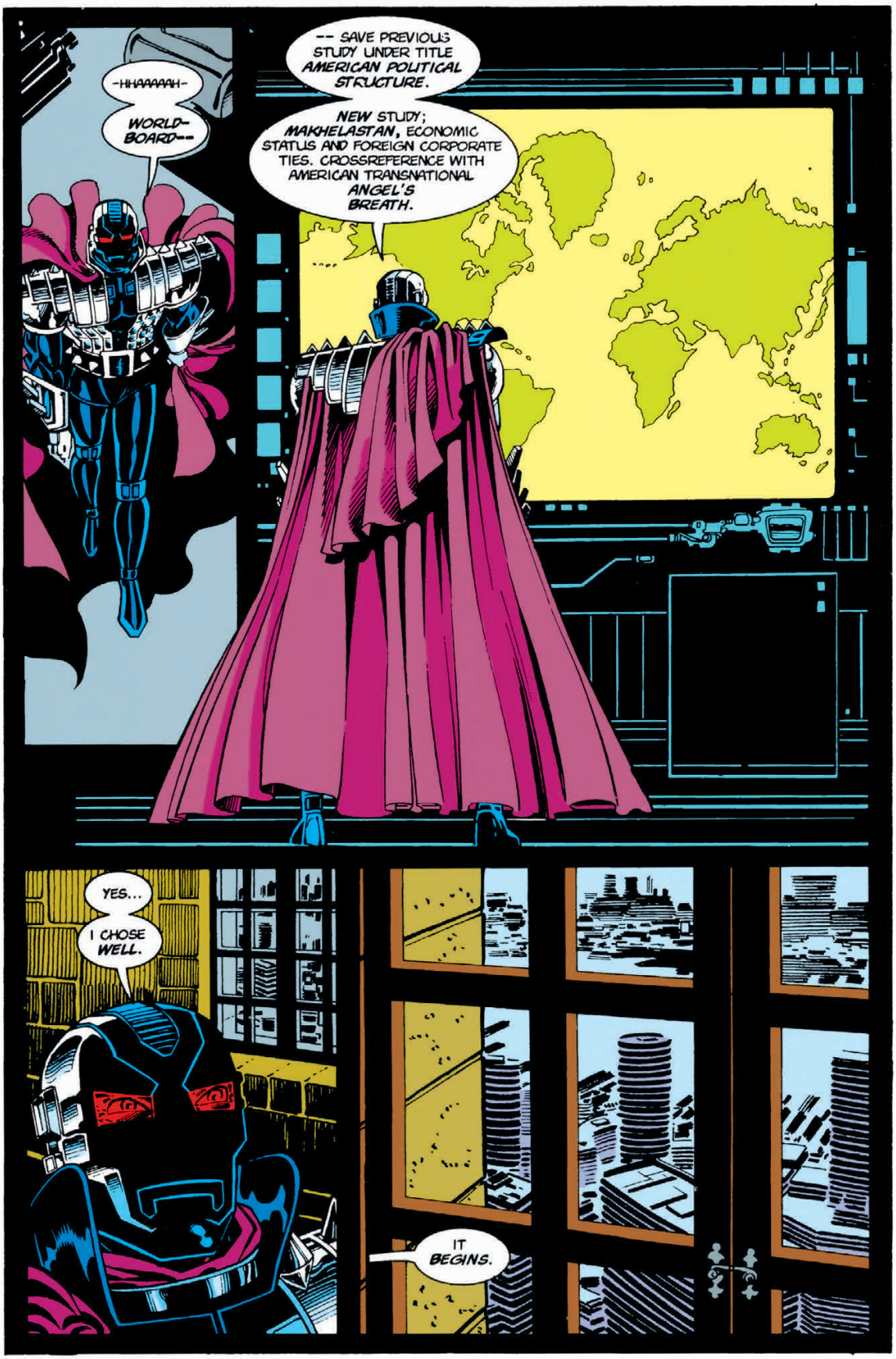

TORN FROM HISTORY, FIRED INTO THE FROSTED ELECTRIC AIR OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY'S END...
FORCED TO RECLAIM HIS COUNTRY FROM AMERICAN HANDS, JUST AS, WHEN A 1900'S GYPSY CLANSMAN. HE FREED IT FROM DEAD-EYED ARISTOCRATS...
TECHNOLOGIST. EXECUTIONER. REVOLUTIONARY.
DOOM.
RAMPARTS
WARREN ELLIS- WRITER • PAT BRODERICK AND JOHN NYBERG- ARTISTS • JOHN COSTANZA- LETTERER • JOE ANDREANI- COLORIST • JOEY CAVALIERI- EDITOR • BOBBIE CHASE- EDITOR IN CHIEF

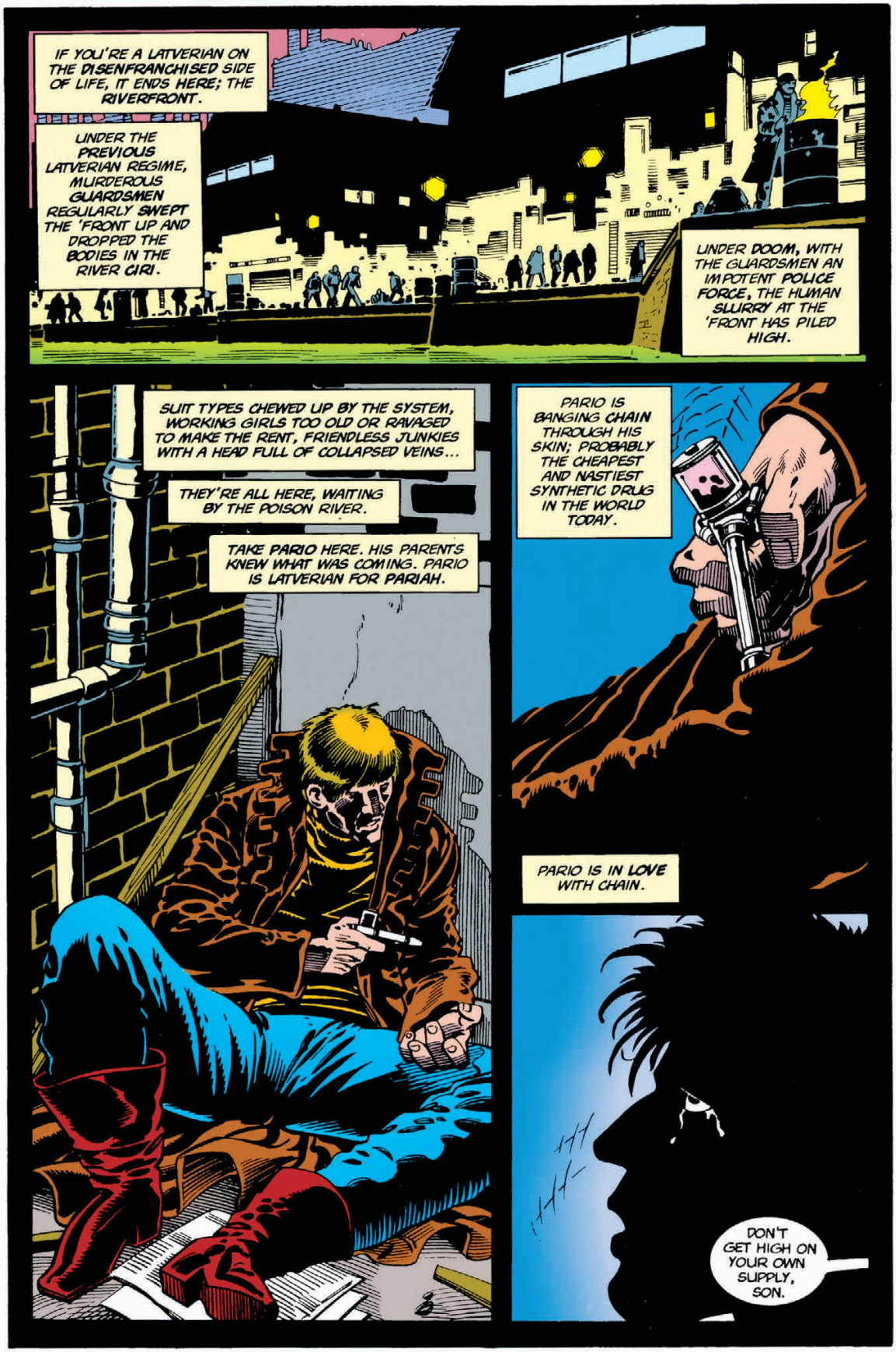

THE TINY CENTRAL EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA;
INDEPENDENT FROM THE HUNGRY MORASS OF WORLD CORPORATIONS, SHIELDED BY A MOUNTAIN RANGE AND DOOM.
CASTLE DOOM STRADDLES THE DIVIDE BETWEEN THE LATVERIA OF HIS HEART, ANTIKVA VILLAGE, AND OF HIS MIND, STEELY GOJRADIA CITY.
HERE, FORTUNE SLEEPS UNCOMFORTABLY.
SHE'S A GYPSY DAUGHTER, TAROT-ORACLE TO THE ZEFIRO CLAN THAT ONCE BORE DOOM HIMSELF.
NOW, AS ADVISOR TO DOOM, SHE INEVITABLY HAS TO SPEND SOME NIGHTS SLEEPING UNDER STONE.
IT FEELS VERY WRONG.
DZZ-ZZZ
DZZ-ZZZ
WHAT.
-CRITZ-
FORTUNE!
EITHER YOU OR YOUR LOUSY TIN WOODCUTTER BETTER GET THEIR TUCHIS OVER HERE NOW!

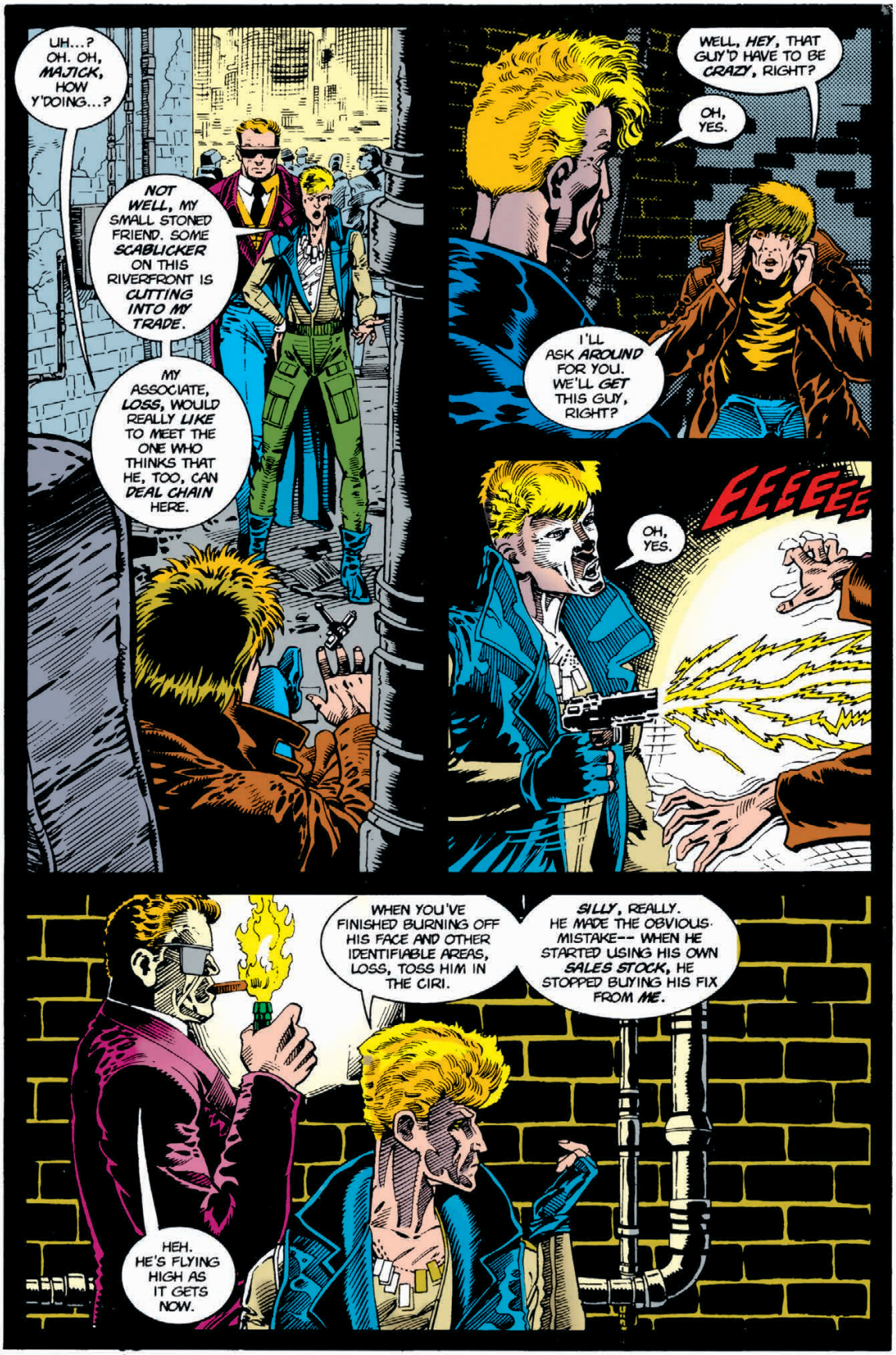
IRONWINE? -YAWN- WHAT'S JUMPED UP YOUR BUTT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
DON'T YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU NAFKEH! DON'T YOU DARE!
I WANT YOU OVER AT MY AIRPORT THIS MINUTE! HOW DARE YOU DO THIS TO ME, YOU--
SORRY. YOU WOKE, ME. WHAT'S HAPPENING AT "YOUR AIRPORT"?
THIS BUNCHA FREAKS JUST CAME IN ON AN UNSCHEDULED COWBOY PASSENGE FLIGHT FROM THE UKRAINE--
-- AND THEY'VE ALL GOT ELECTRONIC CREDENTIALS SUPPOSEDLY SUPPLIED BY DOOM!
OH, LORD... HAVE YOU RUN THEM THROUGH VERIFICATION?
IS THIS THE FACE OF AN IDIOT YOU SEE? OF COURSE!
VF SAYS THEY'RE CLEAN! OPEN-ENDED VISAS! SECURITY ACCESS TO THE CASTLE! NET CLEARANCES!
I'M ON MY WAY. I WANT THEM AT GUNPOINT TILL I ARRIVE.
IS THIS THE FACE OF AN IDIOT? HURRY. -CRITZ-

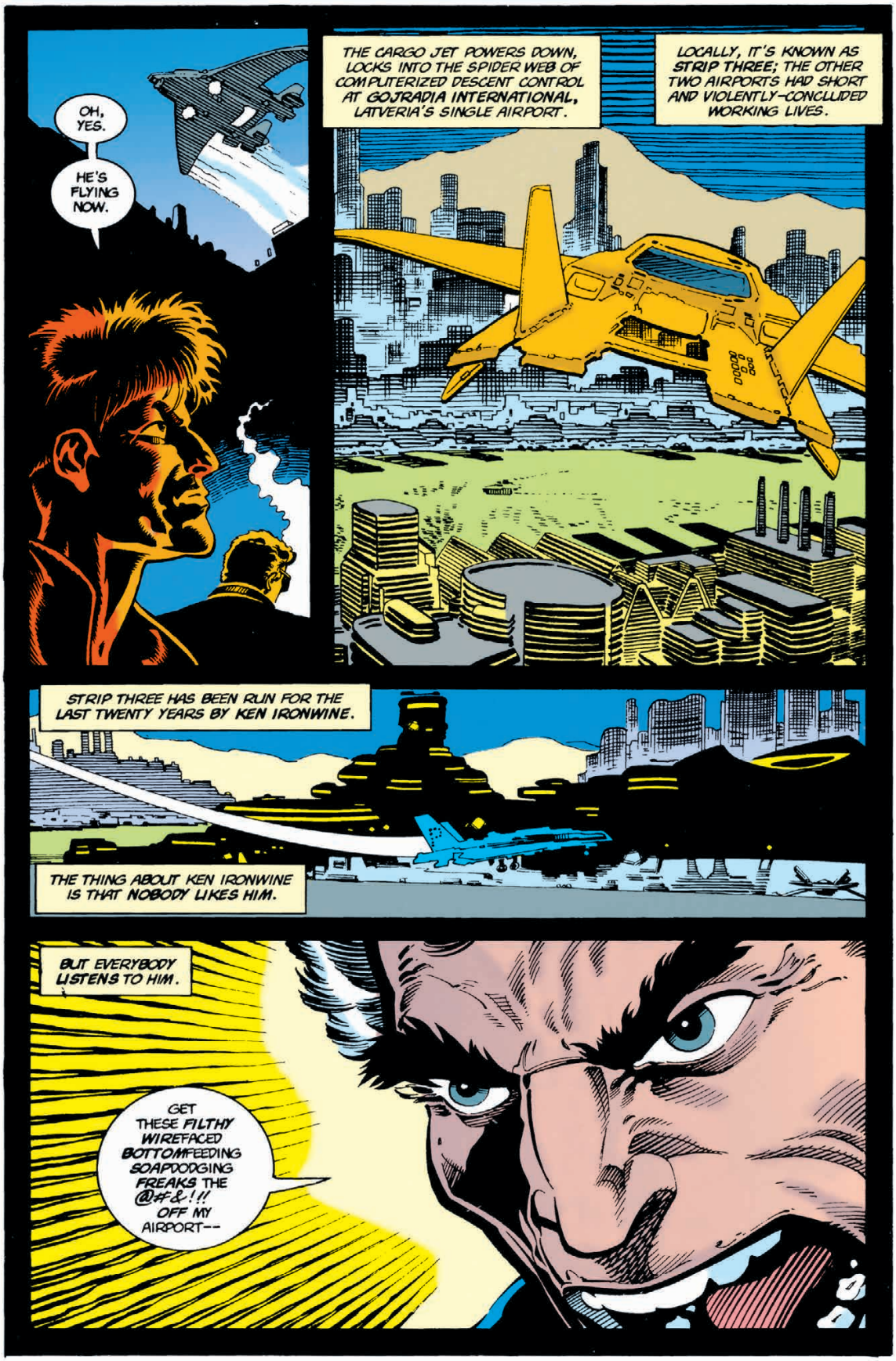

FORTUNE COUGHS A BIT AS SHE MOUNTS A FLIER FOR GOJRADIA AIRPORT.
MAYBE, SHE WONDERS, THAT'S WHY HE RENAMED THE STOLEN FLOATING CITY VALHALLA.
THE CASTLE'S AIR INTAKE IS FLUSHED CLEAN. IT'S A SHOCK TO BREATHE IN THE GRITTY, CHEMICAL LATVERIA SHE GREW UP IN.
SHE WONDERS HOW BIG A SHOCK IT MUST'VE BEEN FOR DOOM, SPAT FROM THE FOREST AIR OF THE PAST INTO THE INDUSTRIAL PRESENT.
IT IS NOW LIBERA CIELO-- LATVERIAN FOR CLEAR SKY.
THERE WILL BE DEATH.

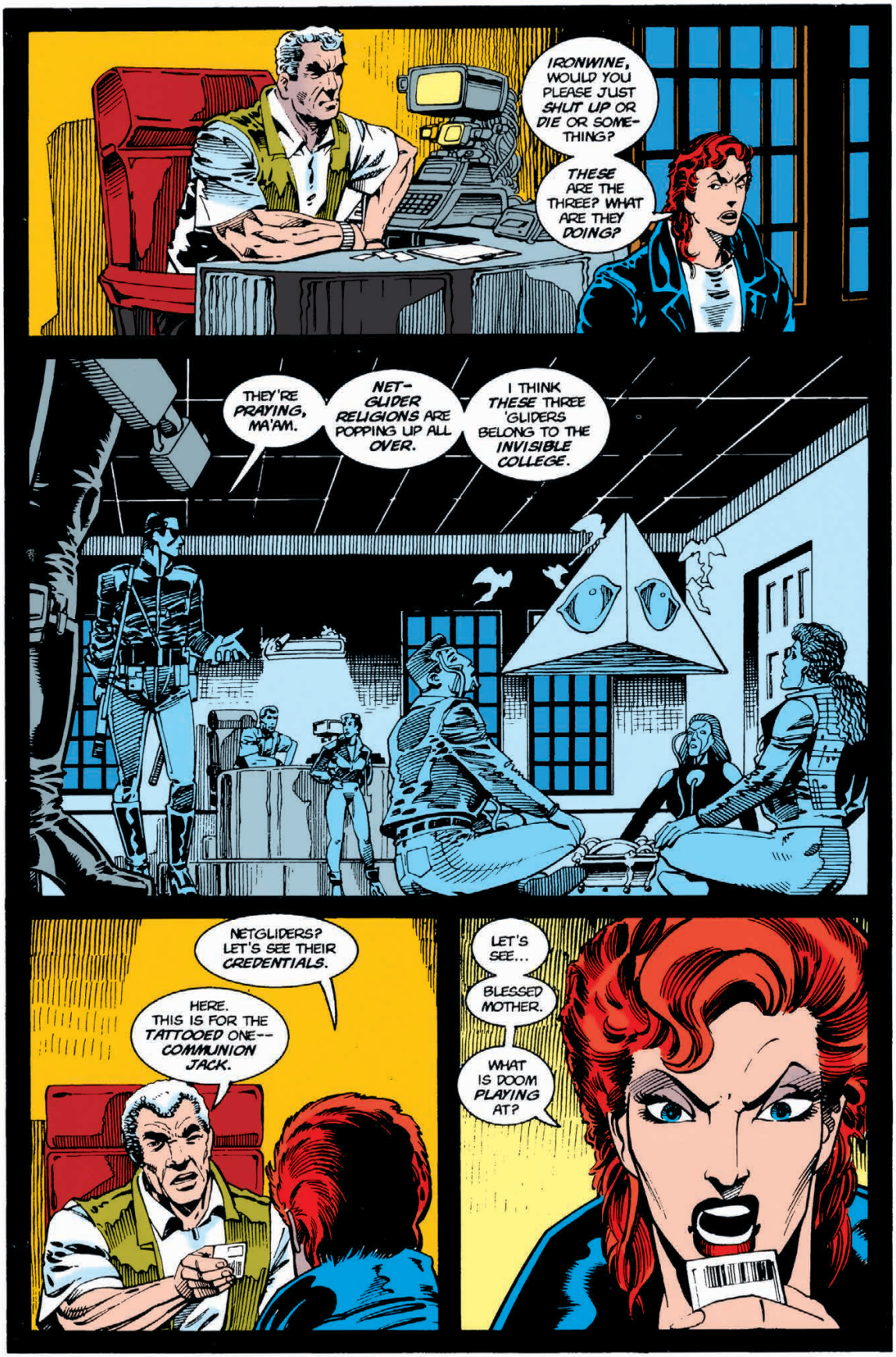

OUR BARGAIN, PALOMA, PRECLUDES YOUR INVOLVEMENT EVEN IN THIS INSTANCE. CORRECT?
THE SMALL LOSS OF WETWARE YOU DESCRIBE HOLDS NO CONCERN FOR ME. I AM INTERESTED ONLY IN THE NET.
SUCH A LATERAL WORLD YOU INHABIT, PALOMA...
I AM A MACHINE INTELLIGENCE, DOOM. A LATERAL WORLD IS ALL I HAVE.
BUT I HAVE KNOWN LESS. SINCE YOU LIBERATED ME FROM THE CYBERSPACE CAGE MY CREATORS PIXEL SEALED ME INTO--
-- I HAVE WALKED FAR AND WIDE IN MY WORLD, THE NET, AND I GUARD IT JEALOUSLY.
EASILY DONE.
MY THANKS. THIS CULMINATION OF MY EFFORTS WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT YOUR AID.
AND NOW YOU ARE PIXEL. I SHALL REQUIRE FURTHER ACCESS TO THE WEALTH OF THE CORPORATION.
CONSERVE YOUR DIPLOMATIC PLATITUDES FOR THE WETWARE, DOOM.
I APPROVE OF YOUR PLANS. THEY WILL ENRICH YOUR WORLD. BUT STAND ADVISED--
-- SHOULD YOUR ACTS HARM THE NET, THERE WILL BE DEATH.
END TRANSMISSION.

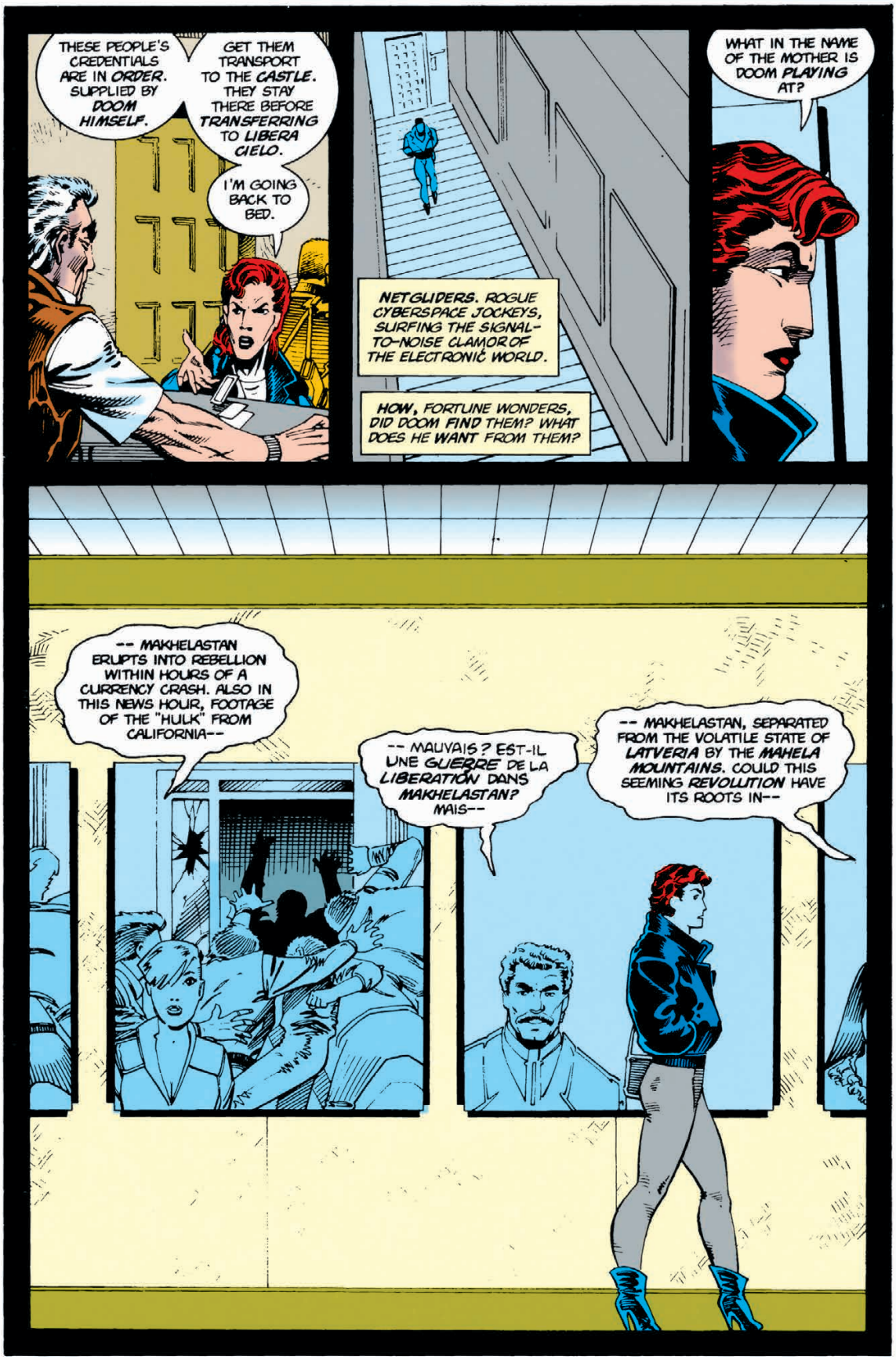

-HHAAAAAH-
WORLD-BOARD--
-- SAVE PREVIOUS STUDY UNDER TITLE AMERICAN POLITICAL STRUCTURE.
NEW STUDY; MAKHELASTAN, ECONOMIC STATUS AND FOREIGN CORPORATE TIES. CROSSREFERENCE WITH AMERICAN TRANSNATIONAL ANGEL'S BREATH.
YES... I CHOSE WELL.
IT BEGINS.

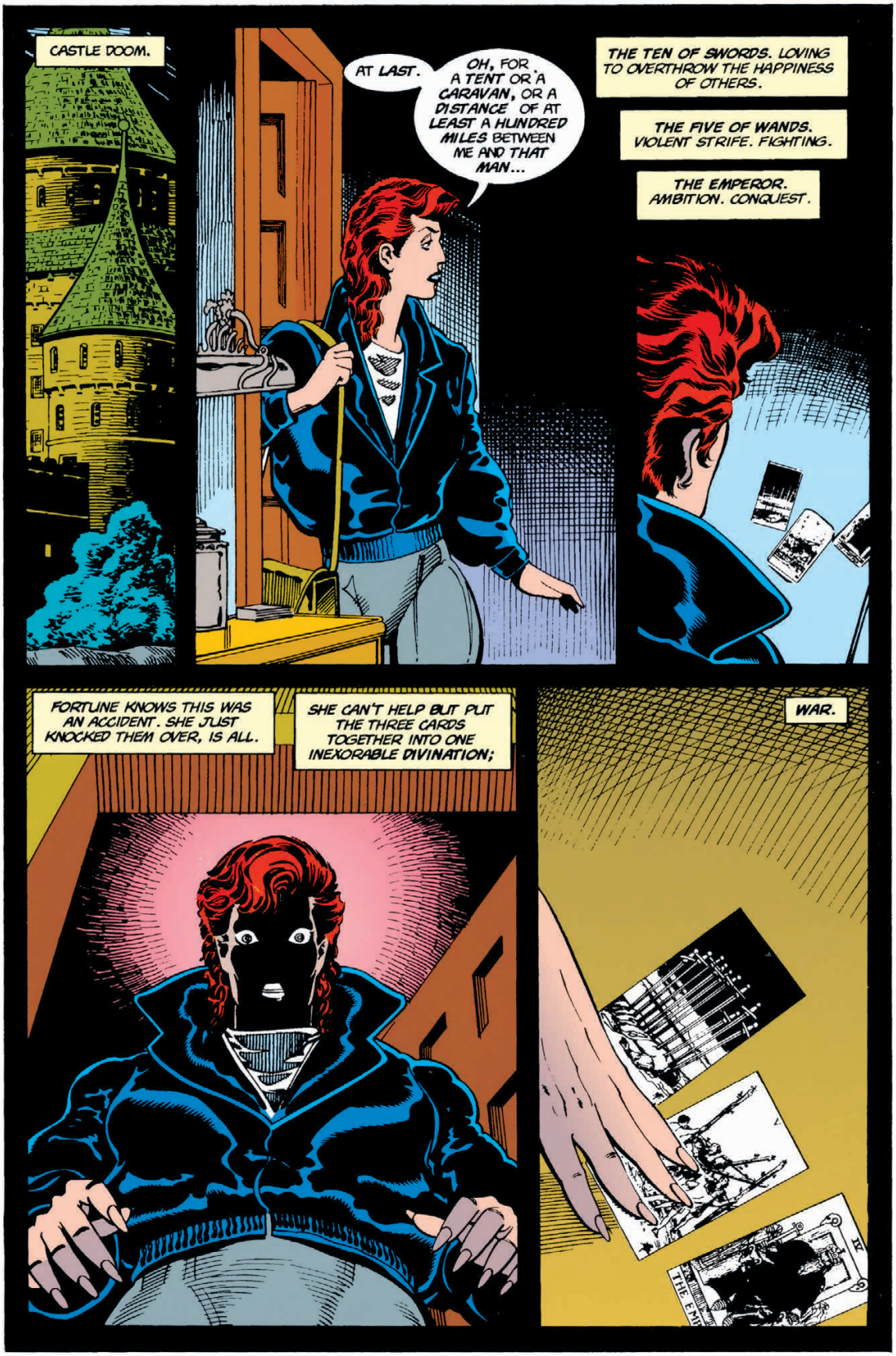

IF YOU'RE A LATVERIAN ON THE DISENFRANCHISED SIDE OF LIFE, IT ENDS HERE; THE RIVERFRONT.
UNDER THE PREVIOUS LATVERIAN REGIME, MURDEROUS GUARDSMEN REGULARLY SWEPT THE 'FRONT UP AND DROPPED THE BODIES IN THE RIVER CIRI.
UNDER DOOM, WITH THE GUARDSMEN AN IMPOTENT POLICE FORCE, THE HUMAN SLURRY AT THE 'FRONT HAS PILED HIGH.
SUIT TYPES CHEWED UP BY THE SYSTEM, WORKING GIRLS TOO OLD OR RAVAGED TO MAKE THE RENT, FRIENDLESS JUNKIES WITH A HEAD FULL OF COLLAPSED VEINS...
THEY'RE ALL HERE, WAITING BY THE POISON RIVER.
TAKE PARIO HERE. HIS PARENTS KNEW WHAT WAS COMING. PARIO IS LATVERIAN FOR PARIAH.
PARIO IS BANGING CHAIN THROUGH HIS SKIN; PROBABLY THE CHEAPEST AND NASTIEST SYNTHETIC DRUG IN THE WORLD TODAY.
PARIO IS IN LOVE WITH CHAIN.
DON'T GET HIGH ON YOUR OWN SUPPLY, SON.

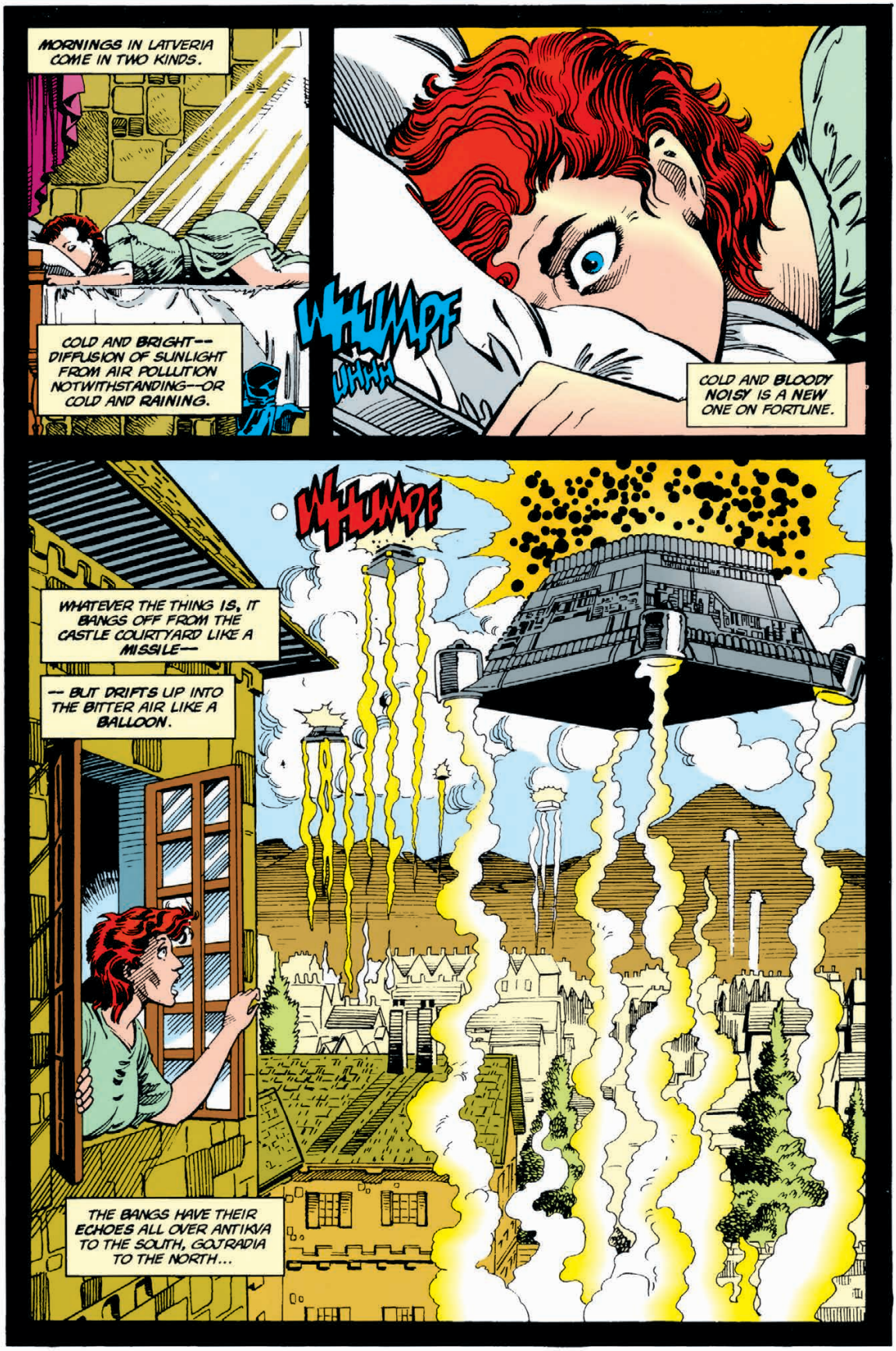

UH...? OH. OH, MAJICK, HOW Y'DOING...?
NOT WELL, MY SMALL STONED FRIEND. SOME SCABLICKER ON THIS RIVERFRONT IS CUTTING INTO MY TRADE.
MY ASSOCIATE, LOSS, WOULD REALLY LIKE TO MEET THE ONE WHO THINKS THAT HE, TOO, CAN DEAL CHAIN HERE.
WELL, HEY, THAT GUY'D HAVE TO BE CRAZY, RIGHT?
OH, YES.
I'LL ASK AROUND FOR YOU. WE'LL GET THIS GUY, RIGHT?
EEEEEE
OH, YES.
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED BURNING OFF HIS FACE AND OTHER IDENTIFIABLE AREAS, LOSS, TOSS HIM IN THE CIRI.
SILLY, REALLY. HE MADE THE OBVIOUS MISTAKE-- WHEN HE STARTED USING HIS OWN SALES STOCK, HE STOPPED BUYING HIS FIX FROM ME.
HEH. HE'S FLYING HIGH AS IT GETS NOW.

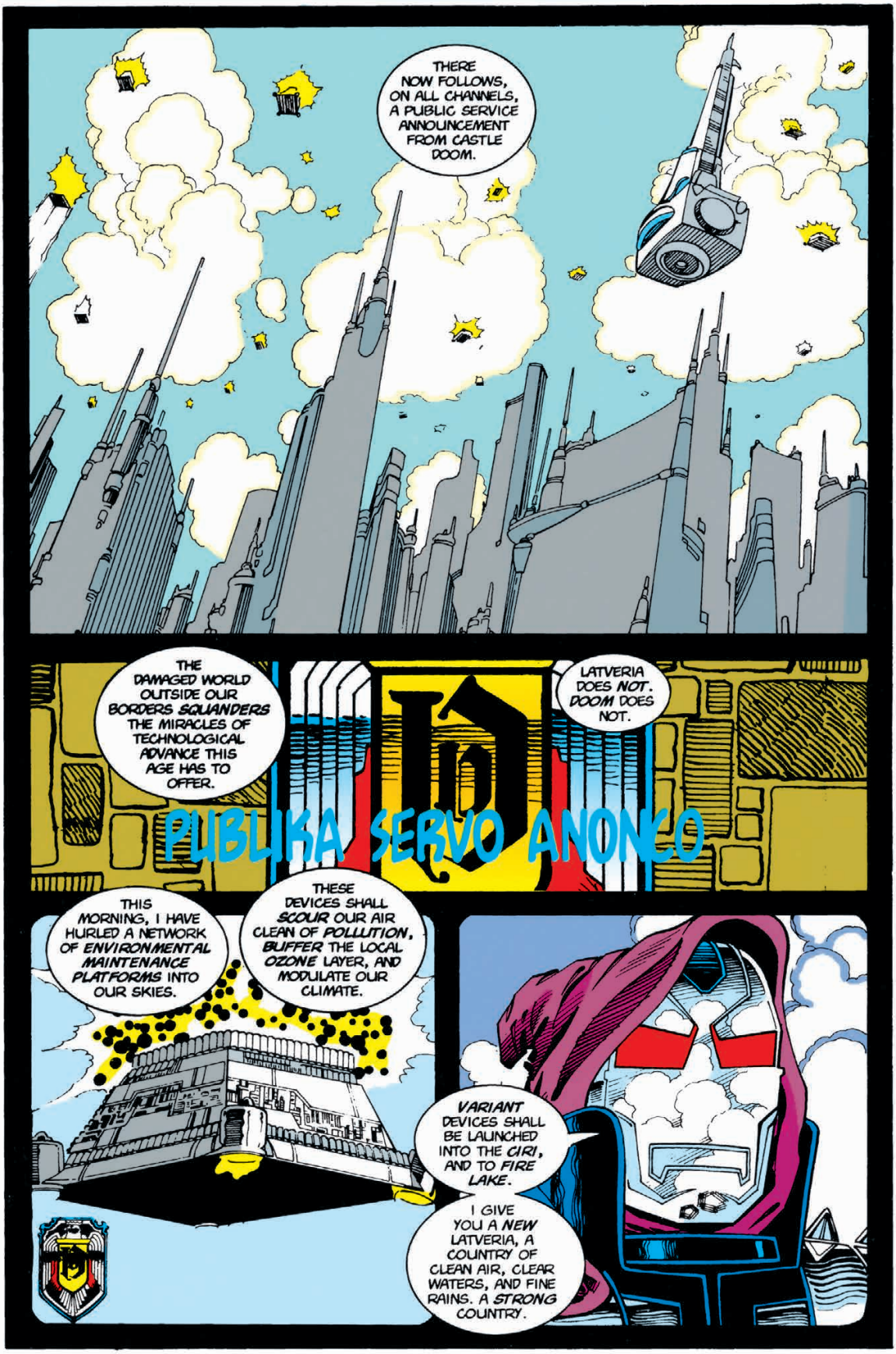

OH, YES.
HE'S FLYING NOW.
THE CARGO JET POWERS DOWN, LOCKS INTO THE SPIDER WEB OF COMPUTERIZED DESCENT CONTROL AT GOJRADIA INTERNATIONAL, LATVERIA'S SINGLE AIRPORT.
LOCALLY, IT'S KNOWN AS STRIP THREE; THE OTHER TWO AIRPORTS HAD SHORT AND VIOLENTLY-CONCLUDED WORKING LIVES.
STRIP THREE HAS BEEN RUN FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS BY KEN IRONWINE.
THE THING ABOUT KEN IRONWINE IS THAT NOBODY LIKES HIM.
BUT EVERYBODY LISTENS TO HIM.
GET THESE FILTHY WIREFACED BOTTOMFEEDING SOAPDODGING FREAKS THE @#&!! OFF MY AIRPORT--

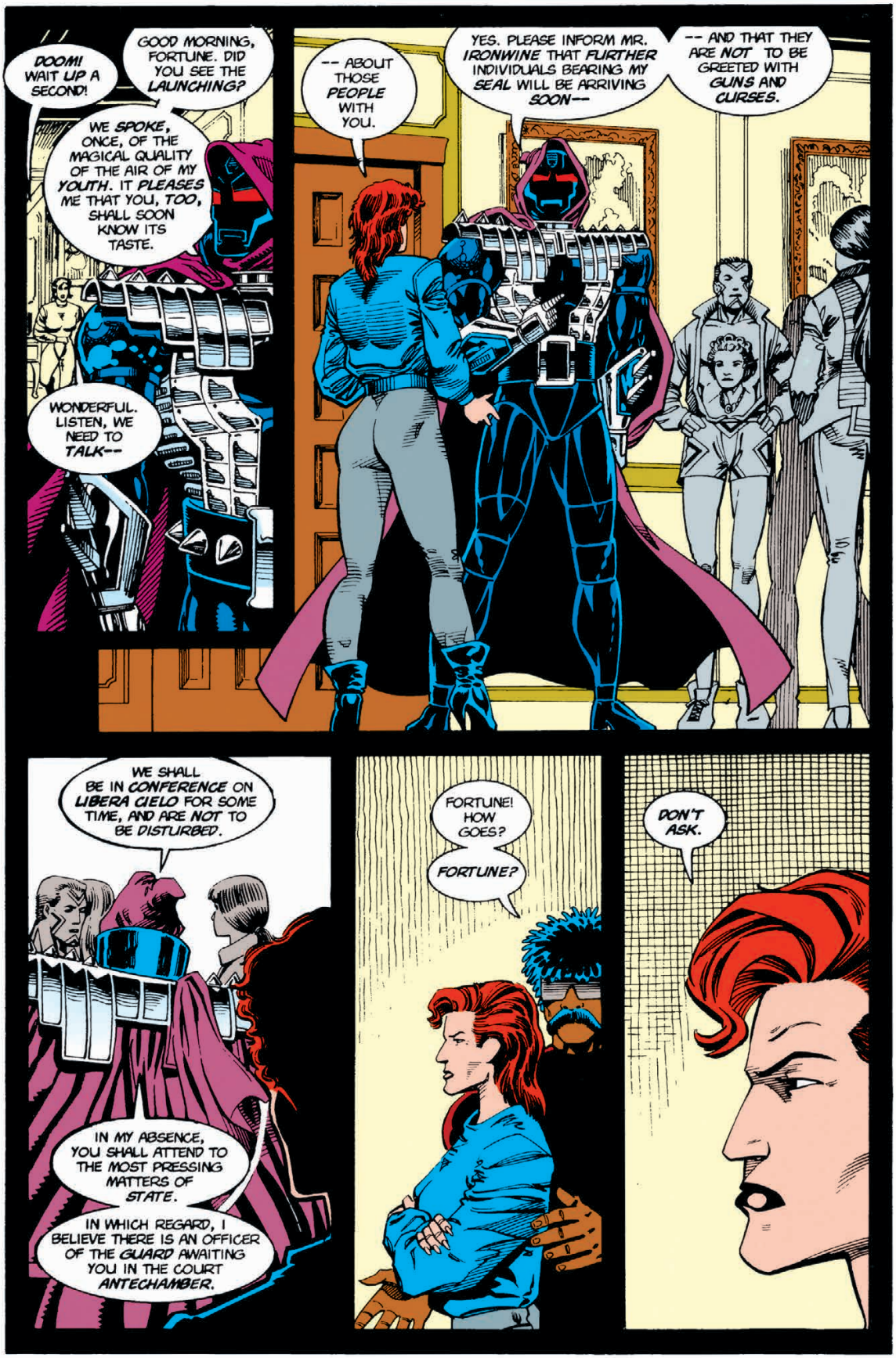

IRONWINE, WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST SHUT UP OR DIE OR SOMETHING?
THESE ARE THE THREE? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
THEY'RE PRAYING, MA'AM.
NET-GLIDER RELIGIONS ARE POPPING UP ALL OVER.
I THINK THESE THREE 'GLIDERS BELONG TO THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE.
NETGLIDERS? LET'S SEE THEIR CREDENTIALS.
HERE. THIS IS FOR THE TATTOOED ONE--COMMUNION JACK.
LET'S SEE...
BLESSED MOTHER.
WHAT IS DOOM PLAYING AT?

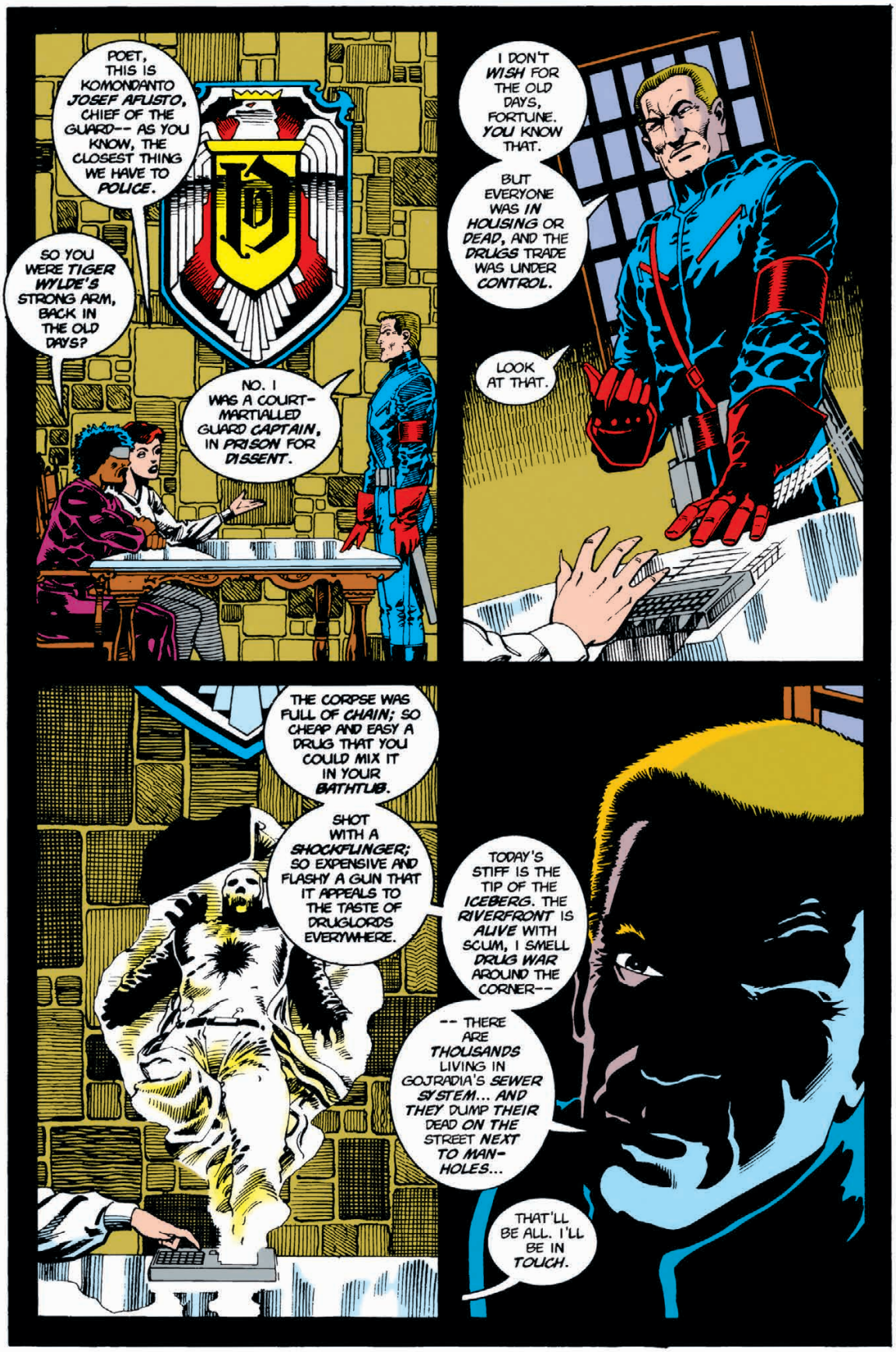

THESE PEOPLE'S CREDENTIALS ARE IN ORDER. SUPPLIED BY DOOM HIMSELF.
GET THEM TRANSPORT TO THE CASTLE. THEY STAY THERE BEFORE TRANSFERRING TO LIBERA CIELO.
I'M GOING BACK TO BED.
NETGLIDERS. ROGUE CYBERSPACE JOCKEYS, SURFING THE SIGNAL-TO-NOISE CLAMOR OF THE ELECTRONIC WORLD.
HOW, FORTUNE WONDERS, DID DOOM FIND THEM? WHAT DOES HE WANT FROM THEM?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE MOTHER IS DOOM PLAYING AT?
-- MAKHELASTAN ERUPTS INTO REBELLION WITHIN HOURS OF A CURRENCY CRASH. ALSO IN THIS NEWS HOUR, FOOTAGE OF THE "HULK" FROM CALIFORNIA--
-- MAUVAIS? EST-IL UNE GUERRE DE LA LIBERATION DANS MAKHELASTAN? MAIS--
-- MAKHELASTAN, SEPARATED FROM THE VOLATILE STATE OF LATVERIA BY THE MAHELA MOUNTAINS. COULD THIS SEEMING REVOLUTION HAVE ITS ROOTS IN--

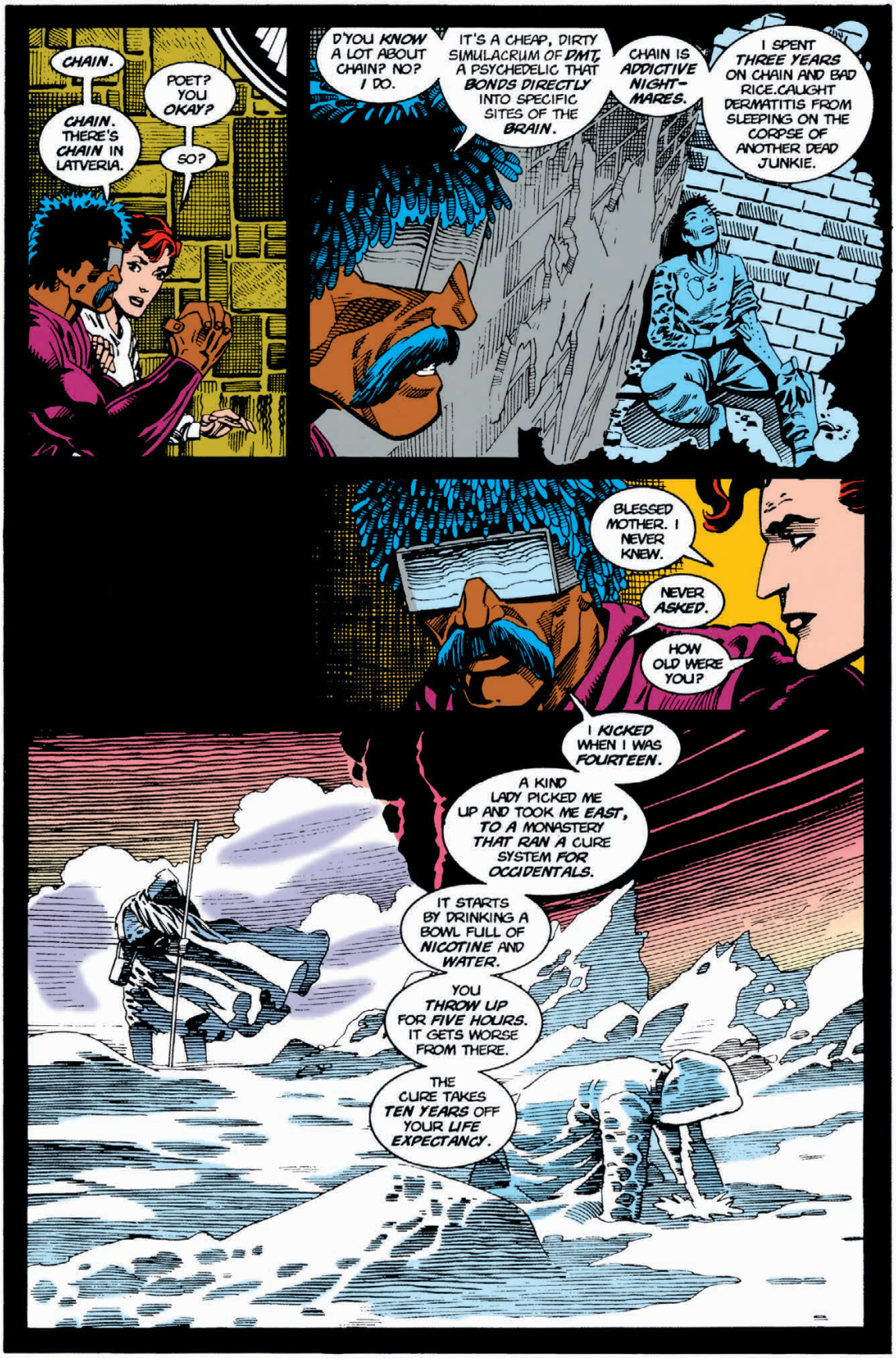

CASTLE DOOM.
AT LAST.
OH, FOR A TENT OR A CARAVAN, OR A DISTANCE OF AT LEAST A HUNDRED MILES BETWEEN ME AND THAT MAN...
THE TEN OF SWORDS. LOVING TO OVERTHROW THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.
THE FIVE OF WANDS. VIOLENT STRIFE. FIGHTING.
THE EMPEROR. AMBITION. CONQUEST.
FORTUNE KNOWS THIS WAS AN ACCIDENT. SHE JUST KNOCKED THEM OVER, IS ALL.
SHE CAN'T HELP BUT PUT THE THREE CARDS TOGETHER INTO ONE INEXORABLE DIVINATION;
WAR.


MORNINGS IN LATVERIA COME IN TWO KINDS.
COLD AND BRIGHT-- DIFFUSION OF SUNLIGHT FROM AIR POLLUTION NOTWITHSTANDING--OR COLD AND RAINING.
WHUMPF
UHHH
COLD AND BLOODY NOISY IS A NEW ONE ON FORTUNE.
WHUMPF
WHATEVER THE THING IS, IT BANGS OFF FROM THE CASTLE COURTYARD LIKE A MISSILE--
-- BUT DRIFTS UP INTO THE BITTER AIR LIKE A BALLOON.
THE BANGS HAVE THEIR ECHOES ALL OVER ANTIKVA TO THE SOUTH, GOJRADIA TO THE NORTH...


THERE NOW FOLLOWS, ON ALL CHANNELS, A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM CASTLE DOOM.
THE DAMAGED WORLD OUTSIDE OUR BORDERS SQUANDERS THE MIRACLES OF TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE THIS AGE HAS TO OFFER.
LATVERIA DOES NOT. DOOM DOES NOT.
PUBLIKA SERVO ANONCO
THIS MORNING, I HAVE HURLED A NETWORK OF ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS INTO OUR SKIES.
THESE DEVICES SHALL SCOUR OUR AIR CLEAN OF POLLUTION, BUFFER THE LOCAL OZONE LAYER, AND MODULATE OUR CLIMATE.
VARIANT DEVICES SHALL BE LAUNCHED INTO THE CIRI, AND TO FIRE LAKE.
I GIVE YOU A NEW LATVERIA, A COUNTRY OF CLEAN AIR, CLEAR WATERS, AND FINE RAINS. A STRONG COUNTRY.


DOOM! WAIT UP A SECOND!
GOOD MORNING, FORTUNE. DID YOU SEE THE LAUNCHING?
WE SPOKE, ONCE, OF THE MAGICAL QUALITY OF THE AIR OF MY YOUTH. IT PLEASES ME THAT YOU, TOO, SHALL SOON KNOW ITS TASTE.
WONDERFUL. LISTEN, WE NEED TO TALK--
-- ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE WITH YOU.
YES. PLEASE INFORM MR. IRONWINE THAT FURTHER INDIVIDUALS BEARING MY SEAL WILL BE ARRIVING SOON--
-- AND THAT THEY ARE NOT TO BE GREETED WITH GUNS AND CURSES.
WE SHALL BE IN CONFERENCE ON LIBERA CIELO FOR SOME TIME, AND ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED.
IN MY ABSENCE, YOU SHALL ATTEND TO THE MOST PRESSING MATTERS OF STATE.
IN WHICH REGARD, I BELIEVE THERE IS AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD AWAITING YOU IN THE COURT ANTECHAMBER.
FORTUNE! HOW GOES?
FORTUNE?
DON'T ASK.

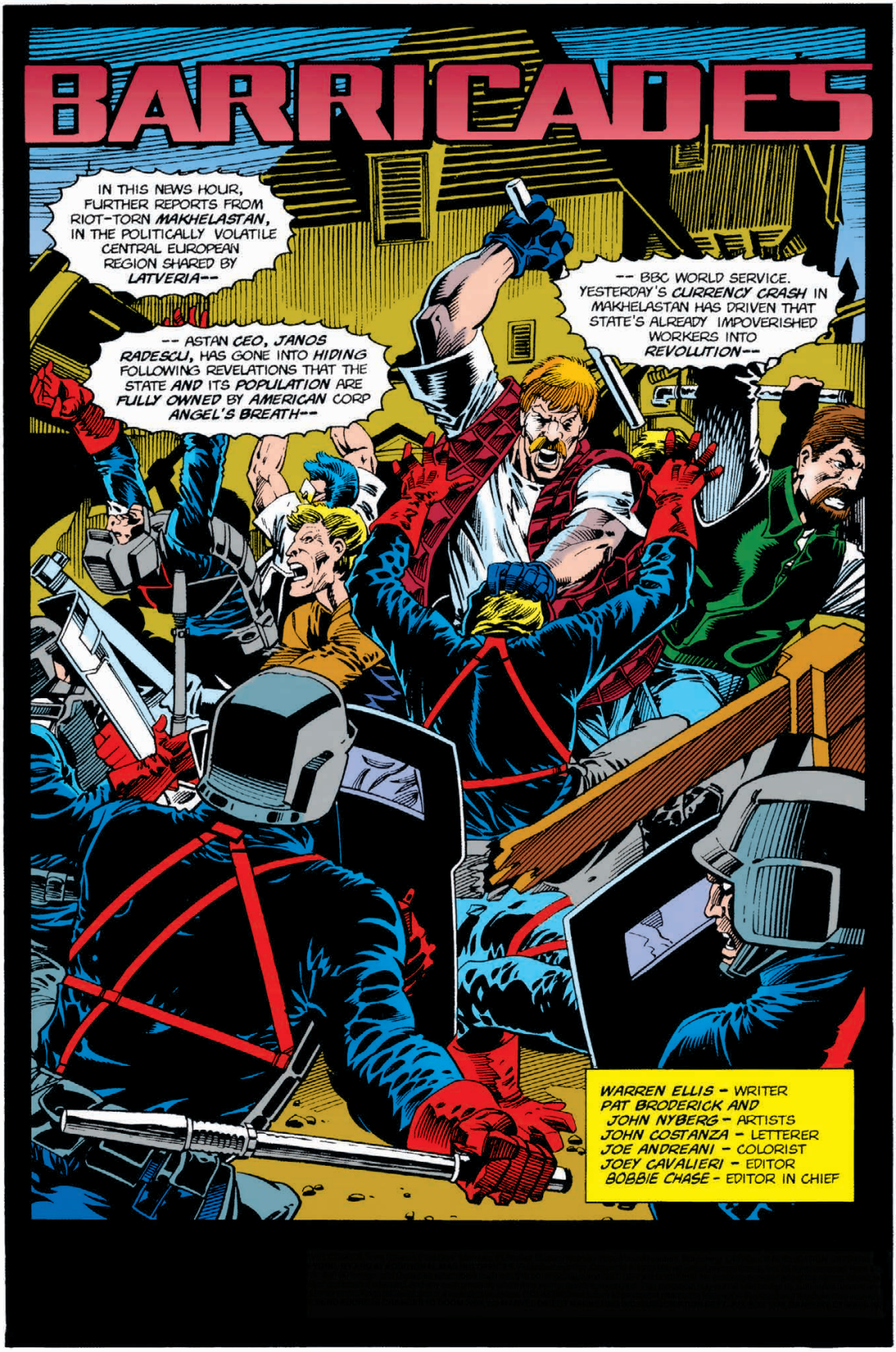

POET, THIS IS KOMONDANTO JOSEF AFUSTO, CHIEF OF THE GUARD-- AS YOU KNOW, THE CLOSEST THING WE HAVE TO POLICE.
SO YOU WERE TIGER WYLDE'S STRONG ARM, BACK IN THE OLD DAYS?
NO. I WAS A COURT-MARTIALLED GUARD CAPTAIN, IN PRISON FOR DISSENT.
I DON'T WISH FOR THE OLD DAYS, FORTUNE. YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT EVERYONE WAS IN HOUSING OR DEAD, AND THE DRUGS TRADE WAS UNDER CONTROL.
LOOK AT THAT.
THE CORPSE WAS FULL OF CHAIN; SO CHEAP AND EASY A DRUG THAT YOU COULD MIX IT IN YOUR BATHTUB.
SHOT WITH A SHOCKFLINGER; SO EXPENSIVE AND FLASHY A GUN THAT IT APPEALS TO THE TASTE OF DRUGLORDS EVERYWHERE.
TODAY'S STIFF IS THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG. THE RIVERFRONT IS ALIVE WITH SCUM, I SMELL DRUG WAR AROUND THE CORNER--
-- THERE ARE THOUSANDS LIVING IN GOJRADIA'S SEWER SYSTEM... AND THEY DUMP THEIR DEAD ON THE STREET NEXT TO MAN-HOLES...
THAT'LL BE ALL. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.


CHAIN.
CHAIN. THERE'S CHAIN IN LATVERIA.
POET? YOU OKAY?
SO?
D'YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT CHAIN? NO? I DO.
IT'S A CHEAP, DIRTY SIMULACRUM OF DMT, A PSYCHEDELIC THAT BONDS DIRECTLY INTO SPECIFIC SITES OF THE BRAIN.
CHAIN IS ADDICTIVE NIGHT-MARES.
I SPENT THREE YEARS ON CHAIN AND BAD RICE. CAUGHT DERMATITIS FROM SLEEPING ON THE CORPSE OF ANOTHER DEAD JUNKIE.
BLESSED MOTHER. I NEVER KNEW.
NEVER ASKED.
HOW OLD WERE YOU?
I KICKED WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN.
A KIND LADY PICKED ME UP AND TOOK ME EAST, TO A MONASTERY THAT RAN A CURE SYSTEM FOR OCCIDENTALS.
IT STARTS BY DRINKING A BOWL FULL OF NICOTINE AND WATER.
YOU THROW UP FOR FIVE HOURS. IT GETS WORSE FROM THERE.
THE CURE TAKES TEN YEARS OFF YOUR LIFE EXPECTANCY.

"BUT AT LEAST YOU HAVE A LIFE EXPECTANCY.
THE STRETCHING DEAD BODY
"THE THINGS I SAW BEFORE I WENT TO THE MONASTERY, FORTUNE...
"... A MOTHER SHOOTING CHAIN THROUGH THE EYE OF HER TEENAGED DAUGHTER, SO THE GIRL'D BE TOO DEPENDENT ON HER TO EVER LEAVE HOME...
"... THE DAUGHTER GOING ON THE GAME, GETTING BITTER, GETTING EVEN BY DOSING HER CUSTOMERS WITH CHAIN...
"... A CUSTOMER BEING THE GUY WHO PUSHED CHAIN ON THE OTHER IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND HE UPS HIS SELLING PRICE TO HER..."
"I'VE BEEN KILLING CHAIN DEALERS SINCE BEFORE I STARTED SHAVING.
"TELL YOUR COMMANDER TO BE AT THE RIVERFRONT AT THREE A.M."
STAY PUT AND IT COMES PAIN-LESS.

FORTUNE, PLEASE... WE WERE ONE MINUTE LATE...
ONE MINUTE.
"Time and Love have marked her with her claws, and cruelly taught her that every instant, every kiss, steal something of youth and freshness."
—Charles Baudelaire

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES OF
MARVEL
DOOM
2099
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
27 MAR
BRODERICK 94


BARRICADES
IN THIS NEWS HOUR, FURTHER REPORTS FROM RIOT-TORN MAKHELASTAN, IN THE POLITICALLY VOLATILE CENTRAL EUROPEAN REGION SHARED BY LATVERIA--
-- ASTAN CEO, JANOS RADESCU, HAS GONE INTO HIDING FOLLOWING REVELATIONS THAT THE STATE AND ITS POPULATION ARE FULLY OWNED BY AMERICAN CORP ANGEL'S BREATH--
-- BBC WORLD SERVICE. YESTERDAY'S CURRENCY CRASH IN MAKHELASTAN HAS DRIVEN THAT STATE'S ALREADY IMPOVERISHED WORKERS INTO REVOLUTION--
WARREN ELLIS - WRITER
PAT BRODERICK AND JOHN NYBERG - ARTISTS
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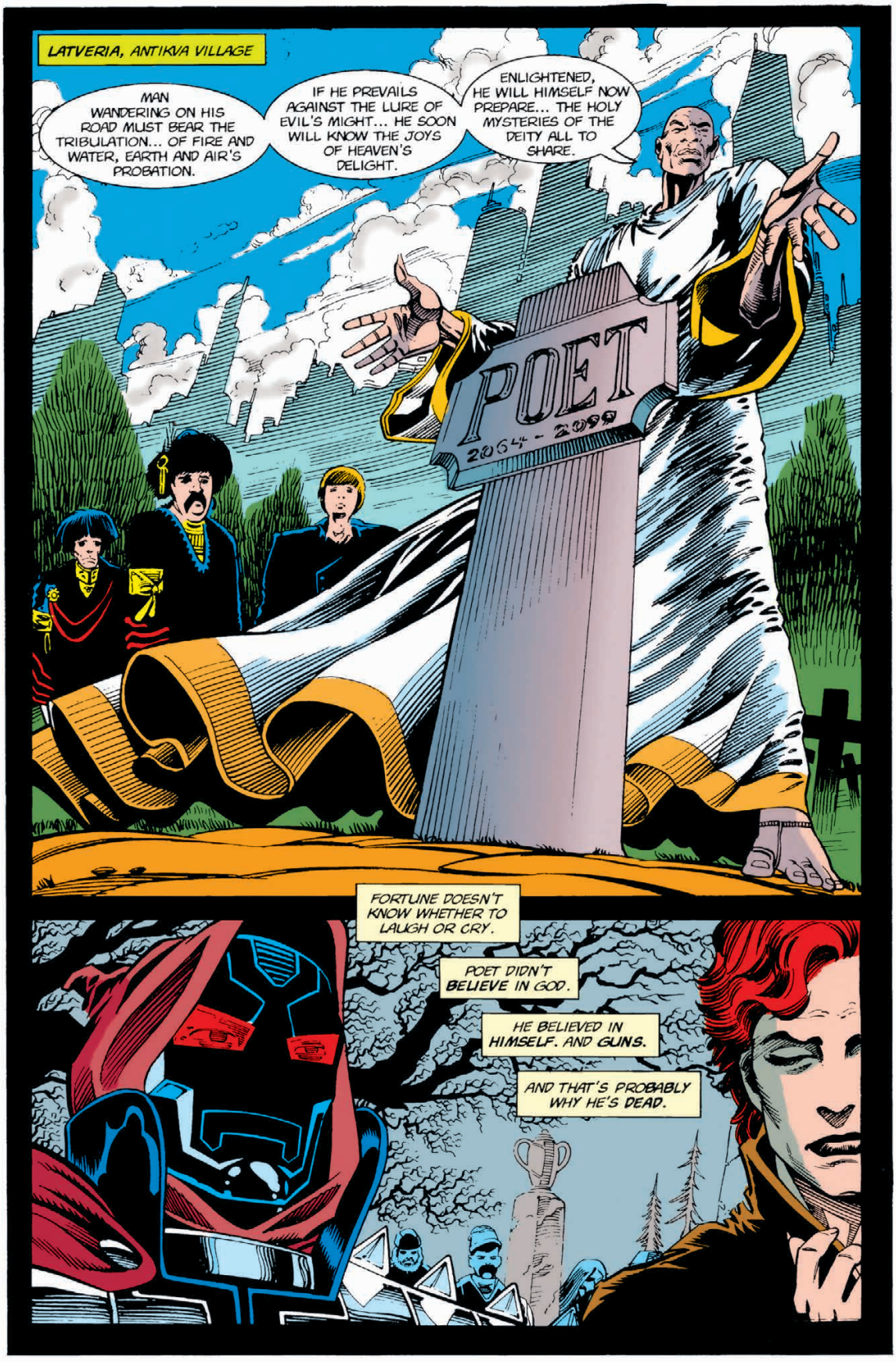
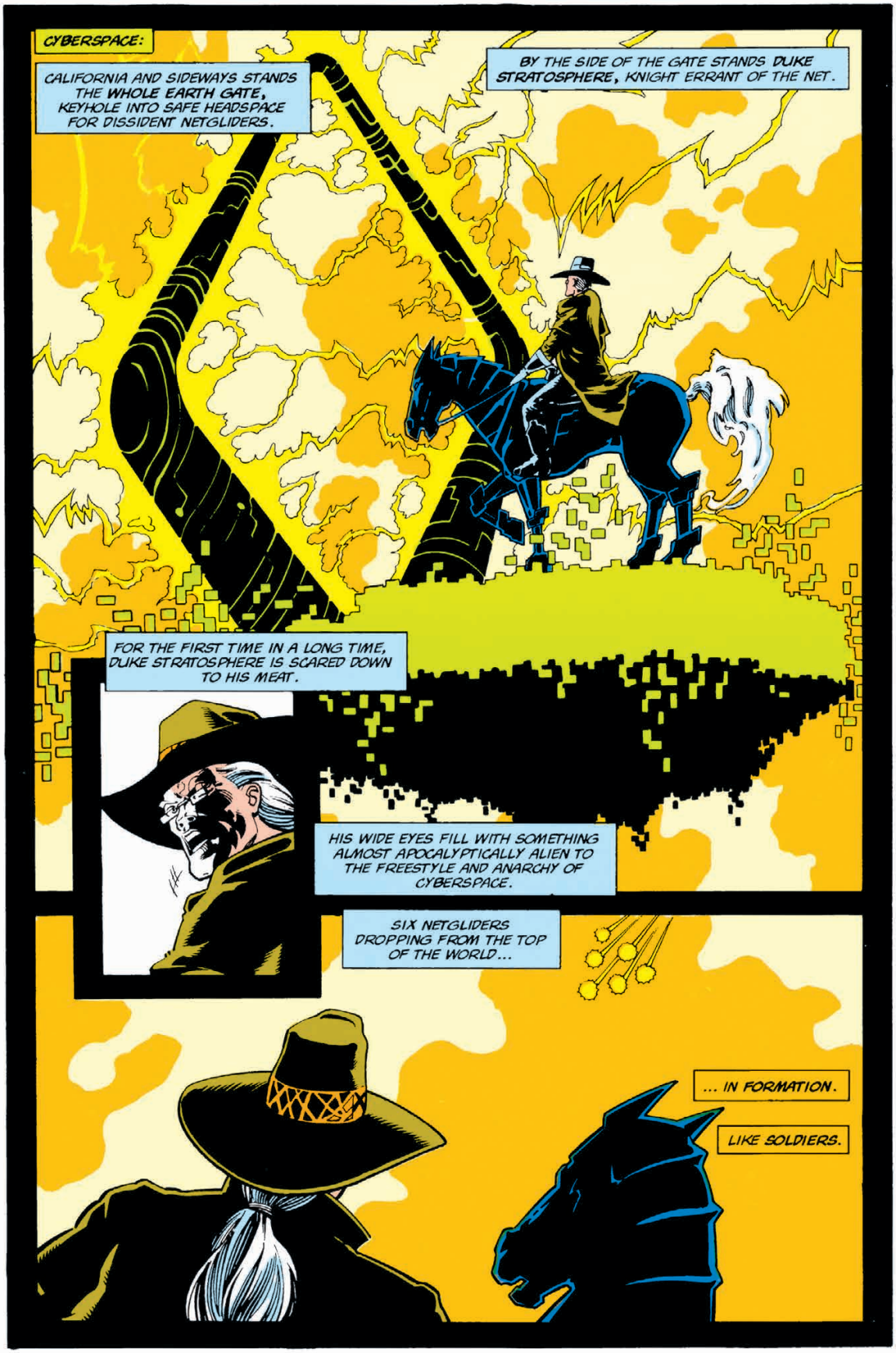
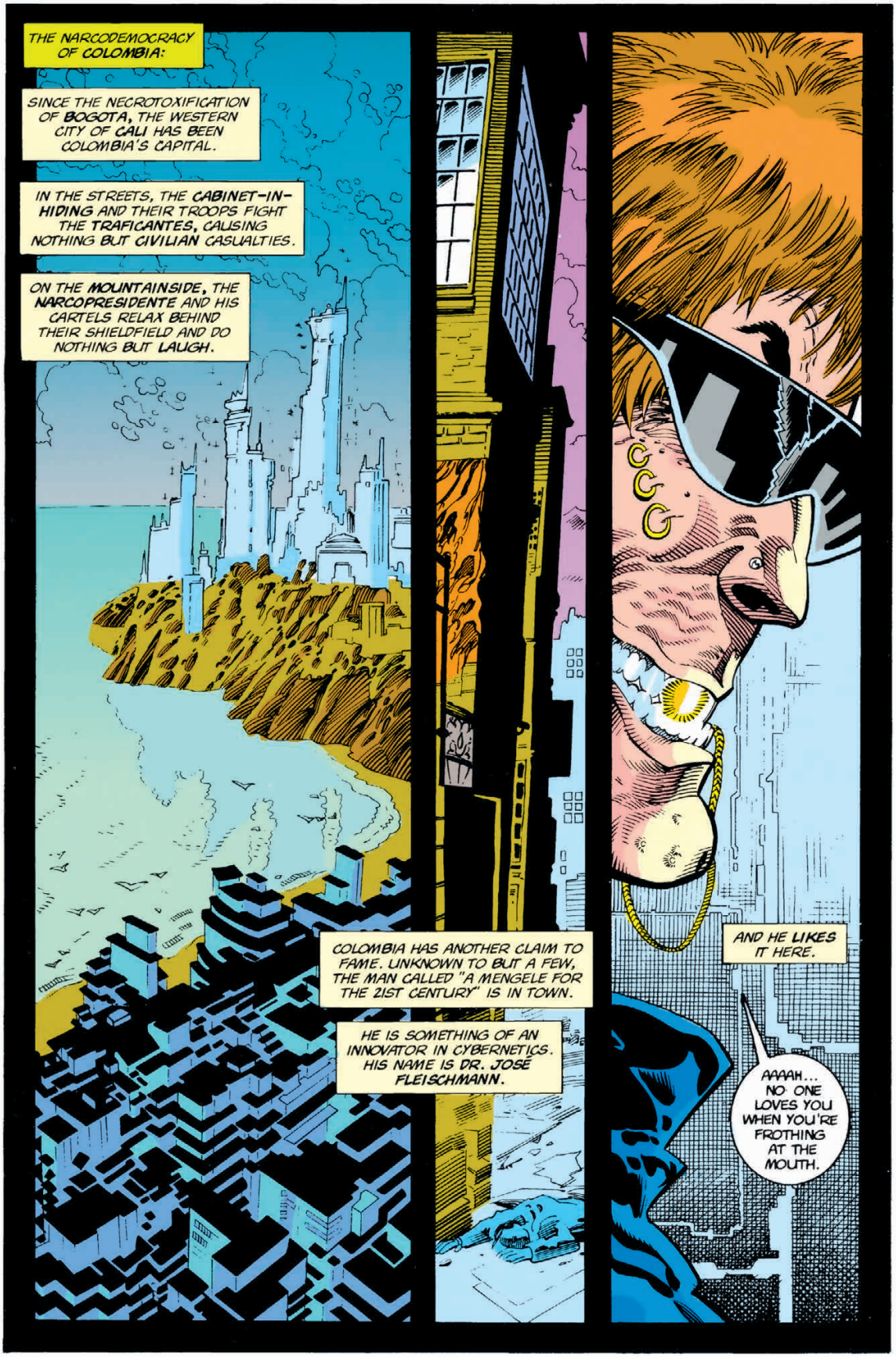
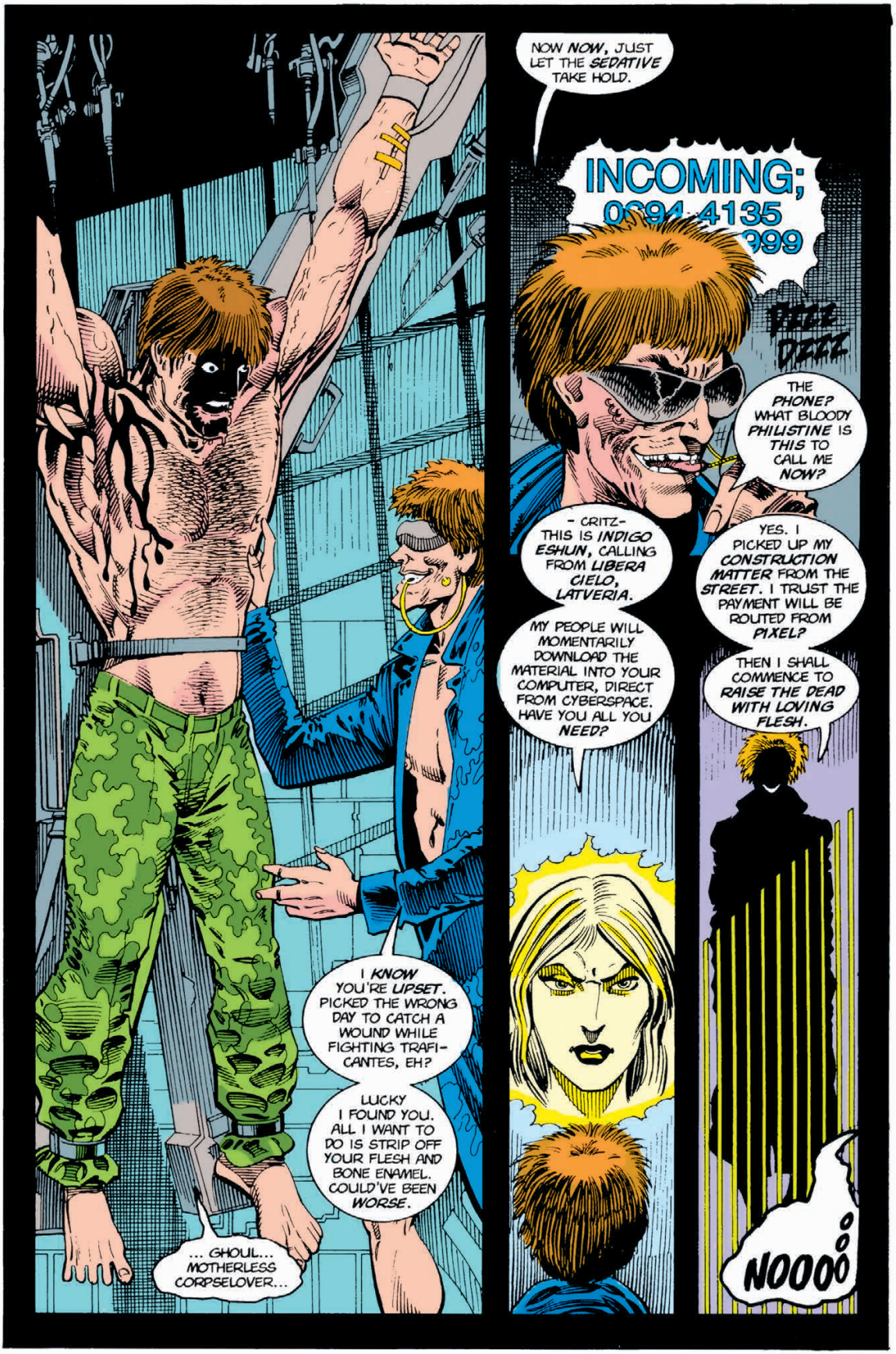
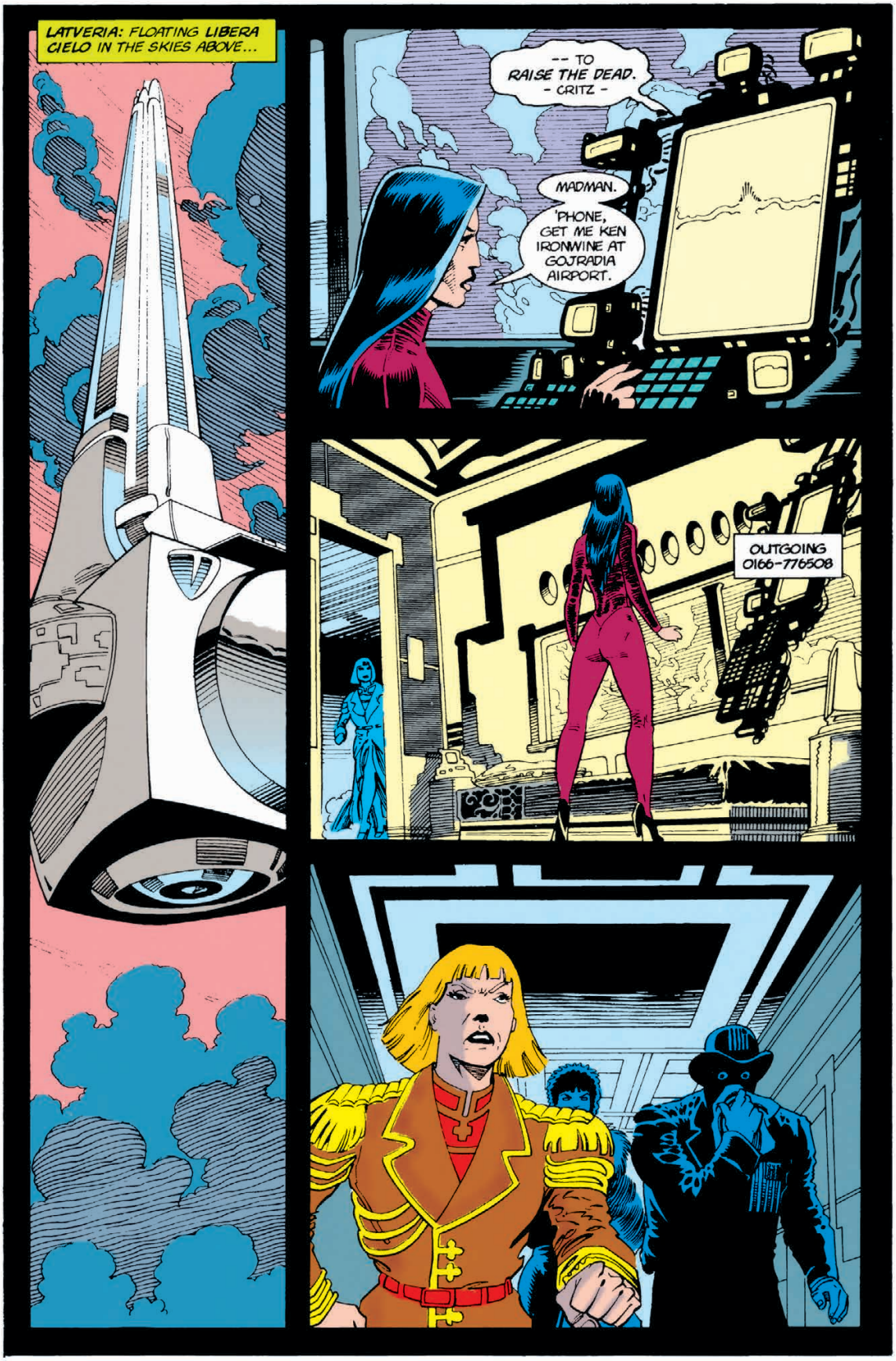

LATVERIA, ANTIKVA VILLAGE
MAN WANDERING ON HIS ROAD MUST BEAR THE TRIBULATION... OF FIRE AND WATER, EARTH AND AIR'S PROBATION.
IF HE PREVAILS AGAINST THE LURE OF EVIL'S MIGHT... HE SOON WILL KNOW THE JOYS OF HEAVEN'S DELIGHT.
ENLIGHTENED, HE WILL HIMSELF NOW PREPARE... THE HOLY MYSTERIES OF THE DEITY ALL TO SHARE.
POET
2064 - 2099
FORTUNE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY.
POET DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GOD.
HE BELIEVED IN HIMSELF. AND GUNS.
AND THAT'S PROBABLY WHY HE'S DEAD.

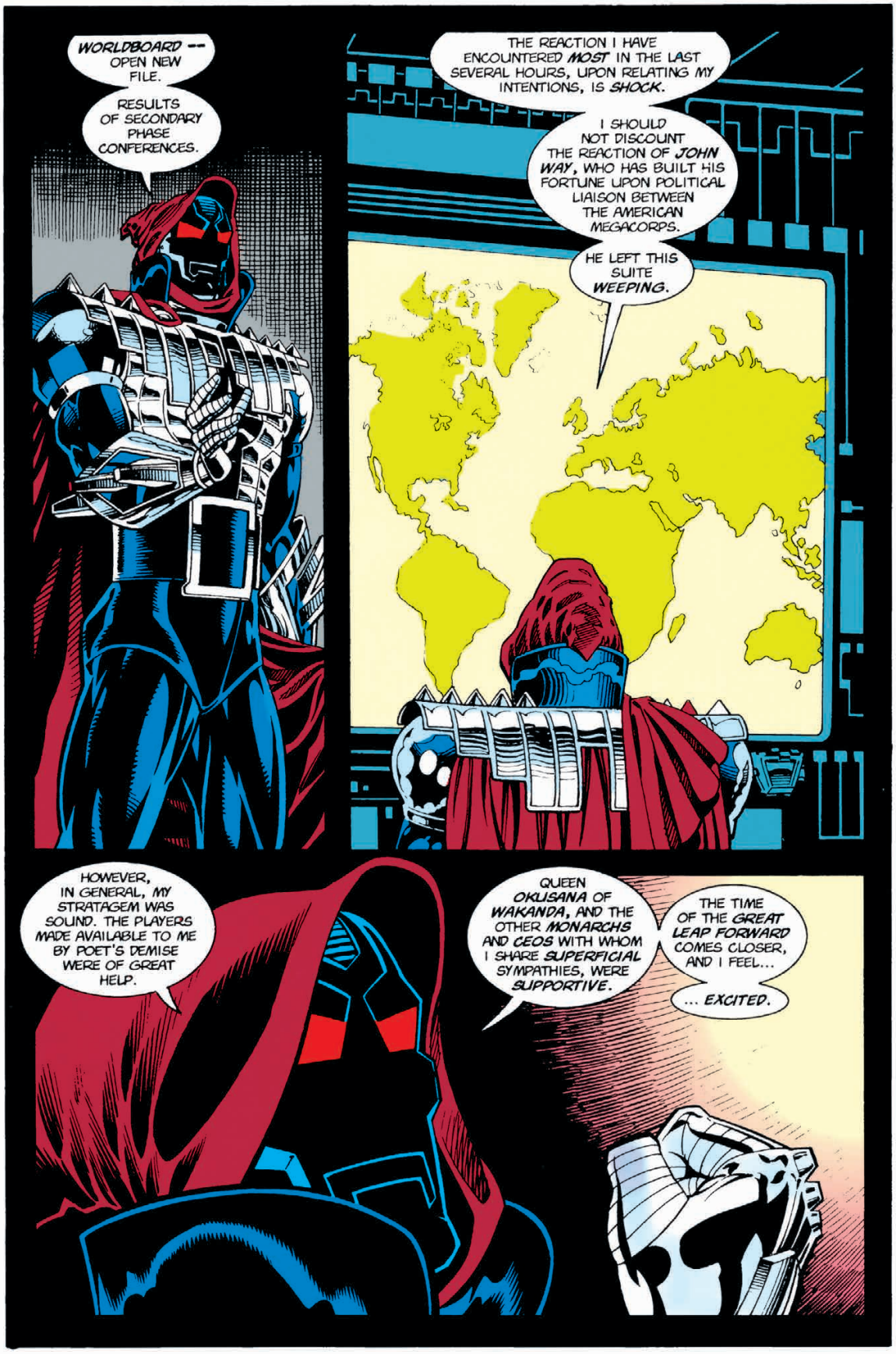
THE FUNERAL TAKES TOO LONG TO END. A STATE FUNCTION, FORTUNE THINKS -- POMP AND JABBERING.
I APPRECIATE THIS, DOOM... BUT WHY DIDN'T WE DO IT THE ZEFIRO WAY?
I KNOW POET WASN'T ZEFIRO, BUT HE WAS A GYPSY, IN HIS WAY.
I CONSIDERED THIS.
BUT I WISHED THE WORLD TO KNOW THAT DOOM HAS LOST AN ALLY THIS DAY, AND THAT LATVERIA RECOGNIZES THAT LOSS.
WELL... I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO--
DOOM. YOU WISHED TO SPEAK.
OF COURSE. FORTUNE. THIS IS THE TSARINA, AN EXCELLENT PROBABILITY BROKER FROM RIGA.
WE SHALL TALK LATER, FORTUNE.
TSARINA, WE SHALL TAKE A LIFTER TO LIBERA CIELO, WHERE WE WILL JOIN IN CONFERENCE WITH QUEEN OKUSANA AND OTHERS...
ALL THOSE RICH STRANGERS FROM ABROAD AT POET'S FUNERAL.
WERE THEY ALL INFOBROKERS AND DATAPIRATES -- THE SORT OF PEOPLE POET USED TO WORK FOR?
IT'S CLEAR AS MURDER TO FORTUNE --THIS FOND STATE FUNERAL WAS A FRONT FOR DOOM TO MEET THEM ALL.

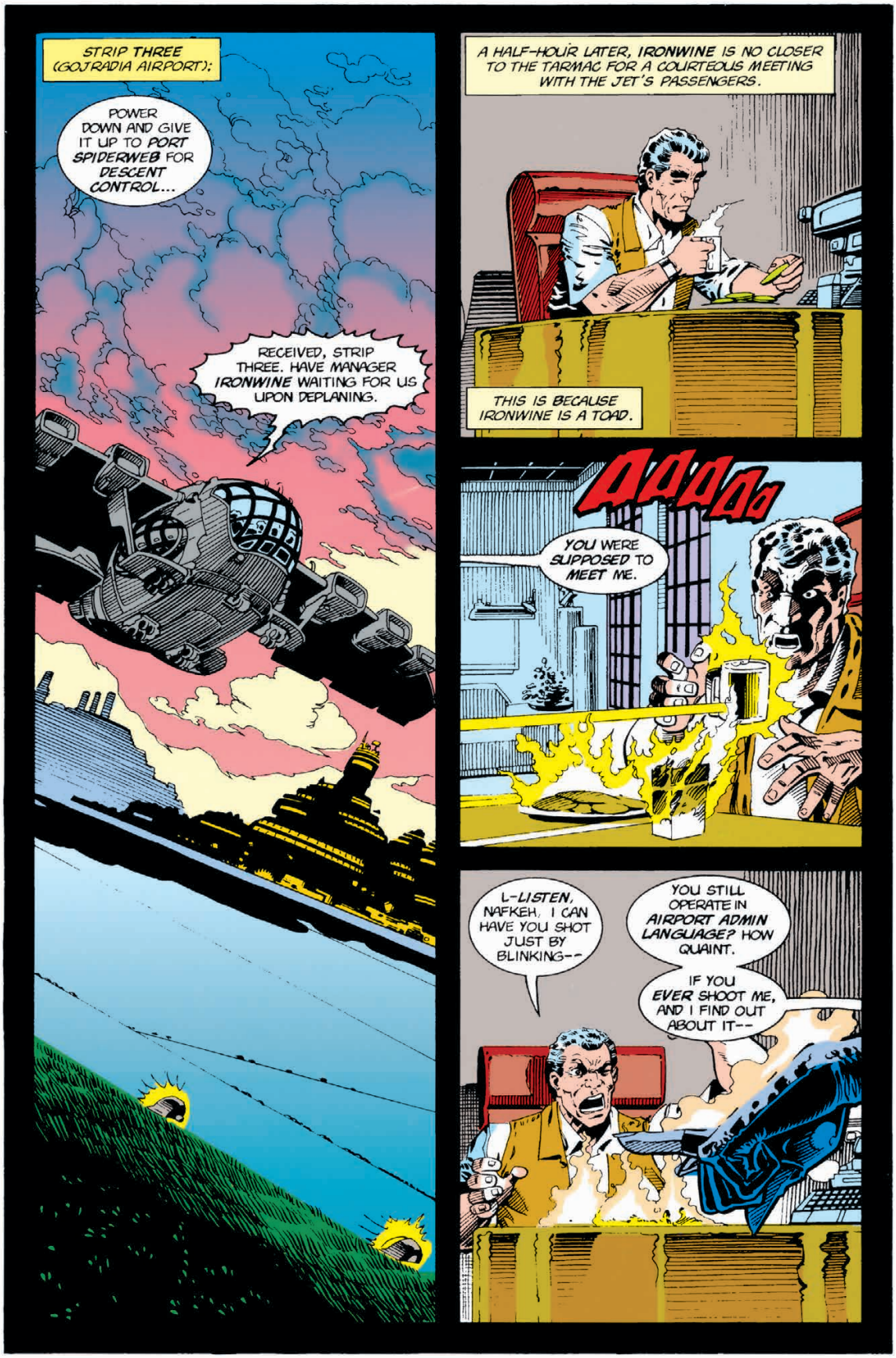

CYBERSPACE:
CALIFORNIA AND SIDEWAYS STANDS THE WHOLE EARTH GATE, KEYHOLE INTO SAFE HEADSPACE FOR DISSIDENT NETGLIDERS.
BY THE SIDE OF THE GATE STANDS DUKE STRATOSPHERE, KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE NET.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, DUKE STRATOSPHERE IS SCARED DOWN TO HIS MEAT.
HIS WIDE EYES FILL WITH SOMETHING ALMOST APOCALYPTICALLY ALIEN TO THE FREESTYLE AND ANARCHY OF CYBERSPACE.
SIX NETGLIDERS DROPPING FROM THE TOP OF THE WORLD...
... IN FORMATION.
LIKE SOLDIERS.


THE NARCODEMOCRACY OF COLOMBIA:
SINCE THE NECROTOXIFICATION OF BOGOTA, THE WESTERN CITY OF CALI HAS BEEN COLOMBIA'S CAPITAL.
IN THE STREETS, THE CABINET-IN-HIDING AND THEIR TROOPS FIGHT THE TRAFICANTES, CAUSING NOTHING BUT CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.
ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE, THE NARCOPRESIDENTE AND HIS CARTELS RELAX BEHIND THEIR SHIELDFIELD AND DO NOTHING BUT LAUGH.
COLOMBIA HAS ANOTHER CLAIM TO FAME. UNKNOWN TO BUT A FEW, THE MAN CALLED "A MENGELE FOR THE 21ST CENTURY" IS IN TOWN.
HE IS SOMETHING OF AN INNOVATOR IN CYBERNETICS. HIS NAME IS DR. JOSÉ FLEISCHMANN.
AND HE LIKES IT HERE.
AAAAH... NO ONE LOVES YOU WHEN YOU'RE FROTHING AT THE MOUTH.

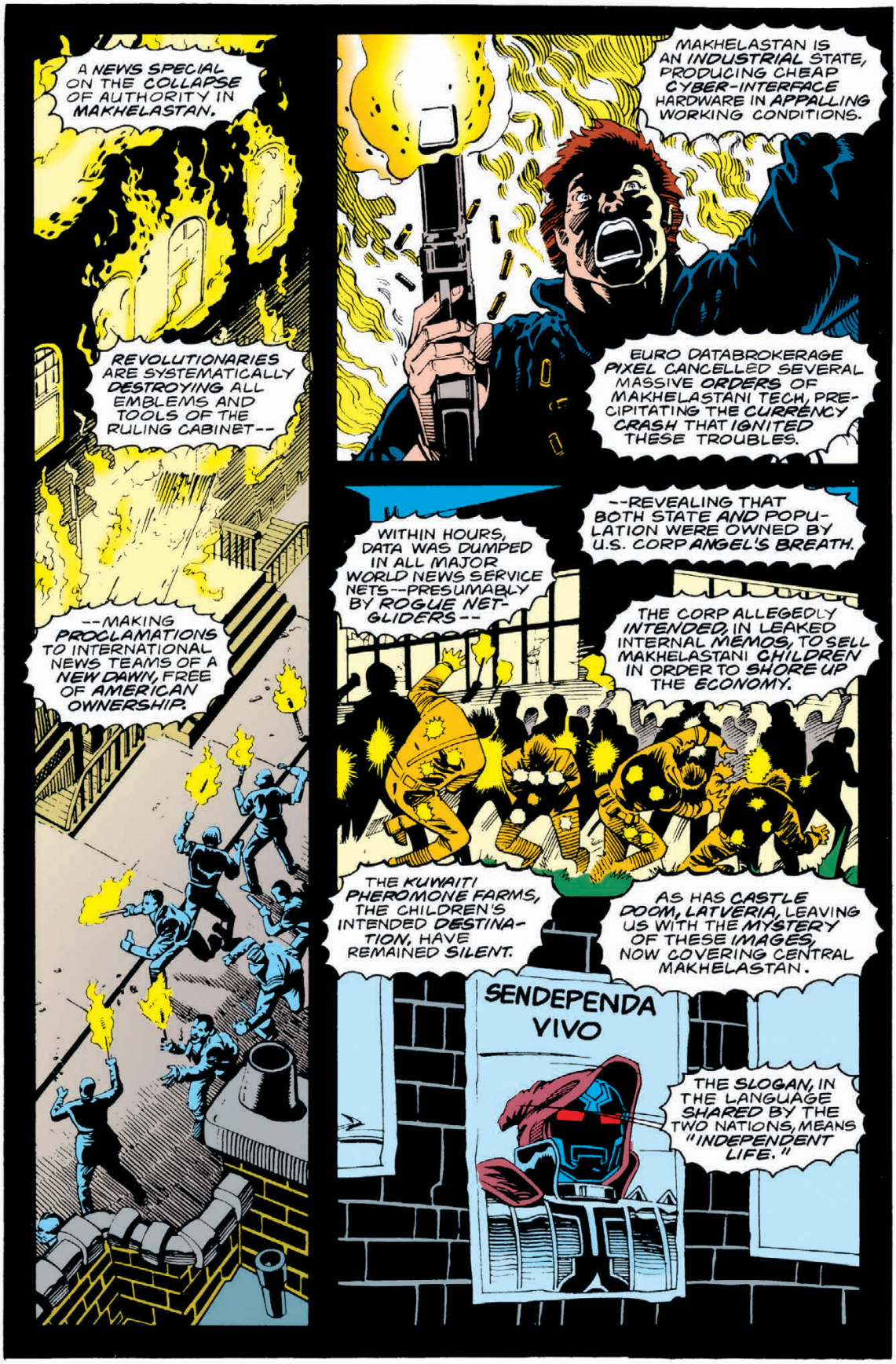

... GHOUL... MOTHERLESS CORPSELOVER...
I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET. PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO CATCH A WOUND WHILE FIGHTING TRAFICANTES, EH?
LUCKY I FOUND YOU. ALL I WANT TO DO IS STRIP OFF YOUR FLESH AND BONE ENAMEL. COULD'VE BEEN WORSE.
NOW NOW, JUST LET THE SEDATIVE TAKE HOLD.
INCOMING; 0094-4135 999
PIXEL DEZZ
THE PHONE? WHAT BLOODY PHILISTINE IS THIS TO CALL ME NOW?
- CRITZ- THIS IS INDIGO ESHUN, CALLING FROM LIBERA CIELO, LATVERIA.
YES. I PICKED UP MY CONSTRUCTION MATTER FROM THE STREET. I TRUST THE PAYMENT WILL BE ROUTED FROM PIXEL?
MY PEOPLE WILL MOMENTARILY DOWNLOAD THE MATERIAL INTO YOUR COMPUTER, DIRECT FROM CYBERSPACE. HAVE YOU ALL YOU NEED?
THEN I SHALL COMMENCE TO RAISE THE DEAD WITH LOVING FLESH.
NOOOO


LATVERIA: FLOATING LIBERA CIELO IN THE SKIES ABOVE...
-- TO RAISE THE DEAD. - CRITZ -
MADMAN.
'PHONE, GET ME KEN IRONWINE AT GOJRADIA AIRPORT.
OUTGOING 0166-776508

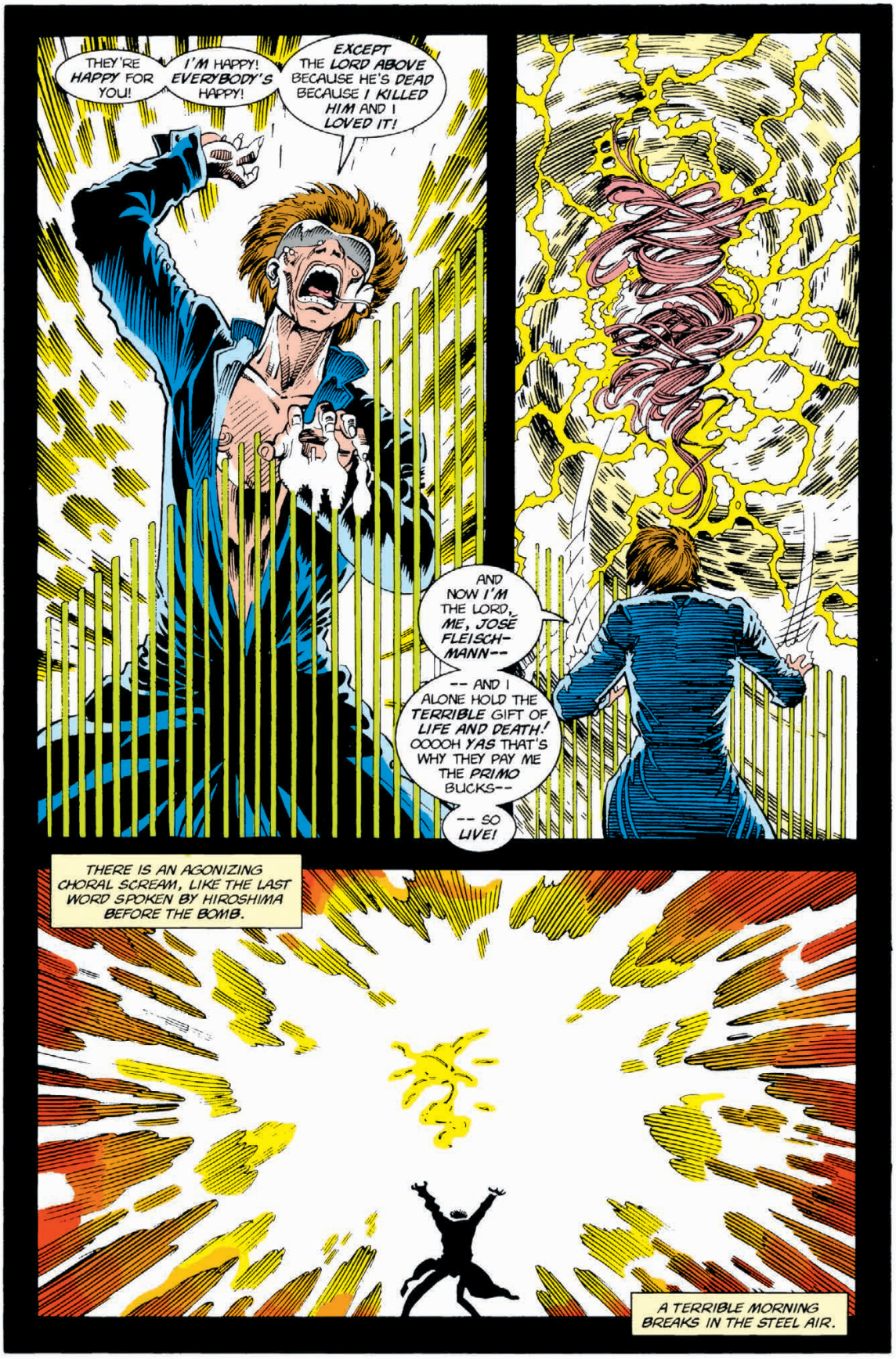

WORLDBOARD -- OPEN NEW FILE.
RESULTS OF SECONDARY PHASE CONFERENCES.
THE REACTION I HAVE ENCOUNTERED MOST IN THE LAST SEVERAL HOURS, UPON RELATING MY INTENTIONS, IS SHOCK.
I SHOULD NOT DISCOUNT THE REACTION OF JOHN WAY, WHO HAS BUILT HIS FORTUNE UPON POLITICAL LIAISON BETWEEN THE AMERICAN MEGACORPS.
HE LEFT THIS SUITE WEEPING.
HOWEVER, IN GENERAL, MY STRATAGEM WAS SOUND. THE PLAYERS MADE AVAILABLE TO ME BY POET'S DEMISE WERE OF GREAT HELP.
QUEEN OKUSANA OF WAKANDA, AND THE OTHER MONARCHS AND CEOS WITH WHOM I SHARE SUPERFICIAL SYMPATHIES, WERE SUPPORTIVE.
THE TIME OF THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD COMES CLOSER, AND I FEEL...
... EXCITED.

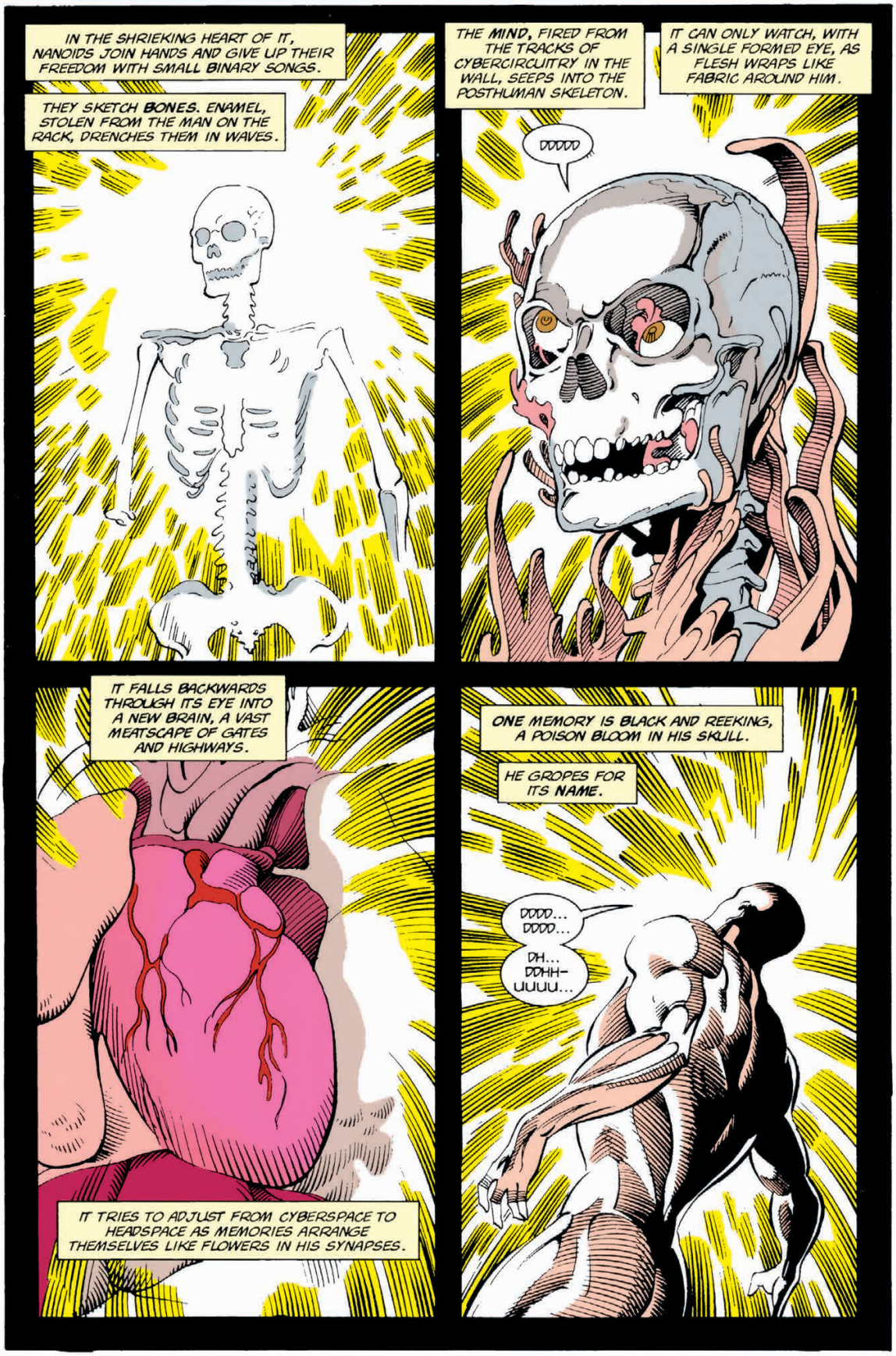

STRIP THREE (GOJRADIA AIRPORT):
POWER DOWN AND GIVE IT UP TO PORT SPIDERWEB FOR DESCENT CONTROL...
RECEIVED, STRIP THREE. HAVE MANAGER IRONWINE WAITING FOR US UPON DEPLANING.
A HALF-HOUR LATER, IRONWINE IS NO CLOSER TO THE TARMAC FOR A COURTEOUS MEETING WITH THE JET'S PASSENGERS.
THIS IS BECAUSE IRONWINE IS A TOAD.
AAAAA
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET ME.
L-LISTEN, NAFKEH, I CAN HAVE YOU SHOT JUST BY BLINKING--
YOU STILL OPERATE IN AIRPORT ADMIN LANGUAGE? HOW QUAINT.
IF YOU EVER SHOOT ME, AND I FIND OUT ABOUT IT--

... I WILL BE... UPSET.
AND, AS THE GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE'S NEW DELEGATE TO CASTLE DOOM -- HERE, MY ACCREDITATION--
-- A WHOLE WORLD OF VERY UNPLEASANT PEOPLE WOULD BE UPSET TOO.
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SO MUCH CHUTZPAH IF YOU WEREN'T ON STILTS, NAFKEH.
I'M A TRIPLOID. THE THIRD STRING OF CHROMOSOMES MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
I HAVE SOME ORDERS FOR YOU, KENNETH.
ONE; THERE IS VITAL EQUIPMENT ON MY PLANE THAT MUST BE INSTALLED HERE AT STRIP THREE. SEE TO IT.
TWO; MANY, MANY GUILD ELITE ARE GOING TO ARRIVE HERE SOON. IT'S HEALTHIER NOT TO OBSTRUCT THEIR ENTRY.
GEVALT. BETWEEN YOU AND THE NETGLIDERS, I SHOULD JUST QUIT AND LET YOU MAKE AN OPEN HOUSE OF MY POOR AIRPORT.
DON'T TEMPT US.

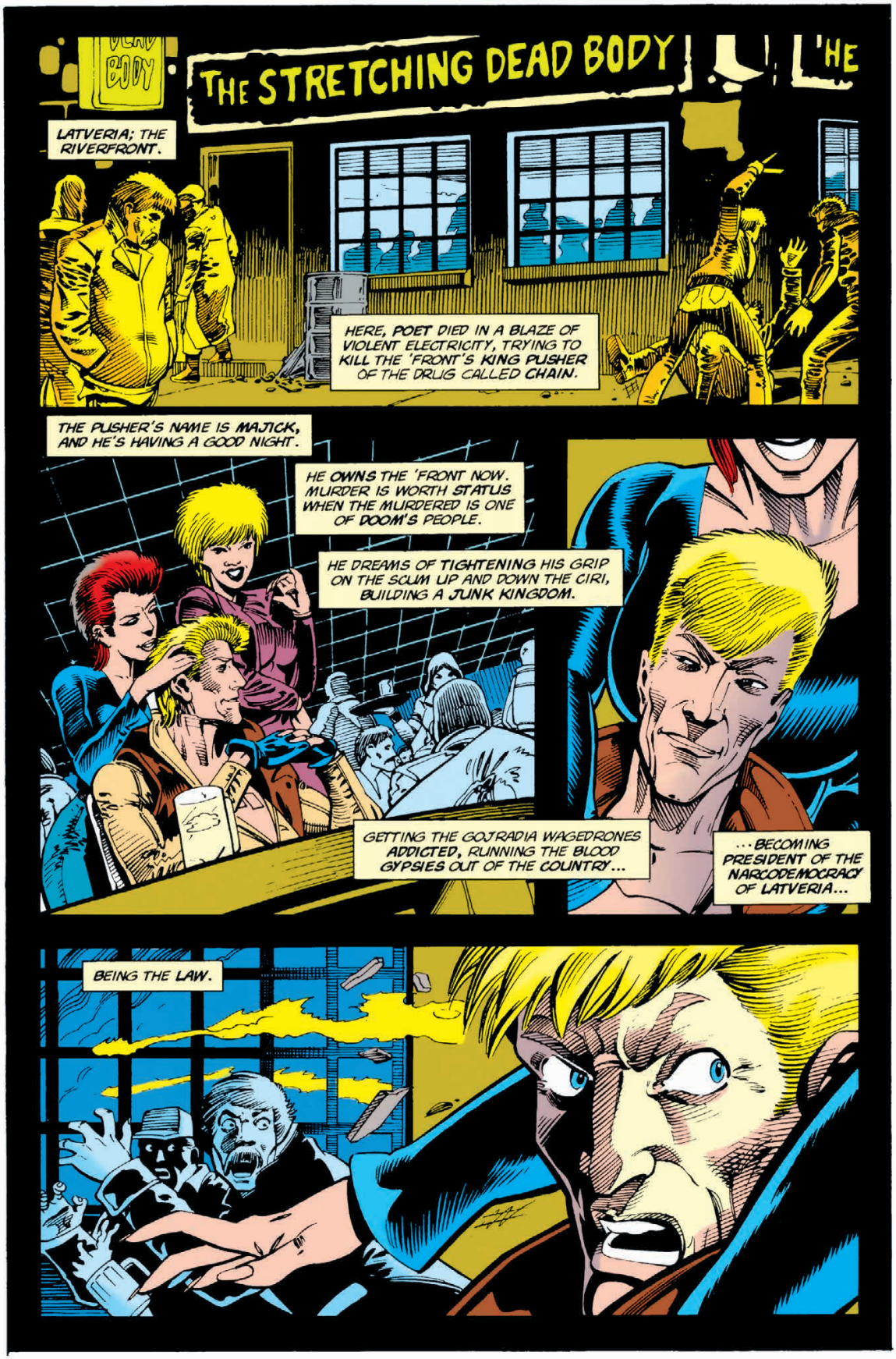

A NEWS SPECIAL ON THE COLLAPSE OF AUTHORITY IN MAKHELASTAN.
REVOLUTIONARIES ARE SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYING ALL EMBLEMS AND TOOLS OF THE RULING CABINET--
--MAKING PROCLAMATIONS TO INTERNATIONAL NEWS TEAMS OF A NEW DAWN, FREE OF AMERICAN OWNERSHIP.
MAKHELASTAN IS AN INDUSTRIAL STATE, PRODUCING CHEAP CYBER-INTERFACE HARDWARE IN APPALLING WORKING CONDITIONS.
EURO DATABROKERAGE PIXEL CANCELLED SEVERAL MASSIVE ORDERS OF MAKHELASTANI TECH, PRECIPITATING THE CURRENCY CRASH THAT IGNITED THESE TROUBLES.
WITHIN HOURS, DATA WAS DUMPED IN ALL MAJOR WORLD NEWS SERVICE NETS--PRESUMABLY BY ROGUE NET-GLIDERS--
--REVEALING THAT BOTH STATE AND POPULATION WERE OWNED BY U.S. CORP ANGEL'S BREATH.
THE CORP ALLEGEDLY INTENDED, IN LEAKED INTERNAL MEMOS, TO SELL MAKHELASTANI CHILDREN IN ORDER TO SHORE UP THE ECONOMY.
THE KUWAITI PHEROMONE FARMS, THE CHILDREN'S INTENDED DESTINATION, HAVE REMAINED SILENT.
AS HAS CASTLE DOOM, LATVERIA, LEAVING US WITH THE MYSTERY OF THESE IMAGES, NOW COVERING CENTRAL MAKHELASTAN.
SENDEPENDA VIVO
THE SLOGAN, IN THE LANGUAGE SHARED BY THE TWO NATIONS, MEANS "INDEPENDENT LIFE."

COLOMBIA:
LET OUR NECROMANCE COMMENCE.
FLOOD THE ROOM'S ATMOSPHERE WITH NANOIDS.
RELEASE THE PACKAGE OUR NETGLIDERS BROUGHT US INTO THE WALL'S MINDTRACKS.
AAAH... TO BREATHE IN MONOMOLECULAR STEEL LIFE IS A WONDROUS THING.
TO FEEL ROBOTS, TINY GRAY MIRACLES, SURFING THE TIDAL AIR IN MY LUNGS...
AHA! OUR RAW MATERIALS ARE BEING PROVIDED!
CAN YOU SEE THIS, PACKAGE, FROM YOUR SPARKING ROADWAY IN MY WALL?
MY NANOIDS ARE UNDRESSING THIS LOST SOUL TO PROVIDE YOUR WARDROBE!
LIGHTNING!
NANOIDS HAVE EMOTION AND CULTURE, DID YOU KNOW THAT?
LIGHTNING IS NANOID LAUGHTER.


THEY'RE HAPPY FOR YOU!
I'M HAPPY! EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!
EXCEPT THE LORD ABOVE BECAUSE HE'S DEAD BECAUSE I KILLED HIM AND I LOVED IT!
AND NOW I'M THE LORD, ME, JOSÉ FLEISCHMANN--
-- AND I ALONE HOLD THE TERRIBLE GIFT OF LIFE AND DEATH! OOOOH YAS THAT'S WHY THEY PAY ME THE PRIMO BUCKS--
-- SO LIVE!
THERE IS AN AGONIZING CHORAL SCREAM, LIKE THE LAST WORD SPOKEN BY HIROSHIMA BEFORE THE BOMB.
A TERRIBLE MORNING BREAKS IN THE STEEL AIR.


IN THE SHRIEKING HEART OF IT, NANOIDS JOIN HANDS AND GIVE UP THEIR FREEDOM WITH SMALL BINARY SONGS.
THEY SKETCH BONES. ENAMEL, STOLEN FROM THE MAN ON THE RACK, DRENCHES THEM IN WAVES.
THE MIND, FIRED FROM THE TRACKS OF CYBERCIRCUITRY IN THE WALL, SEEPS INTO THE POSTHUMAN SKELETON.
IT CAN ONLY WATCH, WITH A SINGLE FORMED EYE, AS FLESH WRAPS LIKE FABRIC AROUND HIM.
DDDDD
IT FALLS BACKWARDS THROUGH ITS EYE INTO A NEW BRAIN, A VAST MEATSCAPE OF GATES AND HIGHWAYS.
IT TRIES TO ADJUST FROM CYBERSPACE TO HEADSPACE AS MEMORIES ARRANGE THEMSELVES LIKE FLOWERS IN HIS SYNAPSES.
ONE MEMORY IS BLACK AND REEKING, A POISON BLOOM IN HIS SKULL.
HE GROPES FOR ITS NAME.
DDDD... DDDD...
DH... DDHH- UUUU...

WELCOME BACK TO THE MEAT, WIRE.
DOOM!

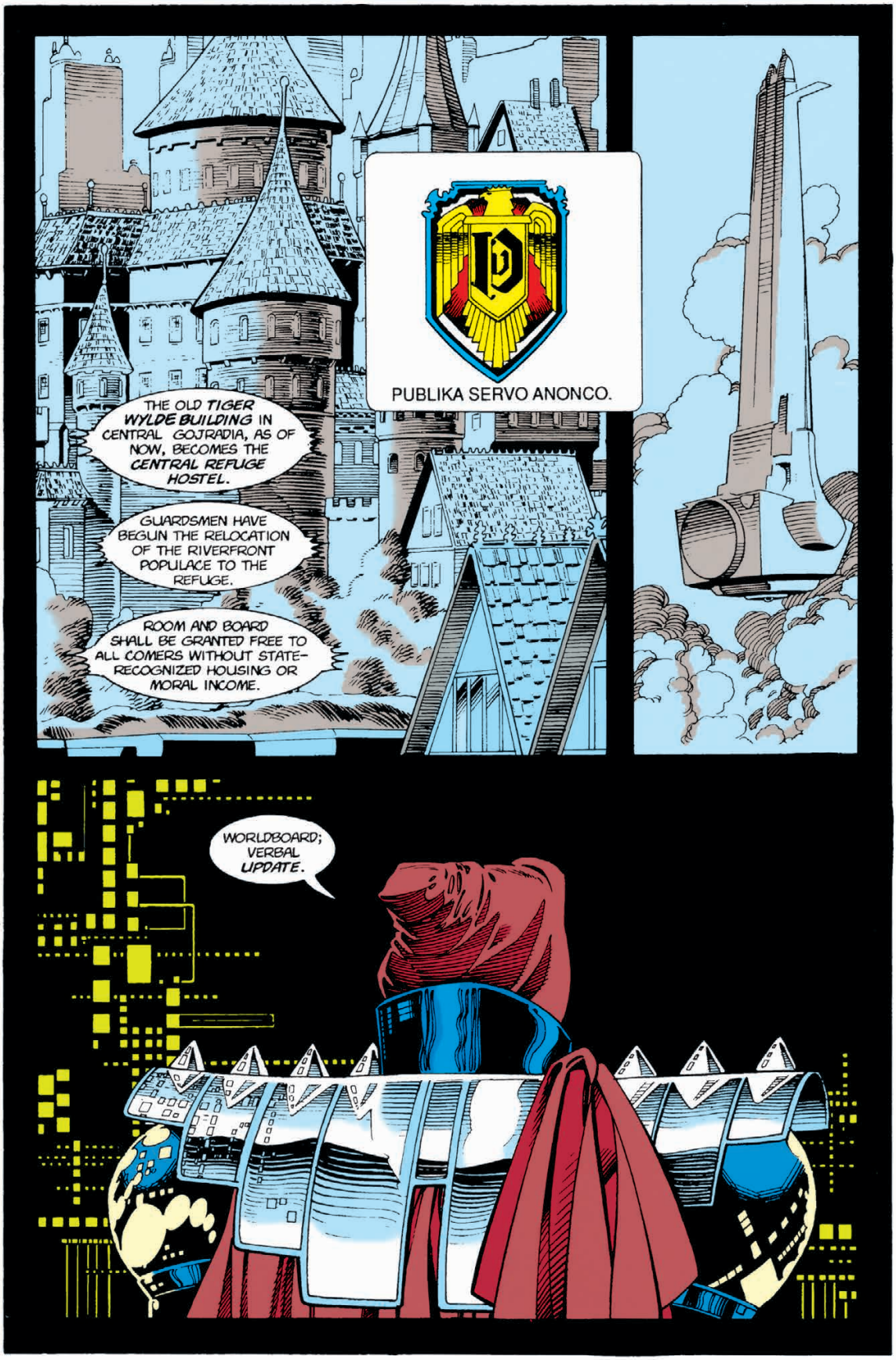

THE STRETCHING DEAD BODY
LATVERIA; THE RIVERFRONT.
HERE, POET DIED IN A BLAZE OF VIOLENT ELECTRICITY, TRYING TO KILL THE 'FRONT'S KING PUSHER OF THE DRUG CALLED CHAIN.
THE PUSHER'S NAME IS MAJICK, AND HE'S HAVING A GOOD NIGHT.
HE OWNS THE 'FRONT NOW. MURDER IS WORTH STATUS WHEN THE MURDERED IS ONE OF DOOM'S PEOPLE.
HE DREAMS OF TIGHTENING HIS GRIP ON THE SCUM UP AND DOWN THE CIRI, BUILDING A JUNK KINGDOM.
GETTING THE GOJRADIA WAGEDRONES ADDICTED, RUNNING THE BLOOD GYPSIES OUT OF THE COUNTRY...
...BECOMING PRESIDENT OF THE NARCODEMOCRACY OF LATVERIA...
BEING THE LAW.

I HAVE BEEN KILLING PEOPLE ALL NIGHT.
IT GROWS *DULL*.
THIS COMMUNITY OF COPROPHAGIC TICKS AND MORAL MUTANTS HAS CONSIDERED ITSELF A SEPARATE WORLD FOR FAR TOO LONG.
THIS RIVERFRONT IS *LATVERIA*.
I AM LATVERIA.
AND IF YOU DO NOT PROVIDE ME WITH *MAJICK*, THE *MURDERER* OF *POET*, *IMMEDIATELY*--
-- I SHALL SCATTER YOUR THIN, RUINED *ASHES* ACROSS LATVERIAN *SOIL*.

STRETCHING DEAD
KCHOW!
KCHOW
STRETCHIN' DEAD BOY

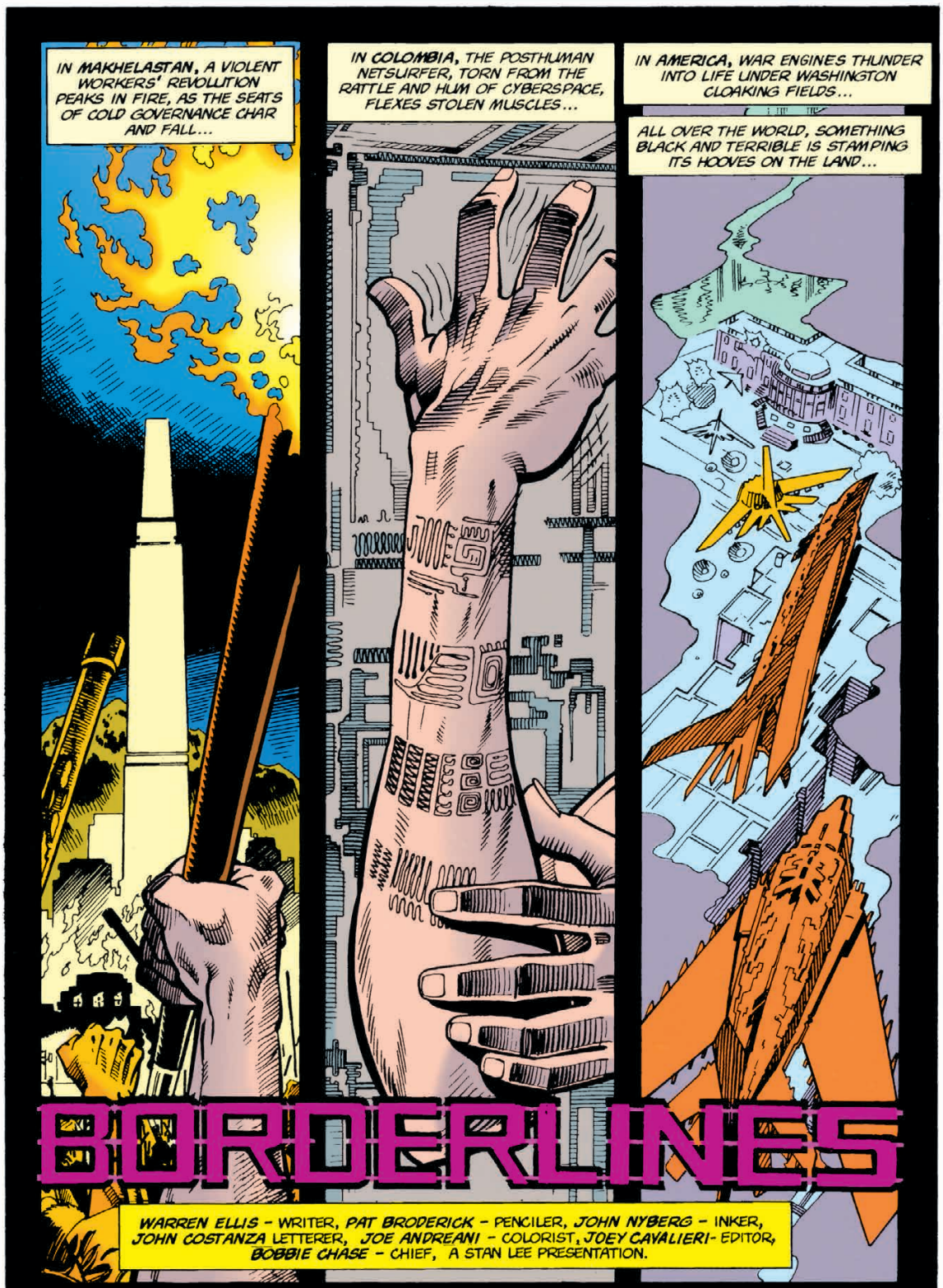
KCHOW
YAHHHHH
KCHOW

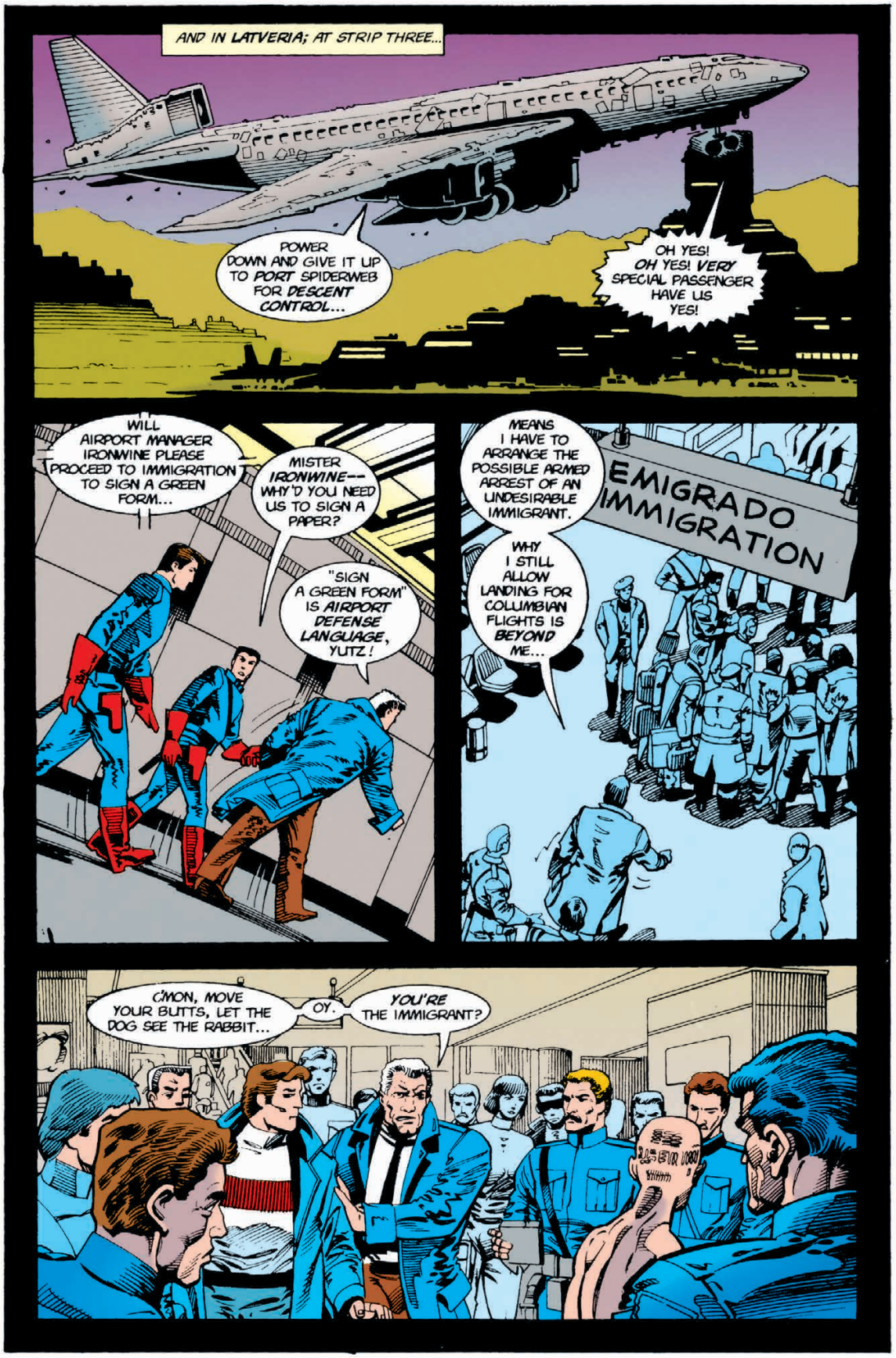
I AM DOOM.
HARM MY SUBJECTS, AND YOU HARM ME.
AND THEN I HARM YOU.
IF YOU WISH TO BECOME MY SUBJECTS, THEN COME WITH ME.

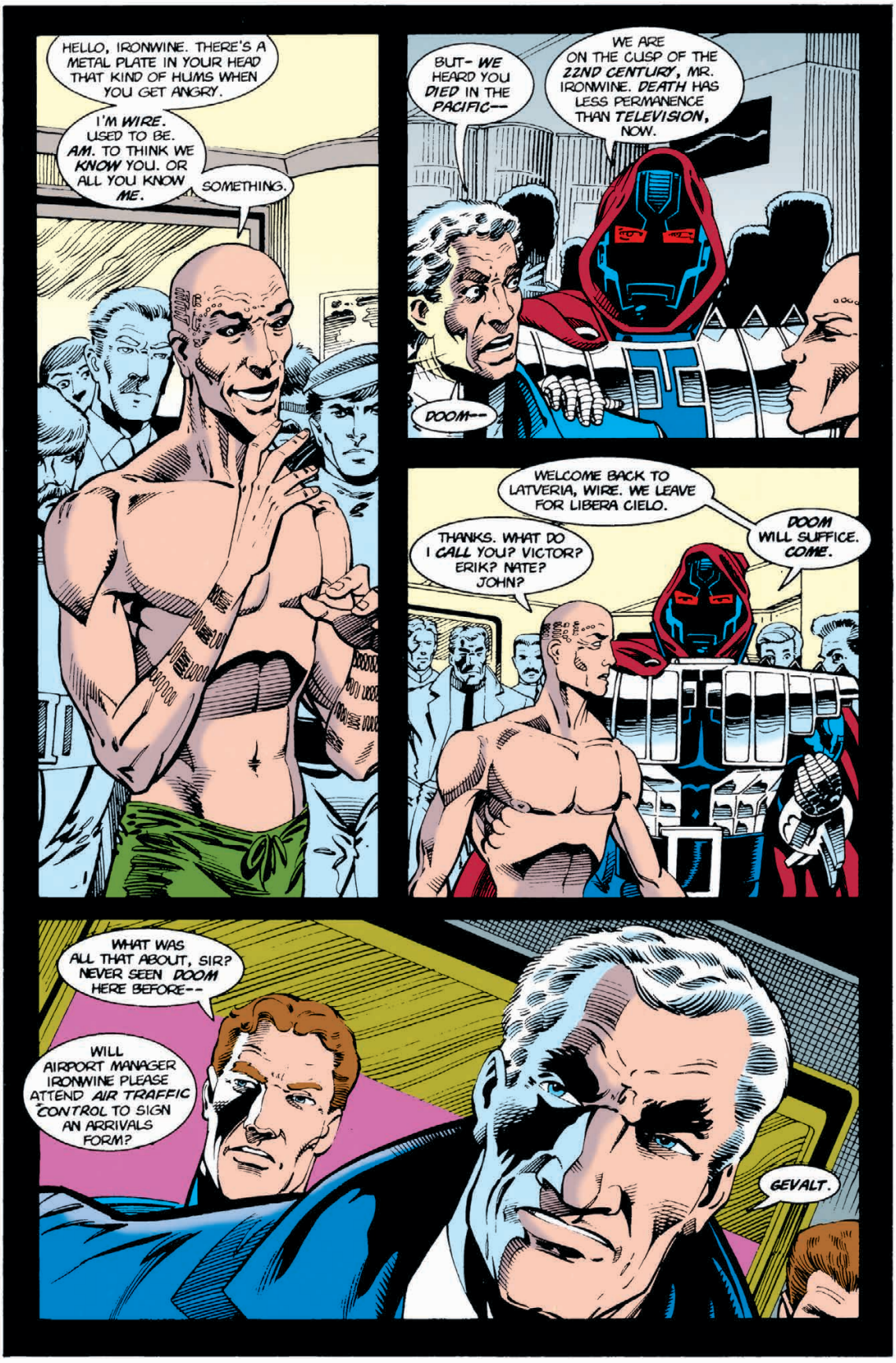

PUBLIKA SERVO ANONCO.
THE OLD TIGER WYLDE BUILDING IN CENTRAL GOJRADIA, AS OF NOW, BECOMES THE CENTRAL REFUGE HOSTEL.
GUARDSMEN HAVE BEGUN THE RELOCATION OF THE RIVERFRONT POPULACE TO THE REFUGE.
ROOM AND BOARD SHALL BE GRANTED FREE TO ALL COMERS WITHOUT STATE-RECOGNIZED HOUSING OR MORAL INCOME.
WORLDBOARD; VERBAL UPDATE.

COLOMBIA; WIRE EXTRACTED FROM CYBERSPACE FOLLOWING BODYDEATH
WAKANDA; ASSEMBLY OF PANTHER'S RAGE COMMENCED
MAKHELASTAN; CURRENCY CRASH ACHIEVED THROUGH PIXEL COOPERATION / INDIGO ESHUN AND TEAM ACHIEVED THEFT OF ANGEL'S BREATH DATA
SECRET COMMUNICATION WITH REVOLUTIONARY LEADER / FULL CONTROL OF MAKHELASTANI REVOLUTION ACHIEVED
"Instead of inanely repeating the old formula 'respect the law,' we say, 'Despise law and all its attributes!' In place of the cowardly phrase 'Obey the law,' our cry is 'Revolt against all laws!'"
—Peter Kropotkin

MARVEL COMICS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
28 APR
2099
PATRICK R. BRODERICK 94.


IN MAKHELASTAN, A VIOLENT WORKERS' REVOLUTION PEAKS IN FIRE, AS THE SEATS OF COLD GOVERNANCE CHAR AND FALL...
IN COLOMBIA, THE POSTHUMAN NETSURFER, TORN FROM THE RATTLE AND HUM OF CYBERSPACE, FLEXES STOLEN MUSCLES...
IN AMERICA, WAR ENGINES THUNDER INTO LIFE UNDER WASHINGTON CLOAKING FIELDS...
ALL OVER THE WORLD, SOMETHING BLACK AND TERRIBLE IS STAMPING ITS HOOVES ON THE LAND...
BORDERLINES
WARREN ELLIS - WRITER, PAT BRODERICK - PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG - INKER, JOHN COSTANZA LETTERER, JOE ANDREANI - COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI- EDITOR, BOBBIE CHASE - CHIEF, A STAN LEE PRESENTATION.


AND IN LATVERIA; AT STRIP THREE...
POWER DOWN AND GIVE IT UP TO PORT SPIDERWEB FOR DESCENT CONTROL...
OH YES! OH YES! VERY SPECIAL PASSENGER HAVE US YES!
WILL AIRPORT MANAGER IRONWINE PLEASE PROCEED TO IMMIGRATION TO SIGN A GREEN FORM...
MISTER IRONWINE--- WHY'D YOU NEED US TO SIGN A PAPER?
"SIGN A GREEN FORM" IS AIRPORT DEFENSE LANGUAGE, YUTZ!
MEANS I HAVE TO ARRANGE THE POSSIBLE ARMED ARREST OF AN UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT.
WHY I STILL ALLOW LANDING FOR COLUMBIAN FLIGHTS IS BEYOND ME...
EMIGRADO IMMIGRATION
C'MON, MOVE YOUR BUTTS, LET THE DOG SEE THE RABBIT...
OY.
YOU'RE THE IMMIGRANT?


HELLO, IRONWINE. THERE'S A METAL PLATE IN YOUR HEAD THAT KIND OF HUMS WHEN YOU GET ANGRY.
I'M WIRE. USED TO BE. AM. TO THINK WE KNOW YOU. OR ALL YOU KNOW ME.
SOMETHING.
BUT- WE HEARD YOU DIED IN THE PACIFIC—
WE ARE ON THE CUSP OF THE 22ND CENTURY, MR. IRONWINE. DEATH HAS LESS PERMANENCE THAN TELEVISION, NOW.
DOOM—
WELCOME BACK TO LATVERIA, WIRE. WE LEAVE FOR LIBERA CIELO.
THANKS. WHAT DO I CALL YOU? VICTOR? ERIK? NATE? JOHN?
DOOM WILL SUFFICE. COME.
WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT, SIR? NEVER SEEN DOOM HERE BEFORE--
WILL AIRPORT MANAGER IRONWINE PLEASE ATTEND AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TO SIGN AN ARRIVALS FORM?
GEVALT.

OKAY, I'M HERE, KRYSTINE-- WHO'S THE UNAUTHORIZED LANDING YOU CALLED ME IN FOR?
WELL, THE MACHINERY THAT GUILD WOMAN, SHARP BLUE, HAD US LINK INTO THE GUIDANCE WEB SYSTEMS, STARTED WORKING--
-- BEFORE WE KNOW IT, PORT SPIDERWEB WAS LEAKING IN PLANES ON ITS OWN--
LET ME SEE.
IT GETS WORSE-- THE AIR TRAFFIC COMPUTER STARTED SHUFFLING OTHER FLIGHTS AROUND TO MAKE SPACE, AND--
-- AND SOME PILOTS HAVE COMPLAINED OF STEALTH FEEDBACK DISRUPTING THEIR RADIOS WHICH MEANS WE'RE PUTTING OUT A FIELD, AND--
-- AND THEN THE GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE FIGHTERPLANES DECLOAKED.

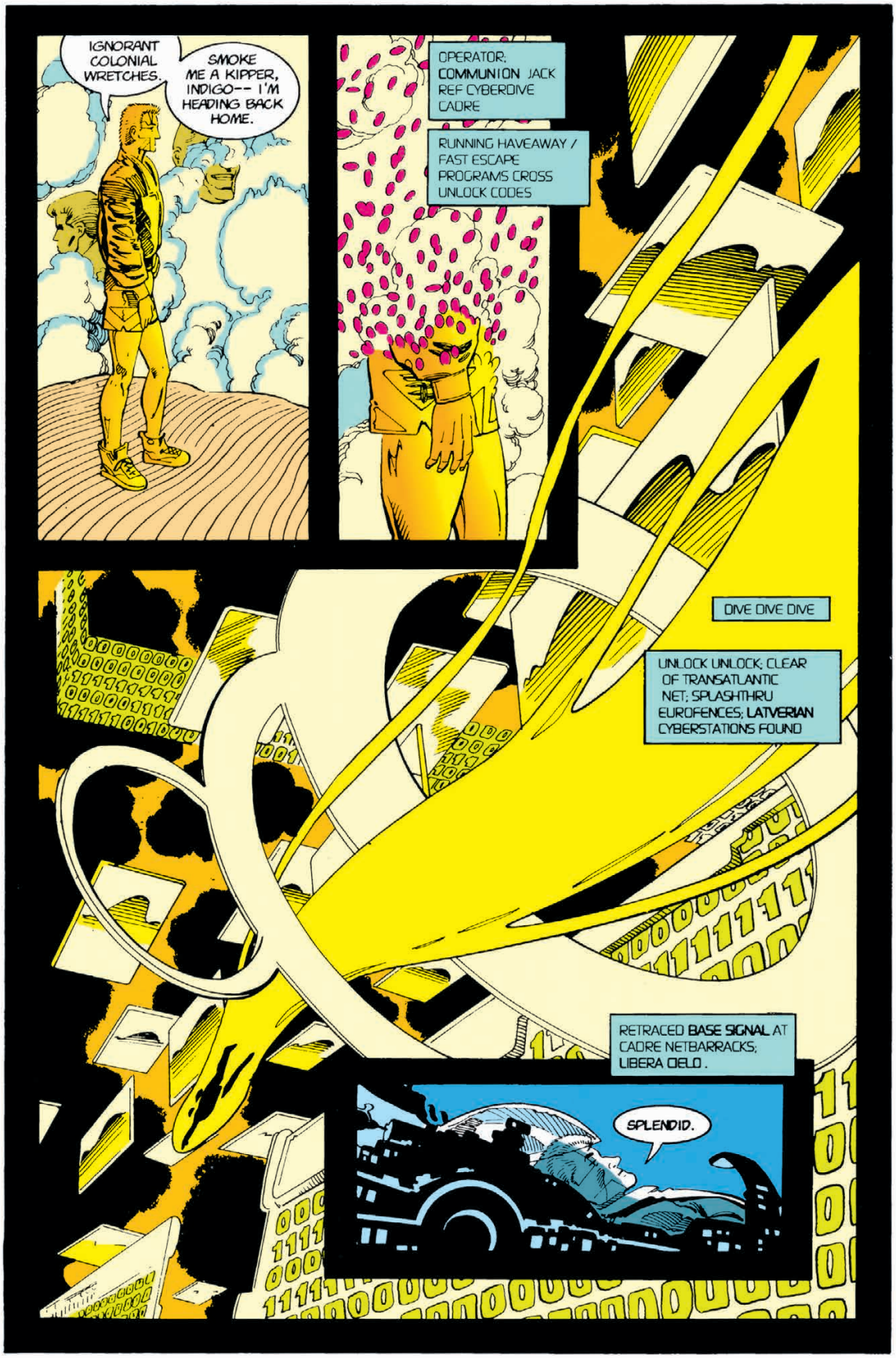
OUT ON STRIP THREE; THE LIFTER HAS NO ENGINES. FIRST OF A NEW BREED. IT IS DRIVEN BY LEVITATION--
-- ONE OF THE CLEAN-POWER VEHICLES BRED BY DOOM FROM LIBERA CIELO'S FLOATING TECHNOLOGY...
WHAT ARE THOSE? BUG MIRACLES HANGING IN THE SKY.
ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS. FROM WAKANDA. DON'T YOU RECALL?
WIRE; WHEN YOUR BODY DIED, AND YOU BECAME A LIVE MIND IN CYBERSPACE... WHAT DID YOU DO?
PALOMA. REMEMBER HER? SHE'S A GODDESS. THE NET IS HERS TO MAKE OR BREAK NOW. CYBERDEITY.
I... I WAS HER LOVER, DOOM.
I'M THERE NOW. STILL THERE. I'M MAKING LOVE TO HER.
THEN I WAS CORRECT.
RESURRECTED, YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS EXISTS SIMULTANEOUSLY IN BOTH CYBERSPACE AND THE REAL WORLD.
YOU WILL BE OF GREAT USE IN MY NEW WORLD, WIRE.
A PITY THAT YOU ARE QUITE MAD.

WIRE, THIS IS INDIGO ESHUN, A NETGLIDER LIKE YOURSELF.
DOOM. IS THIS GOING TO TAKE LONG? I'VE GOT PEOPLE SURFING WITHOUT BACKUP UPSTAIRS.
OH, YOU'RE THE BOY RACER WE PICKED OUT OF THOSE OLD PIXEL FILES. NICE KIT YOU'RE SHOWING ON THOSE TEMPLES, SONNY.
WHO'S SHE? HOW DOES SHE KNOW ME?
INDIGO AND HER CADRE CARRIED YOU FROM PALOMA'S PRESUMED BOUDOIR TO COLOMBIAN C-SPACE FOR YOUR RE-BIRTHING.
YOU ARRANGED FOR ME TO BE PUT BACK IN MEAT?
NO BIG THING.
YOU SLAG!

KILLKILLKILL.
URFFF
UNGRATEFUL LITTLE TOERAG.
BE QUIET, WIRE.
NUH
I HOPE YOU PUT THE MENTAL LITTLE SCAB OUT OF HIS MISERY.
A LOW CONCUSSION-BURST ONLY.
IT WOULD BE IDIOCY TO EXTERMINATE SUCH AN ASSET OUT OF MERE IRRITATION.
YOU CALL THIS GRAY STRING-WART OF A MAN AN ASSET?
CERTAINLY. HAVE YOU HEARD OF DUKE STRATO-SPHERE?
SURE. THE RUMOR IS THAT HE'S GOT A SECRET SYSTEM THAT LETS HIM MOVE IN C-SPACE AND REALSPACE AT THE SAME TIME.
MY SOURCES INFORM ME THAT STRATOSPHERE APPENDED A SIMILAR PROGRAM TO WIRE, BEFORE HIS BODYDEATH.
THIS IS HOW HE SURVIVED THAT DEATH AS PURE MIND IN C-SPACE.
AND NOW, THAT SIMULTANEOUS EXISTENCE WILL SERVE US, INDIGO.

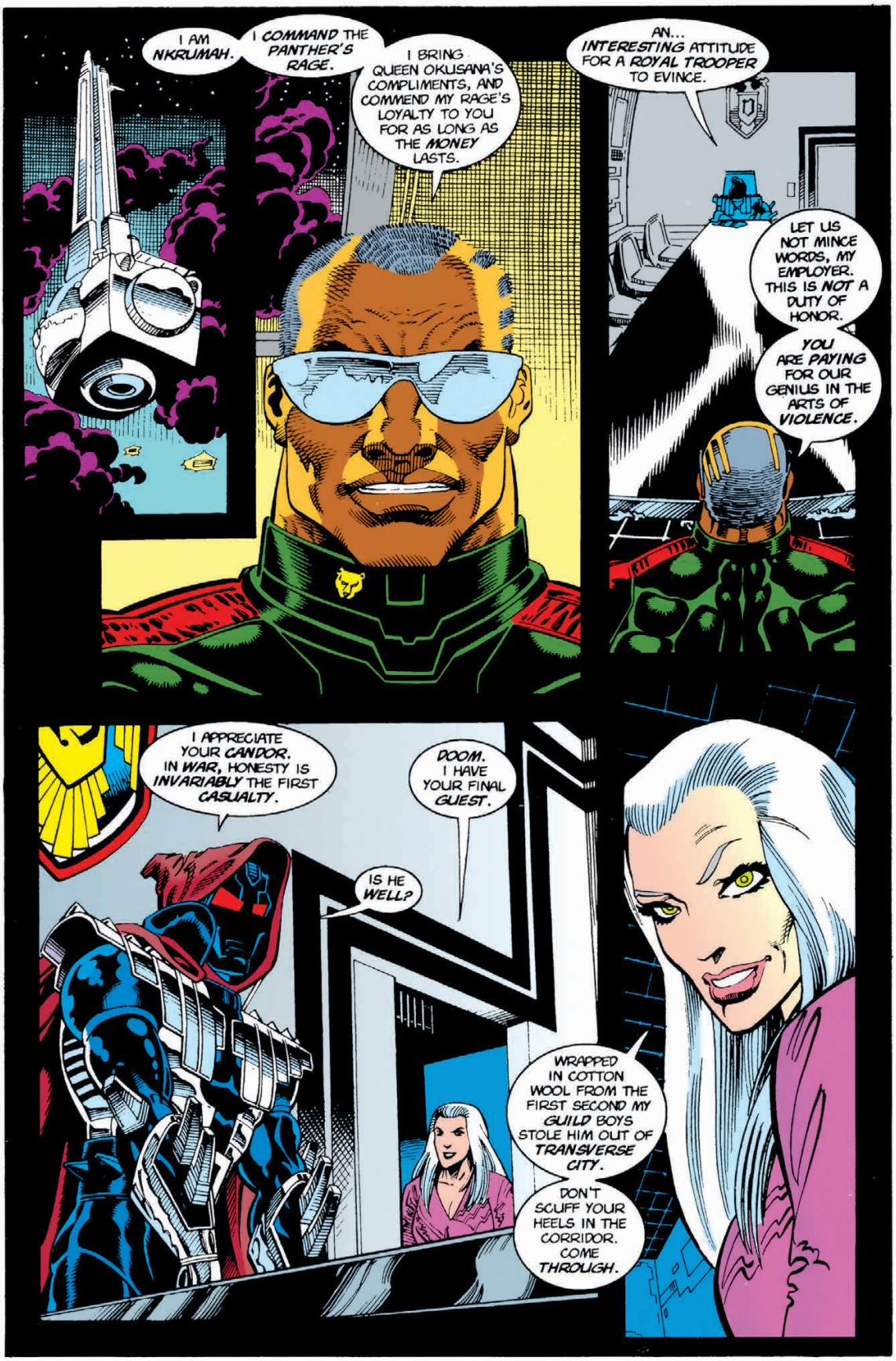
IN AMERICA (AND SIDEWAYS); THE CYBERSPATIAL CONFERENCE ROOM FOR THE DIRECTORATE OF THE ANGEL'S BREATH CORPORATION, WASHINGTON D.C.
THIS WHOLE MAKHELASTAN THING IS A FLASH IN THE PAN. NOT WORTH US BOTHERING ABOUT.
THAT KIND OF THINKING WILL SEE US ALL ON SKID ROW.
WE'RE A MEGACORP WITH THREATENED ASSETS. CAN'T WE START ACTING LIKE IT?
WHAT WE'RE SEEING IS A PREDICTABLE REACTION TO BAD LOCAL MANAGEMENT BY THE WORKFORCE.
PIXEL CANCELLED THAT HUGE WORKORDER FOR A REASON, RIGHT? AND THAT COLLAPSED THE LOCAL ECONOMY.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS THE DATA LEAK.

FOWLER. EXACTLY HOW DID OUR OWNERSHIP OF BOTH COUNTRY AND POPULATION OF MAKHELASTAN BECOME PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE?
I CAN HAZARD ONLY ONE GUESS, MR. SHAPIRO.
A MASSIVE, ORGANIZED HACK ON OUR MOST SECURE DATABASES BY A CADRE OF NETGLIDERS. NO LESS THAN SIX, I'D SAY.
WHAT UTTER TRASH.
NETGLIDERS ARE ANARCHIC, SOLO OPERATORS. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.
WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT MAKHELASTAN? WE HAVE MACHINERY THERE! HARD ASSETS!
I SAY WE DO TO THE RIOTERS WHAT THE NARCO-PRESIDENTE DID TO BOGOTÁ!
THE DIRECT SOLUTION I'D EXPECT OF A PERSONNEL MANAGER, MRS. OLIN...
ORGANISED NETGLIDERS...
THIS MAKHELASTAN THING REALLY HAS YOU RATTLED, DOESN'T IT, FOWLER?

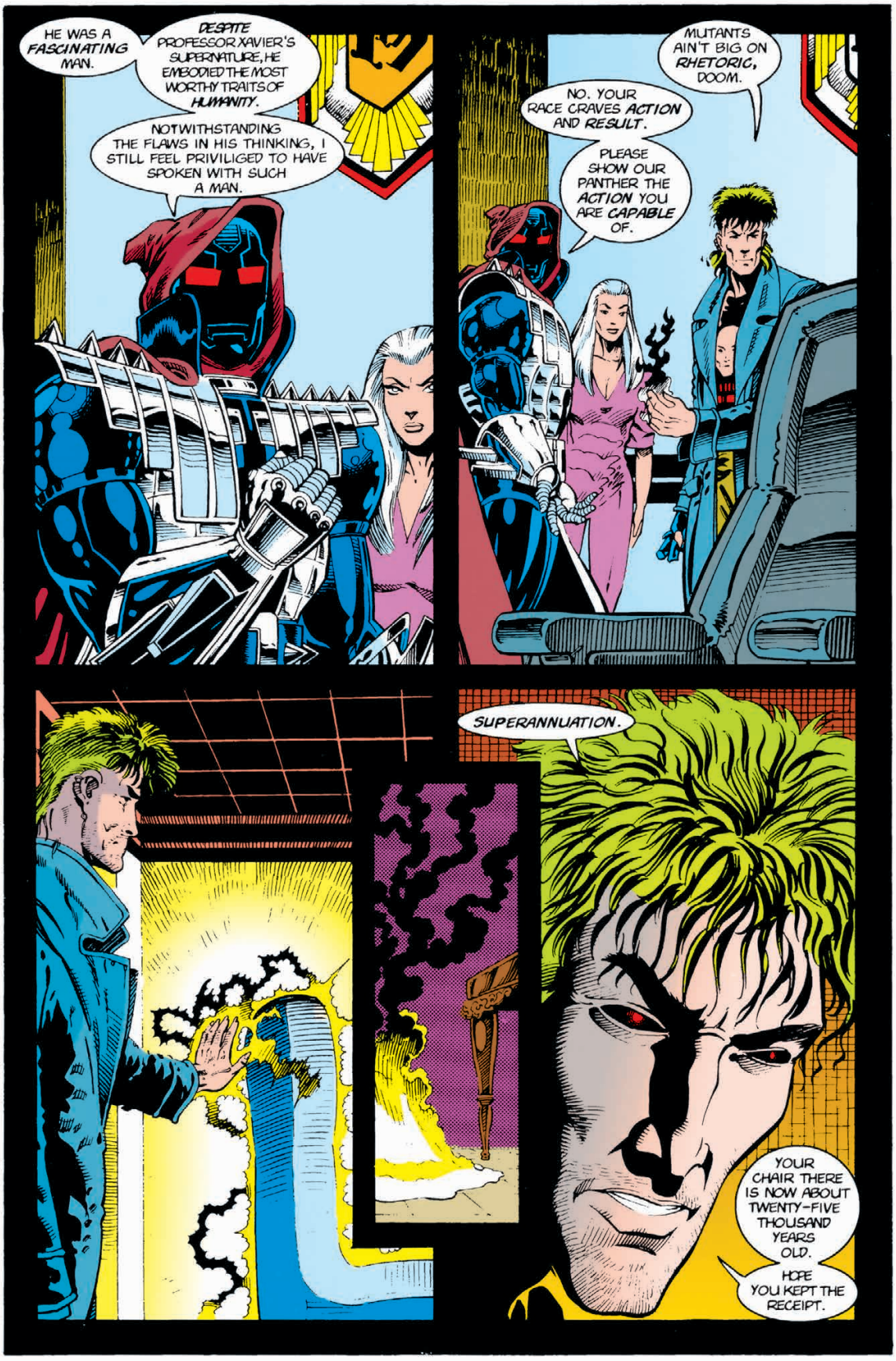

IGNORANT COLONIAL WRETCHES.
SMOKE ME A KIPPER, INDIGO-- I'M HEADING BACK HOME.
OPERATOR; COMMUNION JACK REF CYBERDIVE CADRE
RUNNING HAVEAWAY / FAST ESCAPE PROGRAMS CROSS UNLOCK CODES
DIVE DIVE DIVE
UNLOCK UNLOCK; CLEAR OF TRANSATLANTIC NET; SPLASHTHRU EUROFENCES; LATVERIAN CYBERSTATIONS FOUND
RETRACED BASE SIGNAL AT CADRE NETBARRACKS; LIBERA OELO.
SPLENDID.

THAT WAS A FAST EXIT, JACK. YOU JUST GET BETTER. NO KIPPERS, BUT HOW'S A CUP OF EARL GREY?
SIMPLY TOP HOLE, OLD GIRL.
THE ANGEL'S BREATH DIRECTORATE SIMPLY DON'T BELIEVE WE DID WHAT WE DID, INDIGO.
THEN THEY ARE FOOLS, AND DESERVE TO BE CRUSHED LIKE THE PLAGUE RATS THEY ARE.
HA! JUST CHARMING, DOOM. AND WHO'S GONNA CRUSH 'EM? A BUNCH OF NET-SURFERS?
I DID NOT SEARCH YOU ALL OUT, BRING YOU TO LATVERIA AND GIVE YOU THE FIRST JOBS OF YOUR LIVES MERELY TO GADFLY AMERICAN MEGACORPS.
I HAVE PLANS FOR YOU ALL.
INDIGO, PLEASE ATTEND THE WORLDBOARD ROOM THIS EVENING.
THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE AT ANGEL'S BREATH... ONE OF THEM SAID THEY SHOULD DO TO MAKHELASTAN "WHAT THE NARCO-PRESIDENTE DID TO BOGOTÁ." MAKE ANY SENSE?
TYPICAL.

WORLDBOARD UPDATE:
MAKHELASTAN: PUBLIC EXECUTION OF FORMER CEO JANOS RADESCU BY REVOLUTIONARY FORCES
FORMATION OF INTERIM WORKER'S GOVERNMENT / INDEPENDENCE DECLARED / OVERTURES TO LATVERIA MADE
AMERICA: WASHINGTON D.C.-BASED MEGACORP ANGEL'S BREATH HAS INCREASED STEALTHFIELD COVERAGE.
LEAKS FROM U. S. SENATE INDICATE WAR POWERS PAPERWORK HAS BEEN LODGED
REF: SENATE: WHERE MEGACORPS REPRESENTATIVES VIE FOR POWER AND EXPANSION UNDER ARBITRATION OF THE "PRESIDENT"
LATVERIA: WAKANDAN CRACKTROOP SQUAD ARRIVAL PANTHERS RAGE TO BE BARRACKED AT LIBERA CIELO
GUILD OF ELITE AIR STRIKEFORCE STAGED AT STRIP THREE UNDER STEALTHFIELDS
CYBERDIVE CADRE UNDER INDIGO ESHUN NOW AT FULL STRENGTH

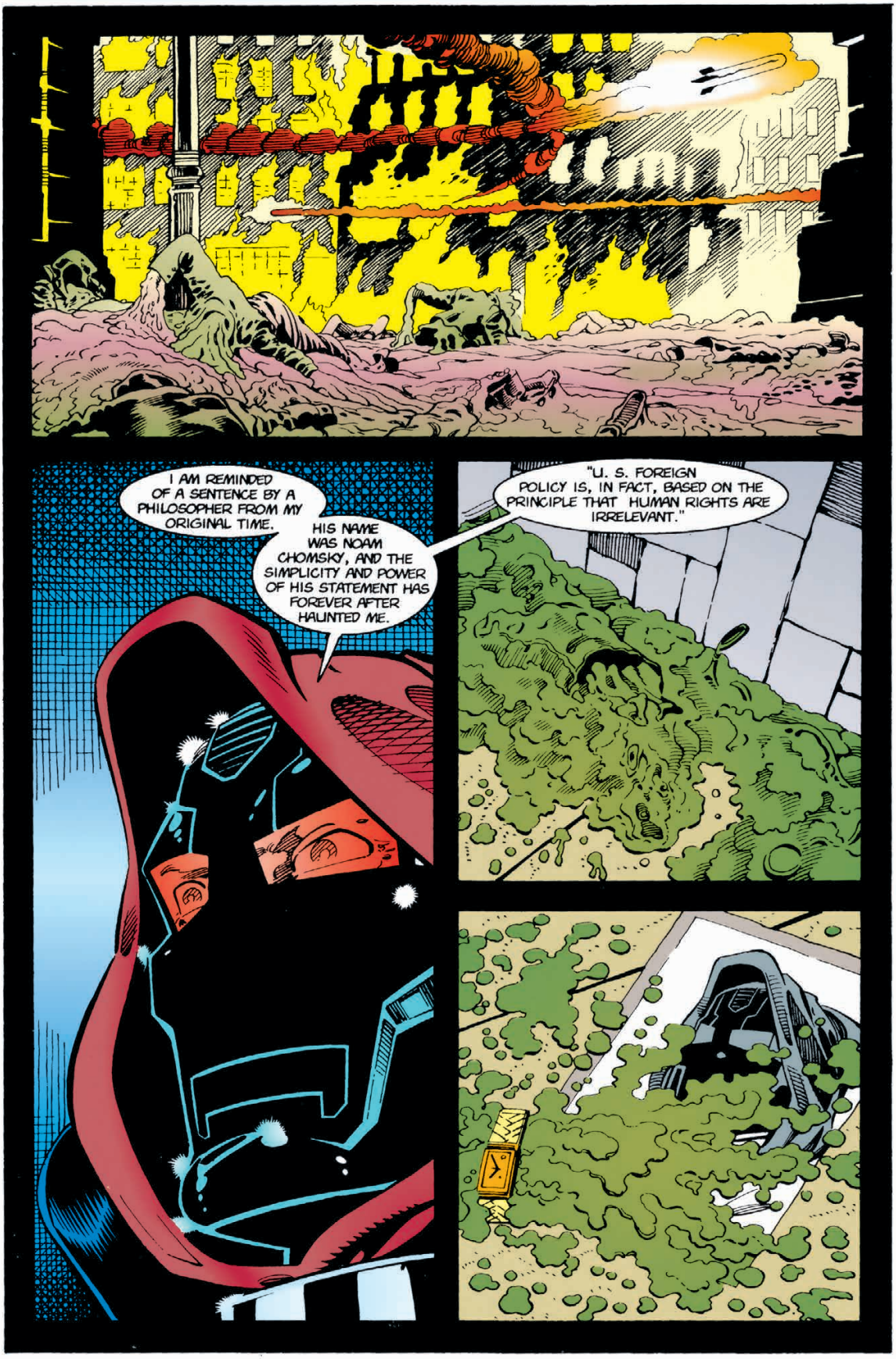

I AM NKRUMAH.
I COMMAND THE PANTHER'S RAGE.
I BRING QUEEN OKUSANA'S COMPLIMENTS, AND COMMEND MY RAGE'S LOYALTY TO YOU FOR AS LONG AS THE MONEY LASTS.
AN... INTERESTING ATTITUDE FOR A ROYAL TROOPER TO EVINCE.
LET US NOT MINCE WORDS, MY EMPLOYER. THIS IS NOT A DUTY OF HONOR.
YOU ARE PAYING FOR OUR GENIUS IN THE ARTS OF VIOLENCE.
I APPRECIATE YOUR CANDOR. IN WAR, HONESTY IS INVARIABLY THE FIRST CASUALTY.
DOOM. I HAVE YOUR FINAL GUEST.
IS HE WELL?
WRAPPED IN COTTON WOOL FROM THE FIRST SECOND MY GUILD BOYS STOLE HIM OUT OF TRANSVERSE CITY.
DON'T SCUFF YOUR HEELS IN THE CORRIDOR. COME THROUGH.

SO YOU'RE THE KIDNAPPER.
VEGAS. EVERYONE KNOWS THE TROUBLE THEY HAD WITH MUTANT DISSENT.
BUT NO. IT'S THE TIN CAN GUY FROM THE NEW YORK CAPER.
MY NAME'S MORPHINE SOMERS. HANDS UP WHO WANTS TO DIE.
CHARLIE
IF THE LITTLE AMERICAN BOY WISHES TO BE SHOWN HIS OWN GIBLETS, LET HIM COME.
NO. THERE WILL BE NO DEATH HERE UNLESS I PERFORM IT.
MR. SOMERS IS A MAN OF HONOR, NKRUMAH.
MY INVESTIGATIONS SAY THAT MR. SOMERS HAS STOOD UP FOR HIS SUBSPECIES' RIGHTS FOR YEARS, AGAINST ALL ODDS.
THIS IS WHY I HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE.
YOUR SHIRT BEARS THE IMAGE OF CHARLES XAVIER. I KNEW HIM.
CHARLIE

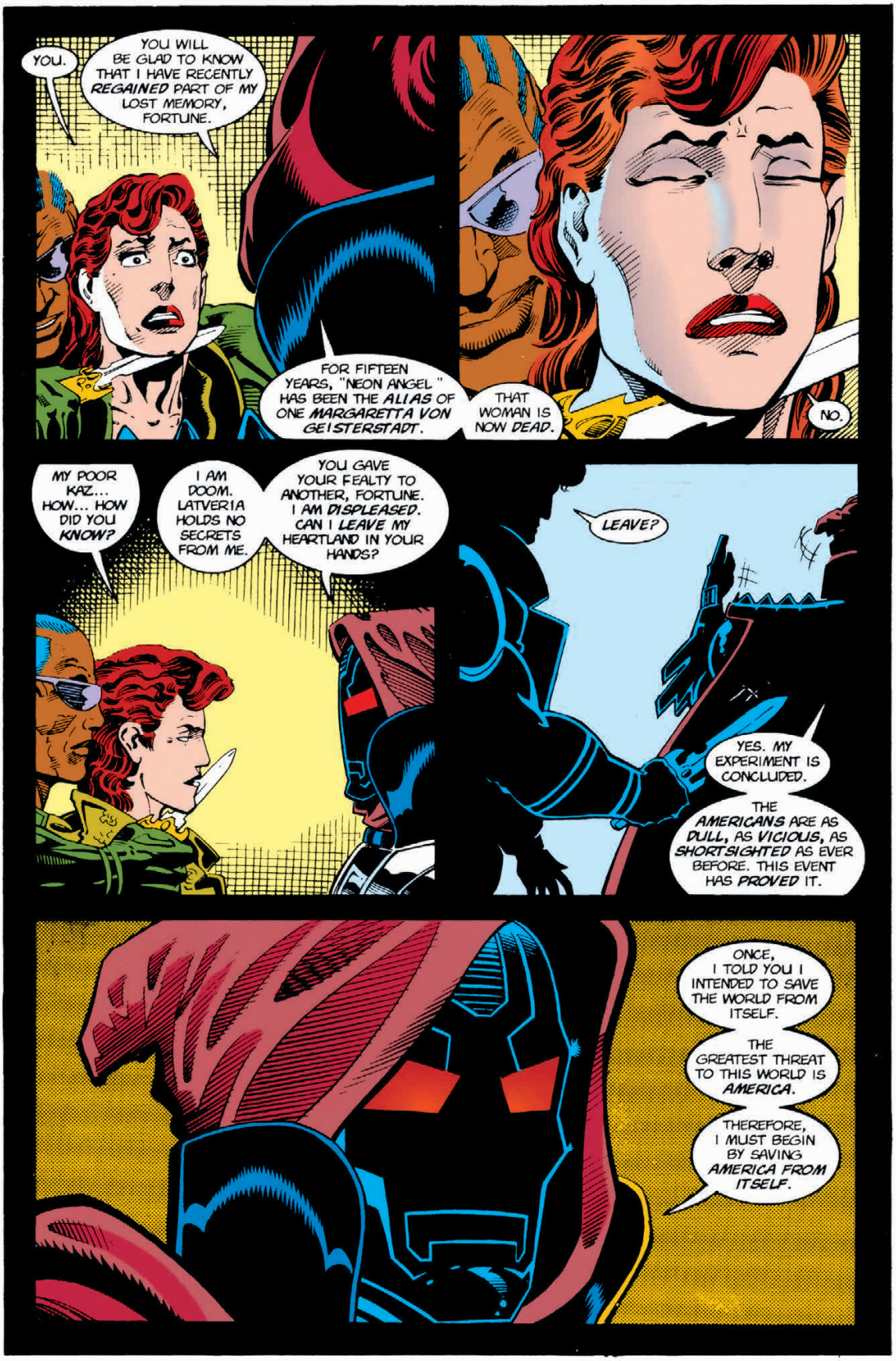

HE WAS A FASCINATING MAN.
DESPITE PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SUPERNATURE, HE EMBODIED THE MOST WORTHY TRAITS OF HUMANITY.
NOTWITHSTANDING THE FLAWS IN HIS THINKING, I STILL FEEL PRIVILIGED TO HAVE SPOKEN WITH SUCH A MAN.
MUTANTS AIN'T BIG ON RHETORIC, DOOM.
NO. YOUR RACE CRAVES ACTION AND RESULT.
PLEASE SHOW OUR PANTHER THE ACTION YOU ARE CAPABLE OF.
SUPERANNUATION.
YOUR CHAIR THERE IS NOW ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.
HOPE YOU KEPT THE RECEIPT.

FINALLY.
UPLINK TO PIXEL INTELLIGENCE SATELLITES FOR REALTIME VISUAL COVERAGE.
ALERT
ALERT - UPDATE, MAKHELASTAN -- SITUATION CRITICAL --
REALTIME VISUAL:
REFERENCE AIRCRAFT SEEN HERE AS COMMERCIAL ENFORCEMENT WARFLIGHT OF ANGEL'S BREATH MEGACORP, U. S. A.

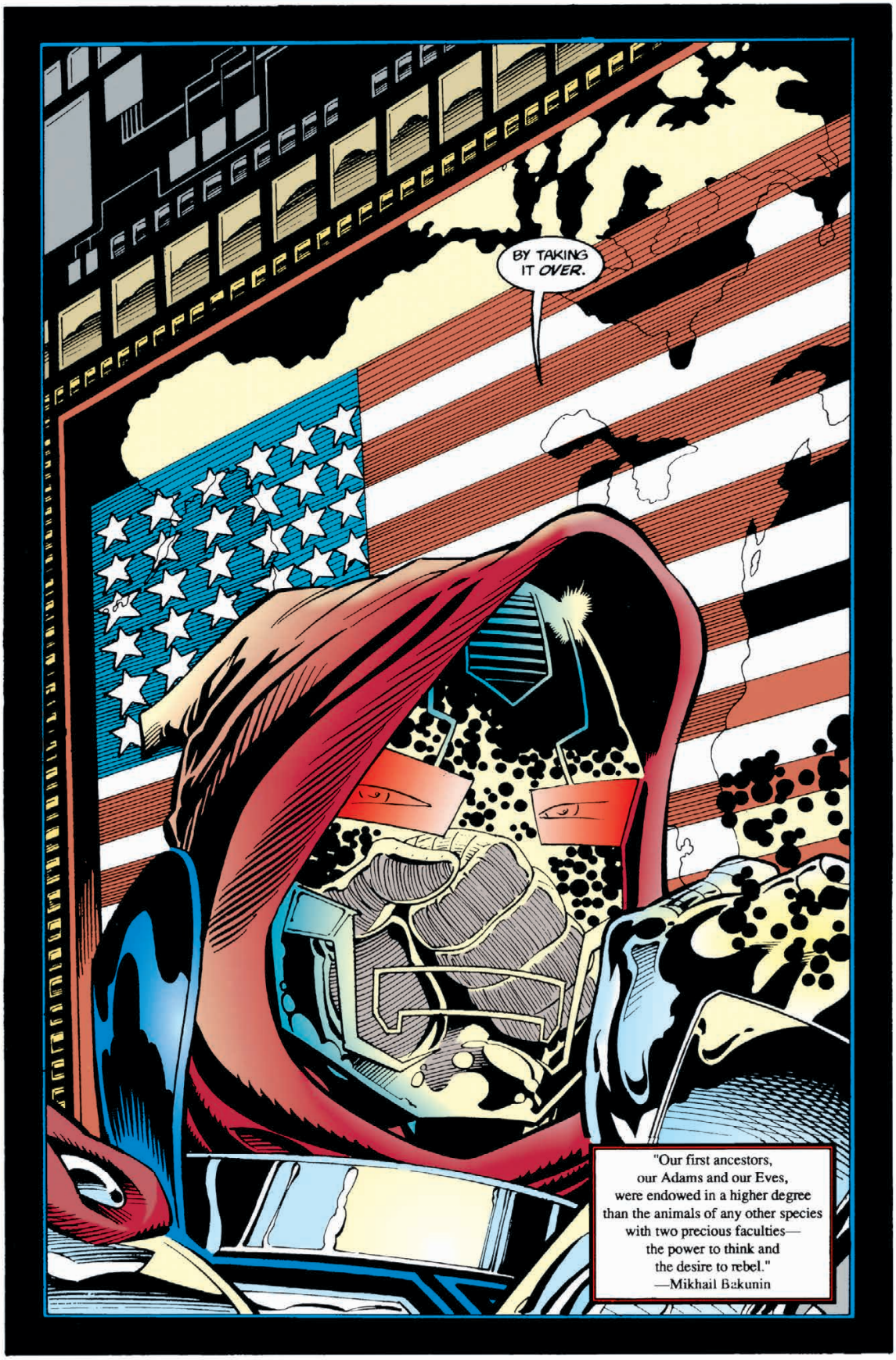
SO BRUTAL. SO CALLOUS. SO PREDICTABLE.
WHAT THE NARCO-PRESIDENTE DID TO BOGOTÁ.
BLANKETING THE WHOLE PLACE IN NECROTOXINS.
REDUCING THE POPULACE TO A PROTEIN-RICH SLUDGE.
LEAVING ALL TECHNOLOGY AND PRODUCTION MATERIALS INTACT.
LATER ADAPTING THE SLUDGE FOR FOODSTUFFS.


I AM REMINDED OF A SENTENCE BY A PHILOSOPHER FROM MY ORIGINAL TIME.
HIS NAME WAS NOAM CHOMSKY, AND THE SIMPLICITY AND POWER OF HIS STATEMENT HAS FOREVER AFTER HAUNTED ME.
"U. S. FOREIGN POLICY IS, IN FACT, BASED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT HUMAN RIGHTS ARE IRRELEVANT."

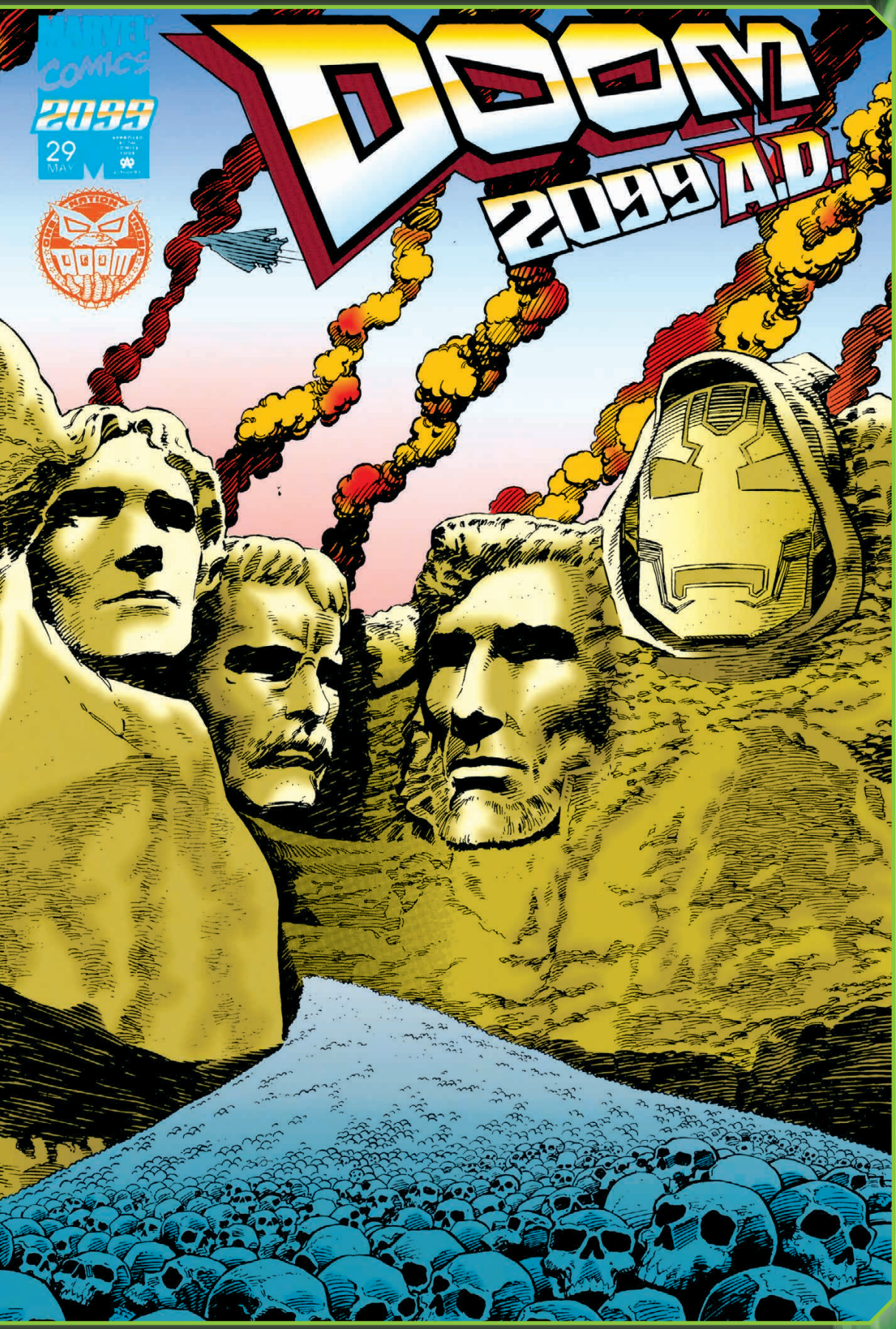
DOOM, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE LATE, AND--
-- BLESSED MOTHER.
DOOM... WHAT IS THIS?
THIS IS THE CHOSEN ENDING, OF THE TWO POSSIBLE, FOR THE REVOLUTION THAT I INSTIGATED IN MAKHELASTAN.
YOU INSTIGATED?
INDEED. I ORCHESTRATED THE CURRENCY CRASH. I ADVISED THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS.
TO HAVE IT END LIKE THIS? WHY?
NKRUMAH...
... PLEASE RESTRAIN THIS WOMAN, WITH A VIEW TO SEVERING HER WINDPIPE.
WHAAT? WHAT IS THIS?
THAT IS THE TRADITIONAL GIFT FOR TREASON IN WAKANDA, NO?
INDEED, MY EMPLOYER.
FORTUNE, YOU OFFERED YOURSELF IN SLAVERY TO A WOMAN NAMED THE NEON ANGEL, IN RETURN FOR RESTORATION OF YOUR MAD BROTHER KAZ.
CORRECT?


YOU.
YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT I HAVE RECENTLY REGAINED PART OF MY LOST MEMORY, FORTUNE.
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, "NEON ANGEL" HAS BEEN THE ALIAS OF ONE MARGARETTA VON GEISTERSTADT.
THAT WOMAN IS NOW DEAD.
NO.
MY POOR KAZ... HOW... HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I AM DOOM. LATVERIA HOLDS NO SECRETS FROM ME.
YOU GAVE YOUR FEALTY TO ANOTHER, FORTUNE. I AM DISPLEASED. CAN I LEAVE MY HEARTLAND IN YOUR HANDS?
LEAVE?
YES. MY EXPERIMENT IS CONCLUDED.
THE AMERICANS ARE AS DULL, AS VICIOUS, AS SHORTSIGHTED AS EVER BEFORE. THIS EVENT HAS PROVED IT.
ONCE, I TOLD YOU I INTENDED TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM ITSELF.
THE GREATEST THREAT TO THIS WORLD IS AMERICA.
THEREFORE, I MUST BEGIN BY SAVING AMERICA FROM ITSELF.

I HAVE PLANNED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY FOR THIS MOMENT SINCE MY RETURN. FORTUNE, MEET MY BLACK CABINET:
INDIGO ESHUN, HEAD OF CYBERDIVE CADRE, THIS WORLD'S FIRST TEAM OF COMBAT NETGLIDERS. I MAKE HER MINISTER OF SIGNAL.
AND WIRE, WHOSE LINK BETWEEN CYBERSPACE AND REALSPACE ALLOWS INSTANT COMM BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE CADRE.
WIRE!? DOOM WOULD NEVER CONFIRM THE RUMORS, NEVER SAID IF YOU WERE DEAD OR ALIVE--
SILENCE!
NKRUMAH, YOU HAVE MET. HIS FINE ATTITUDE TOWARDS FOREIGNERS MAKES HIM MY MINISTER OF ENEMY RELATIONS.
MORPHINE SOMERS, SHOULD HE ACCEPT, BECOMES MINISTER FOR HUMANITY.
I CAN DEAL WITH THE RED MARKET? END DISCRIMINATION?
AND MORE.
AND SHARP BLUE, WHOSE IMAGINATION AND SENSE OF COMMERCE HAS ACHIEVED SO MUCH, BECOMES MY MINISTER OF ORDER.
OKAY... YOU'VE HIRED HALF THE GUILD ON THE PLANET. AND LEFT US KNEE-DEEP IN HINTS--
-- HOW D'YOU SAVE AMERICA FROM ITSELF?


BY TAKING IT OVER.
"Our first ancestors, our Adams and our Eves, were endowed in a higher degree than the animals of any other species with two precious faculties— the power to think and the desire to rebel."
—Mikhail Bakunin

PATRICK R.
BRODERICK
94


MARVEL COMICS
2099
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MAY
DOOM
2099 A.D.

PATRICK R.
BRODERICK
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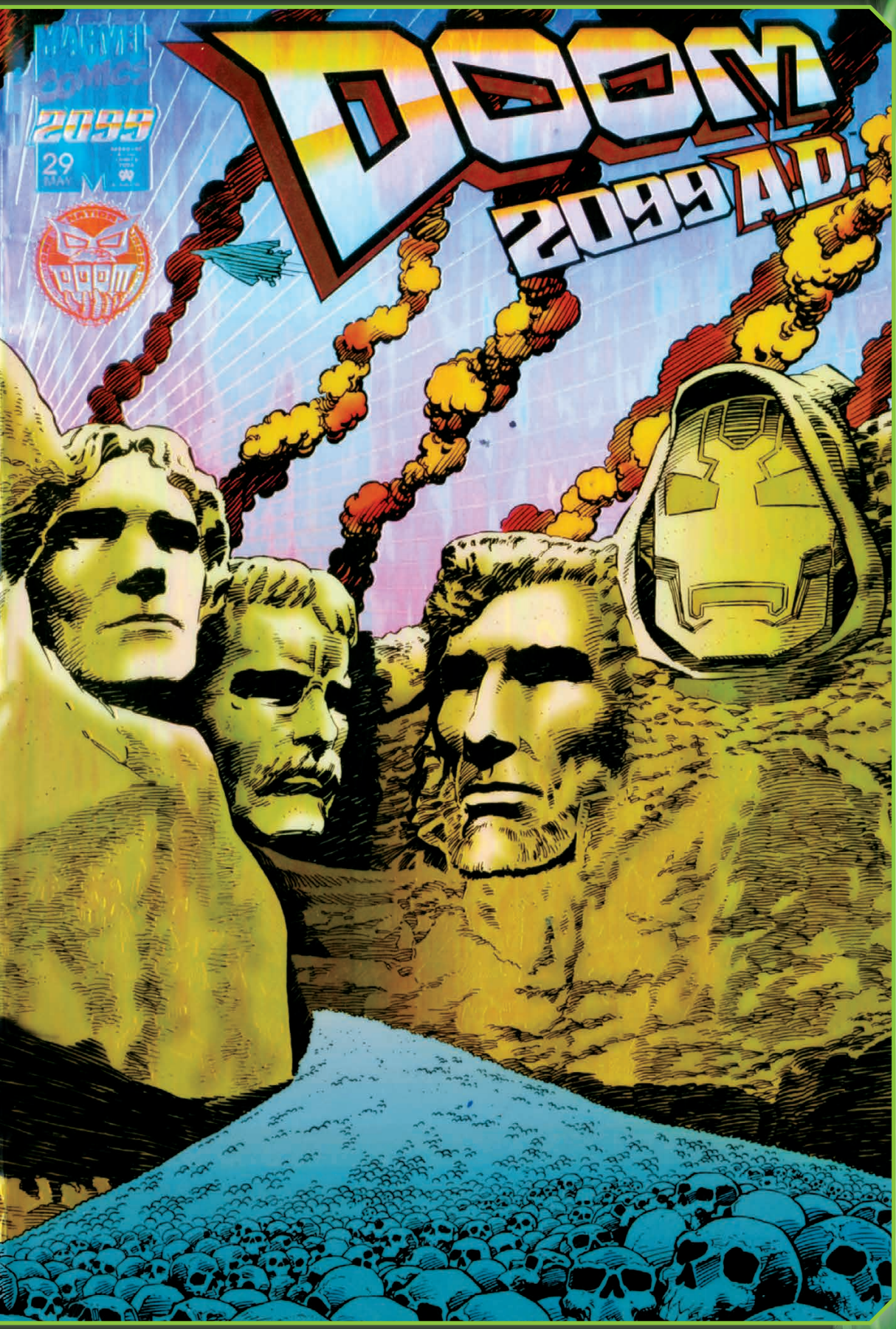
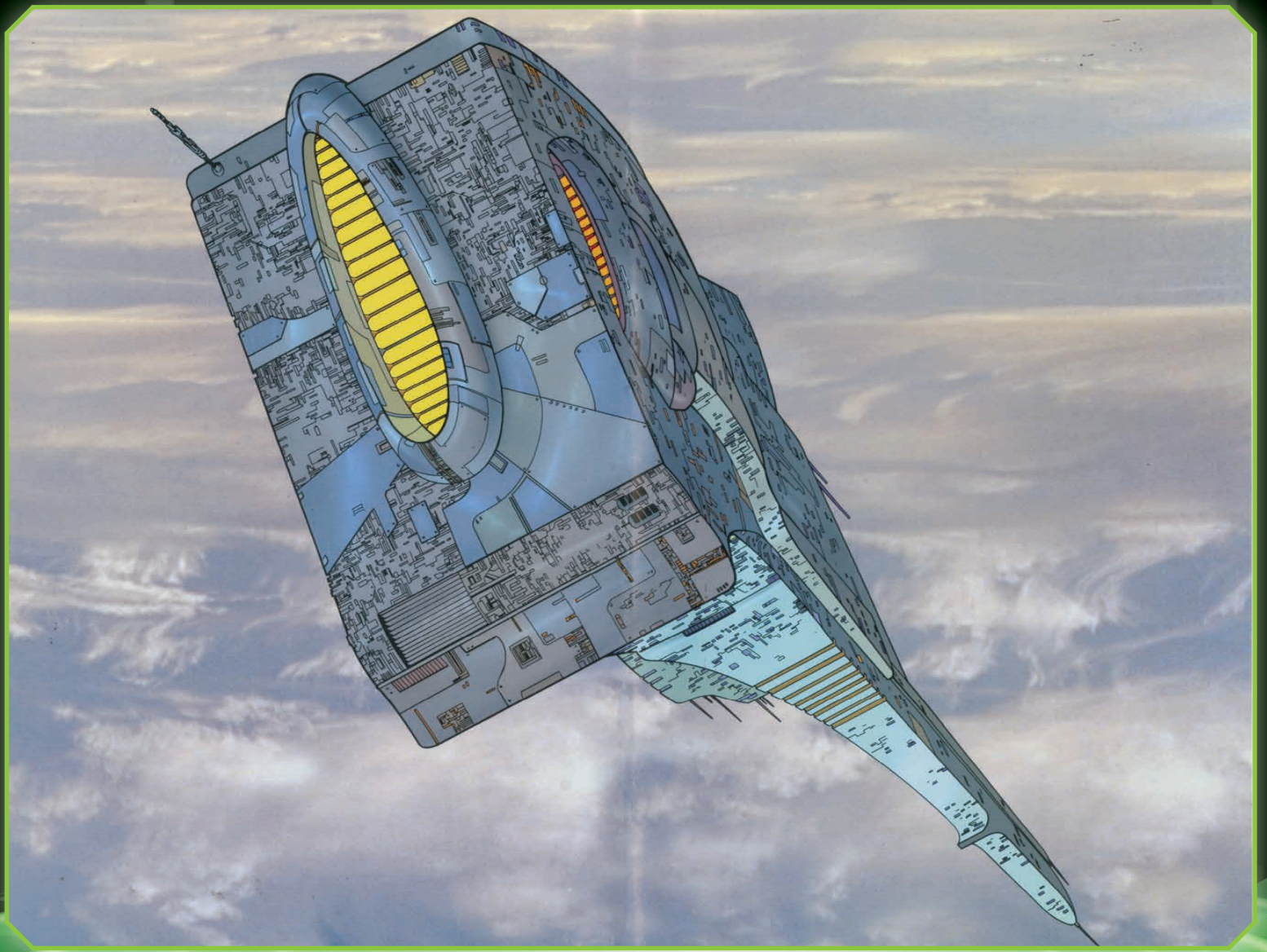
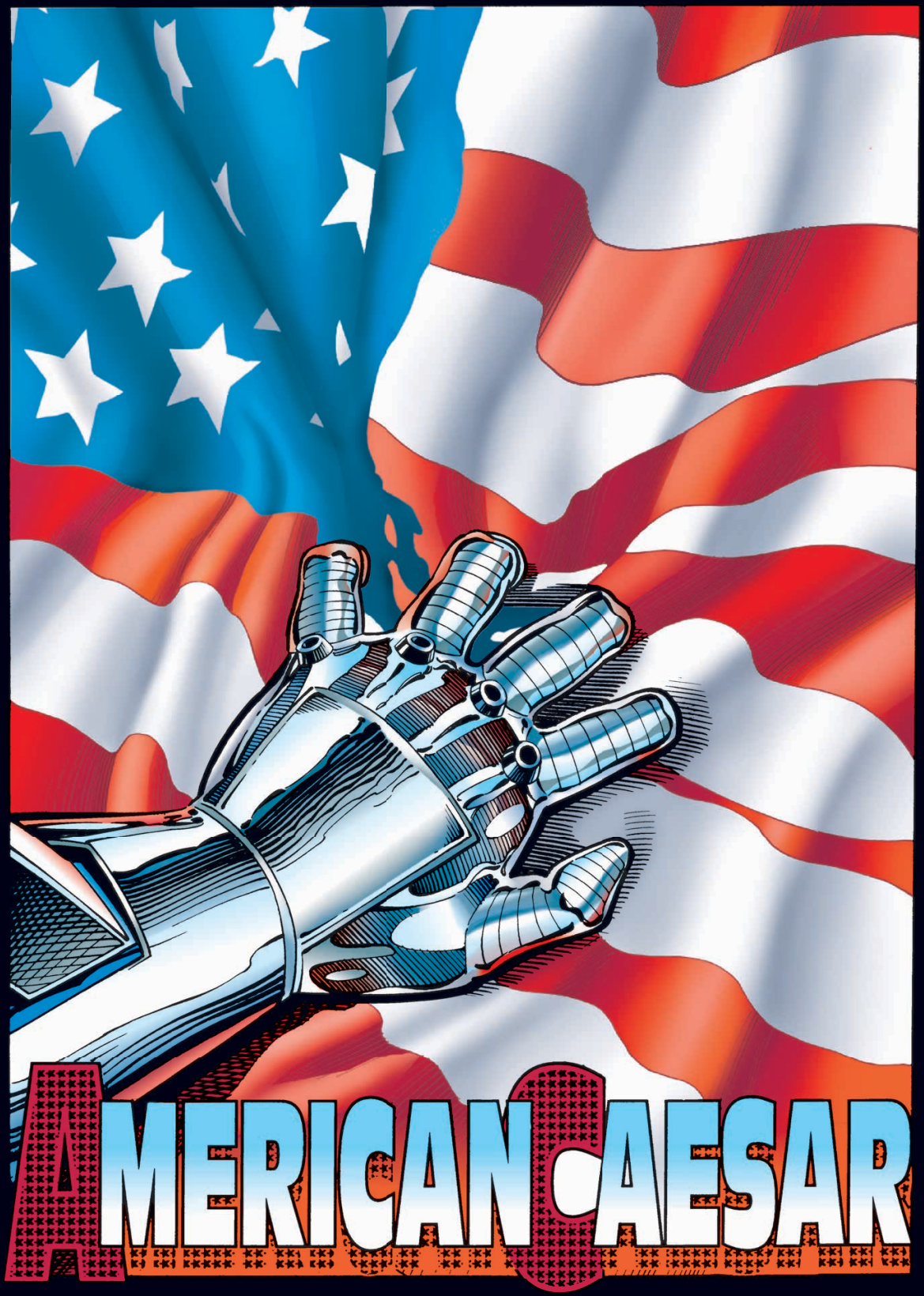
DOOM 2099 #29 Chromium Cover







WARREN ELLIS - WRITER, PAT BRODERICK - PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG - INKER, JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER, JOE ANDREANI - COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR, BOBBIE CHASE - CHIEF

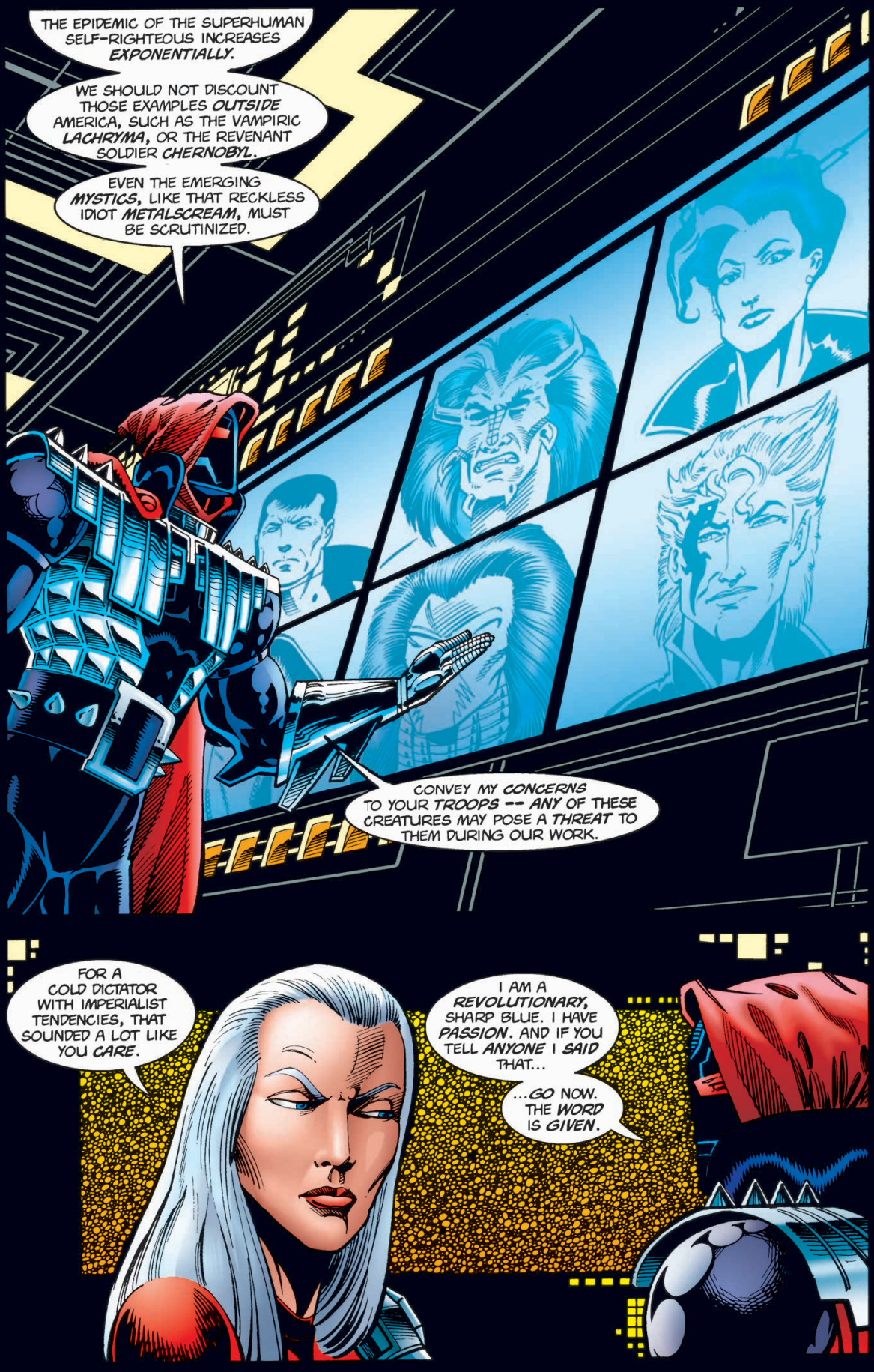
FROM: DOOM TO ALL MINISTERS AND AIDES
RE: BACKGROUND TO THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY IS A VESTIGIAL ORGAN. PRESIDENT ACTS AS ARBITRATOR IN DISPUTES BETWEEN THE MEGACORPS THAT TRULY RULE AMERICA.
"PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS" ARE MERELY CIRCUSES DISGUISING THE INVESTITURE OF ONE SYMPATHETIC TO CERTAIN BUSINESS INTERESTS.
HOWEVER, PRESIDENTIAL POWERS WERE NEVER REPEALED. THEY SIMPLY BECAME UNNECESSARY AND HAVE BEEN IGNORED.

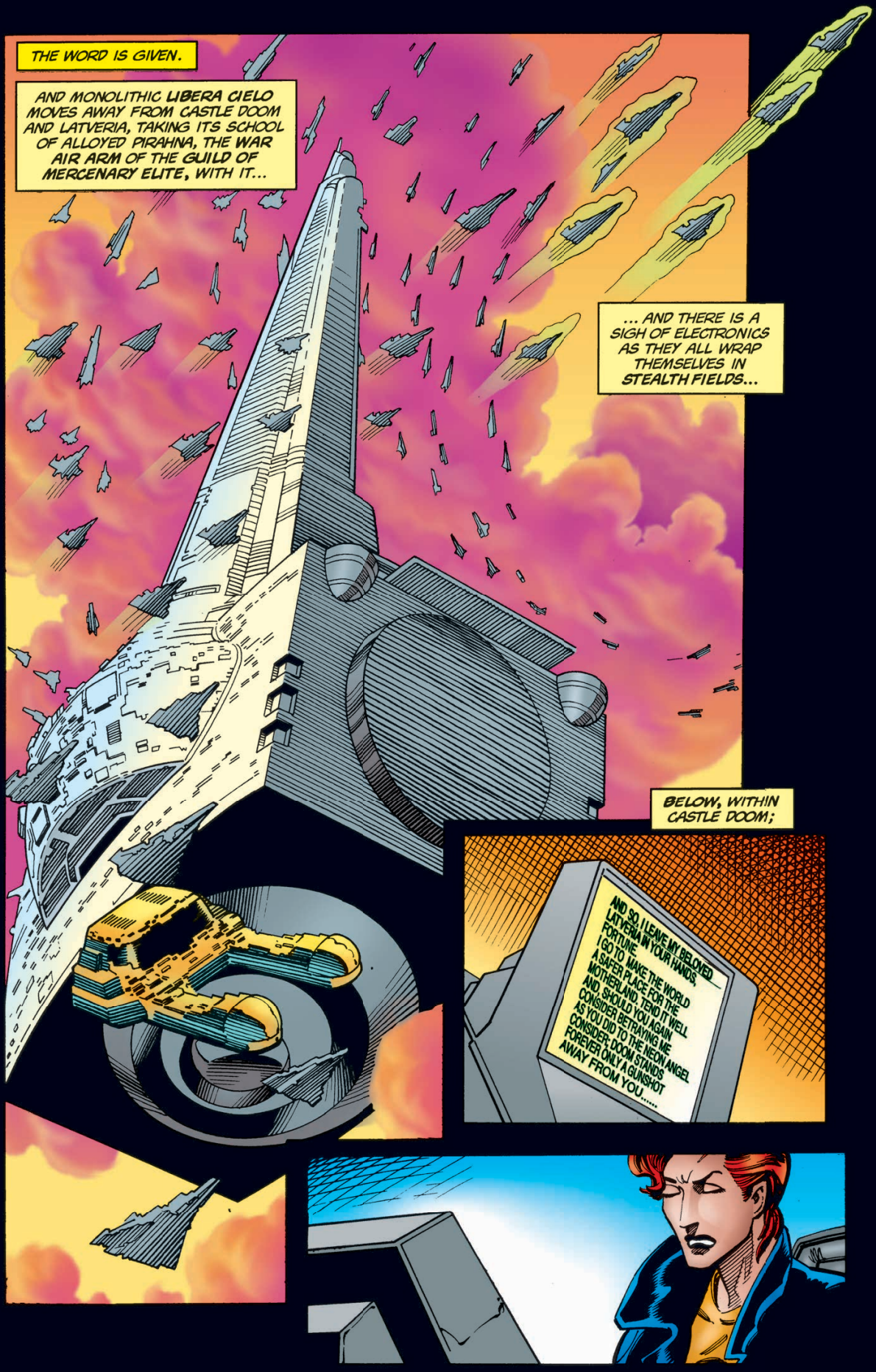
DOOM
2099

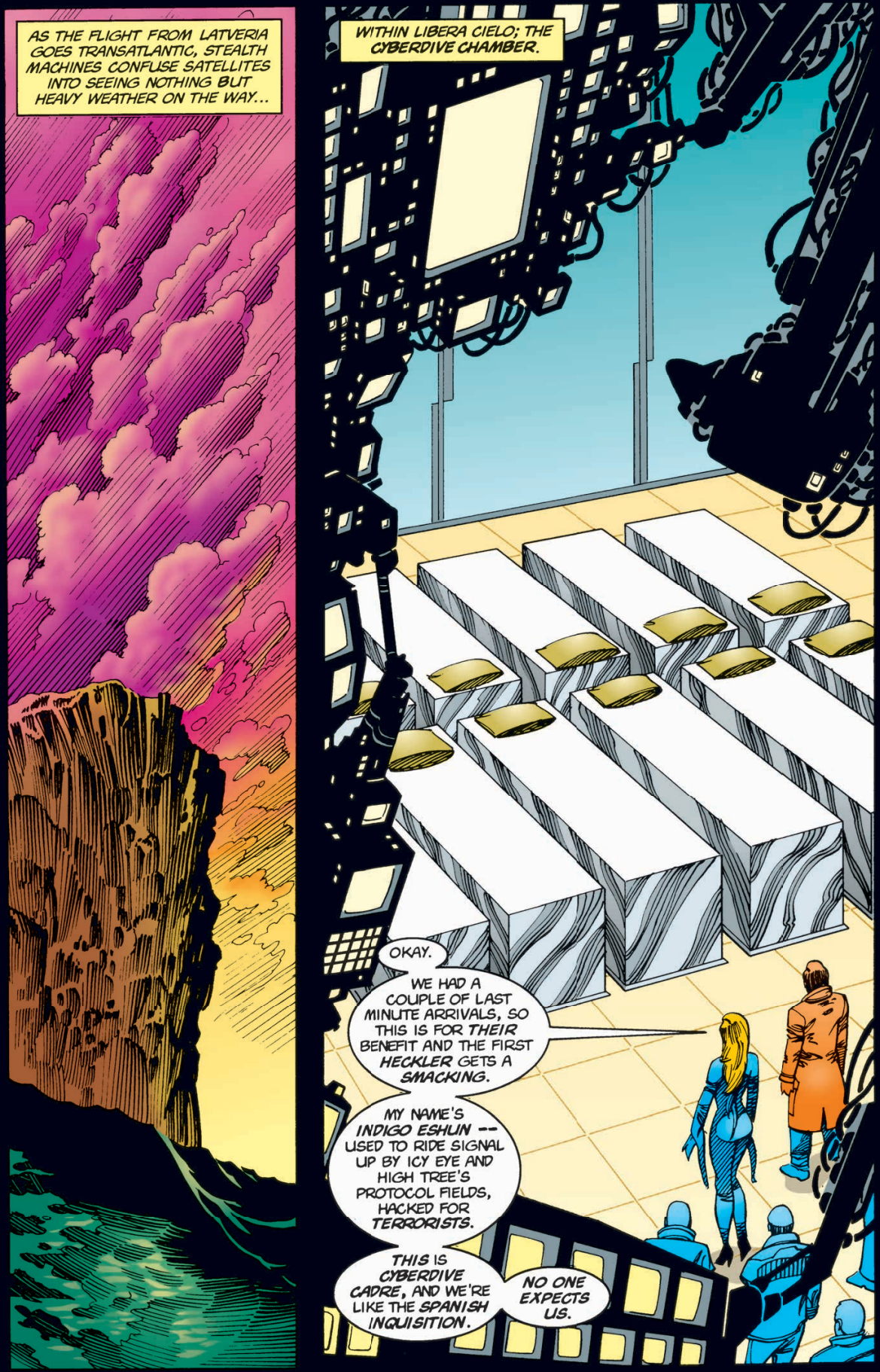
OUR TASK IS TO ENTER AMERICA, CUT OFF THE SENATE, TAKE OVER THE WHITE HOUSE AND REPOWER THE PRESIDENCY--
-- INVESTING MYSELF AS THE PRESIDENT OF WHAT REMAINS OF THOSE UNITED STATES.

END TRANSMISSION.
SHARP BLUE -- IT IS SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTING TO SEE A PROFESSIONAL WARRIOR LOOKING SO PENSIVE.
THINKING IS WHAT'S LET ME SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BECOME PROFESSIONAL.
YOU KNOW, MY ANCESTORS WERE FIGHTERS. BUT THEY ONLY EVER FOUGHT FOR CAUSES. FOR HONOR, IF YOU LIKE.
I BECAME A GUILD OF ELITE MERCENARY BECAUSE I THOUGHT THERE WERE NO MORE "CAUSES" NOT INVOLVING MONEY.
I BECOME LIKE THE WORLD.
AND NOW, HERE I AM... AND I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME AN HONEST CAUSE.

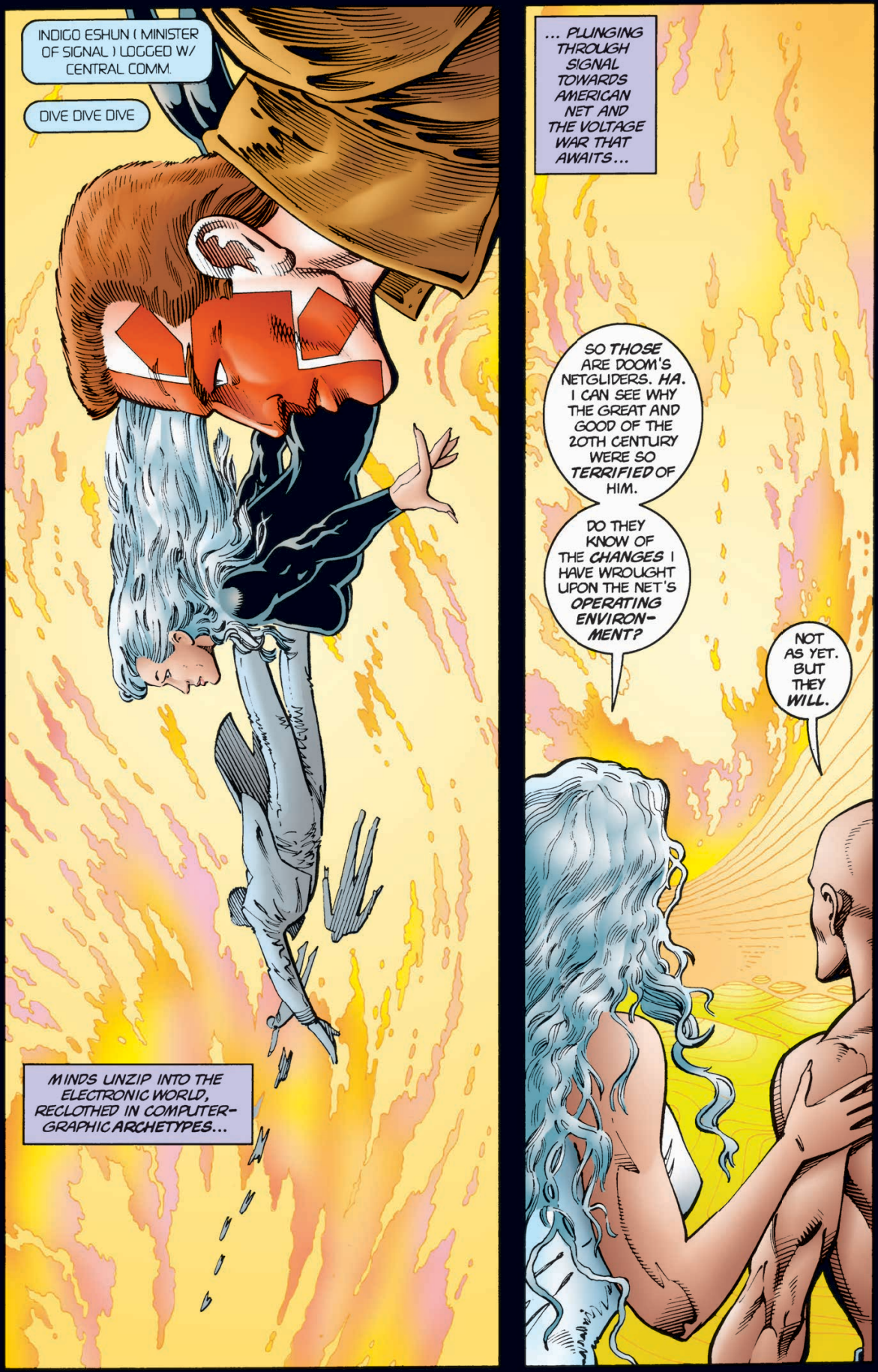
AND IF YOU TELL ANYONE I SAID ANY OF THAT, I'LL BOIL YOU IN YOUR ARMOR.
MY LIPS ARE SEALED. NOW, PLEASE REGARD THE WORLD-BOARD--
-- AS I ILLUSTRATE THE WILD CARDS IN OUR LITTLE GAME.
SUPER-HUMAN ADVENTURERS. YES.
THESE ARE PERSONS, FOR THE MOST PART, WITH INFERIOR ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT.
THEY MAY INTERFERE. THEY MAY IRRITATE. I KNOW ONLY THAT THEIR ACTIONS WILL BE RANDOM AND UNINTELLIGENT.

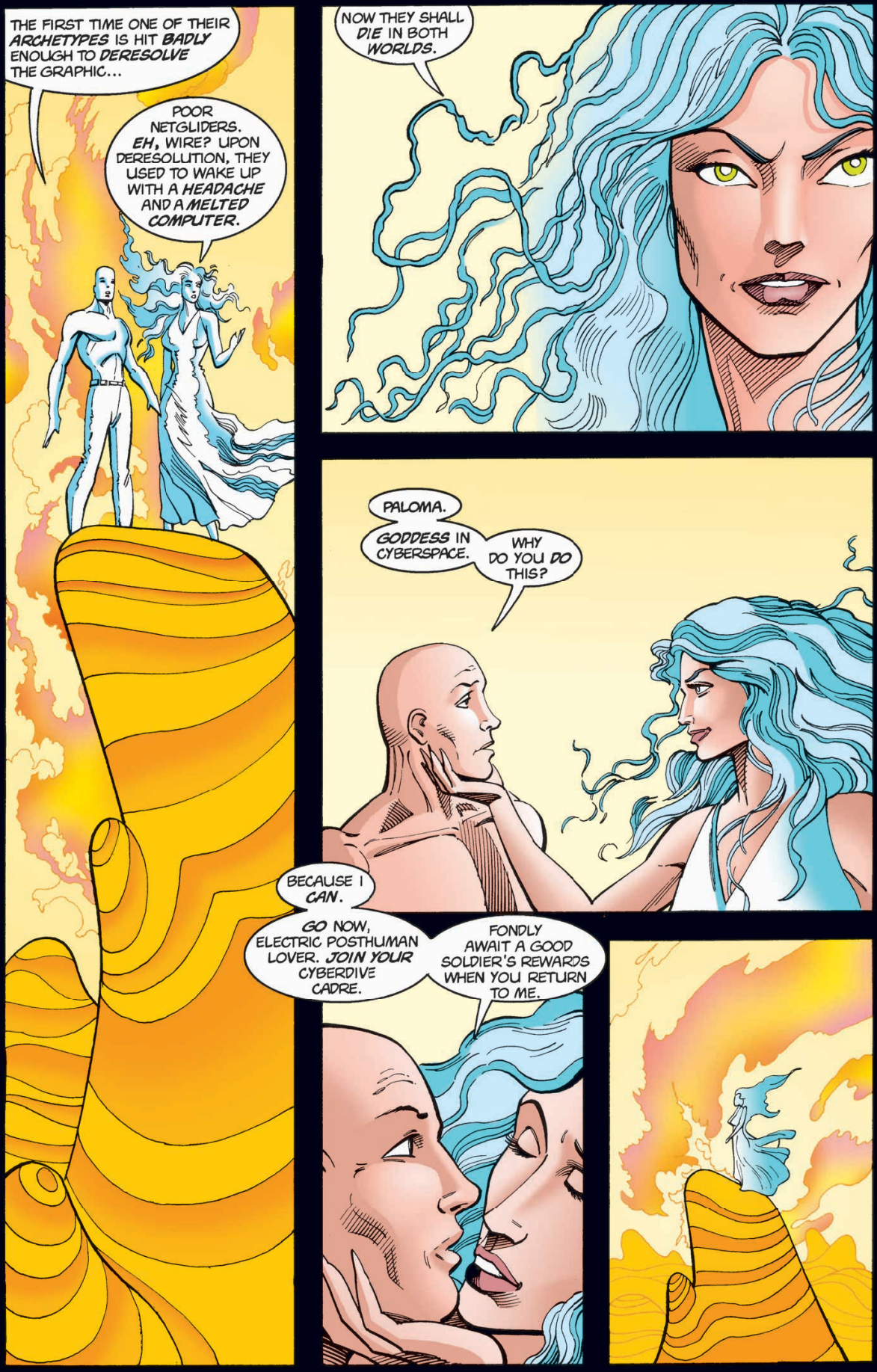

THE EPIDEMIC OF THE SUPERHUMAN SELF-RIGHTEOUS INCREASES EXPONENTIALLY.
WE SHOULD NOT DISCOUNT THOSE EXAMPLES OUTSIDE AMERICA, SUCH AS THE VAMPIRIC LACHRYMA, OR THE REVENANT SOLDIER CHERNOBYL.
EVEN THE EMERGING MYSTICS, LIKE THAT RECKLESS IDIOT METALSCREAM, MUST BE SCRUTINIZED.
CONVEY MY CONCERNS TO YOUR TROOPS -- ANY OF THESE CREATURES MAY POSE A THREAT TO THEM DURING OUR WORK.
FOR A COLD DICTATOR WITH IMPERIALIST TENDENCIES, THAT SOUNDED A LOT LIKE YOU CARE.
I AM A REVOLUTIONARY, SHARP BLUE. I HAVE PASSION. AND IF YOU TELL ANYONE I SAID THAT...
...GO NOW. THE WORD IS GIVEN.

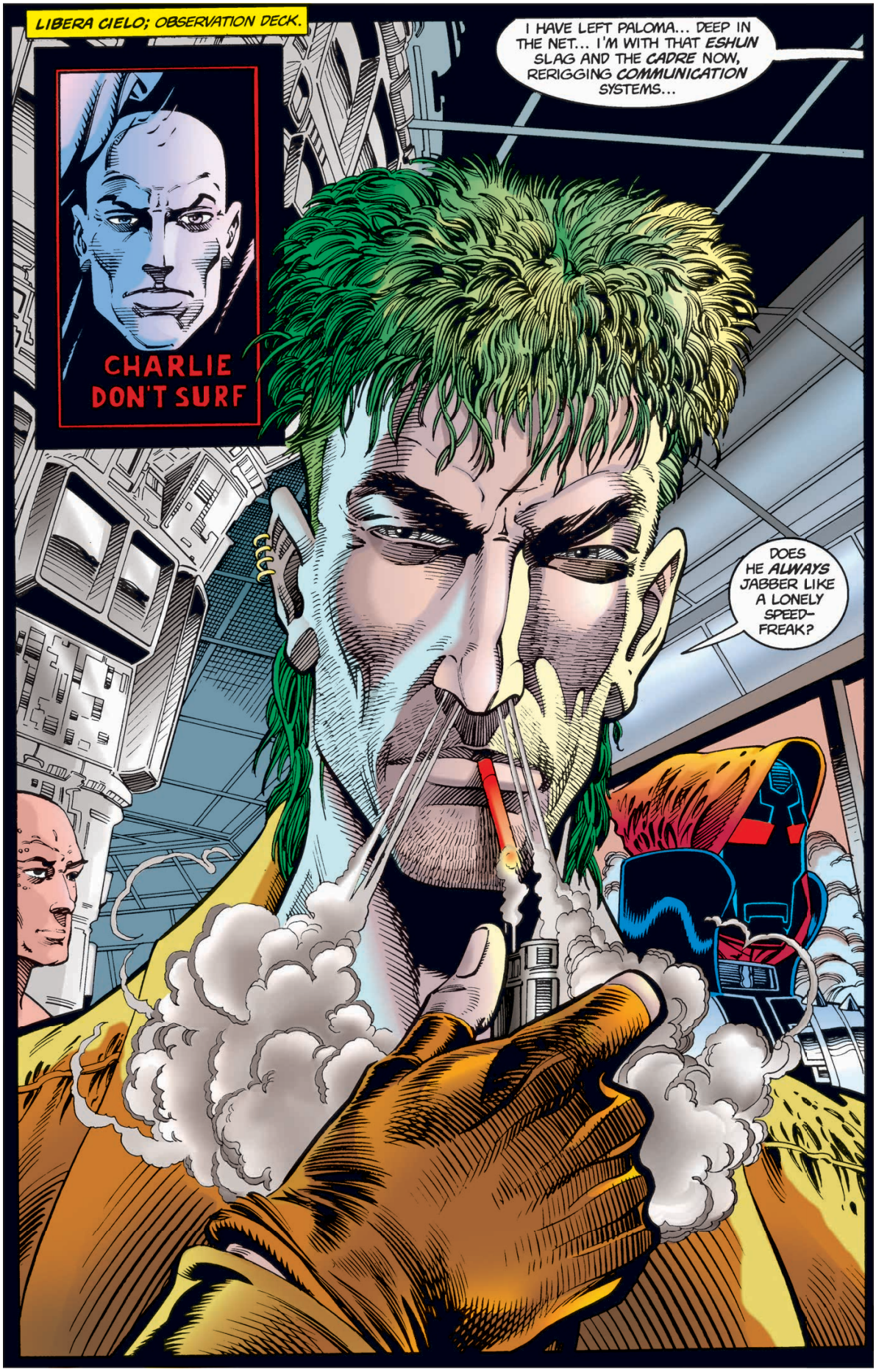

THE WORD IS GIVEN.
AND MONOLITHIC LIBERA CIELO MOVES AWAY FROM CASTLE DOOM AND LATVERIA, TAKING ITS SCHOOL OF ALLOYED PIRAHNA, THE WAR AIR ARM OF THE GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE, WITH IT...
... AND THERE IS A SIGH OF ELECTRONICS AS THEY ALL WRAP THEMSELVES IN STEALTH FIELDS...
BELOW, WITHIN CASTLE DOOM;
AND SO, I LEAVE MY BELOVED LATVERIA IN YOUR HANDS, FORTUNE. I GO TO MAKE THE WORLD A SAFER PLACE FOR THE MOTHERLAND. TEND IT WELL AND, SHOULD YOU AGAIN CONSIDER BETRAYING ME AS YOU DID TO THE NEON ANGEL CONSIDER: DOOM STANDS FOREVER ONLY A GUNSHOT AWAY FROM YOU.....

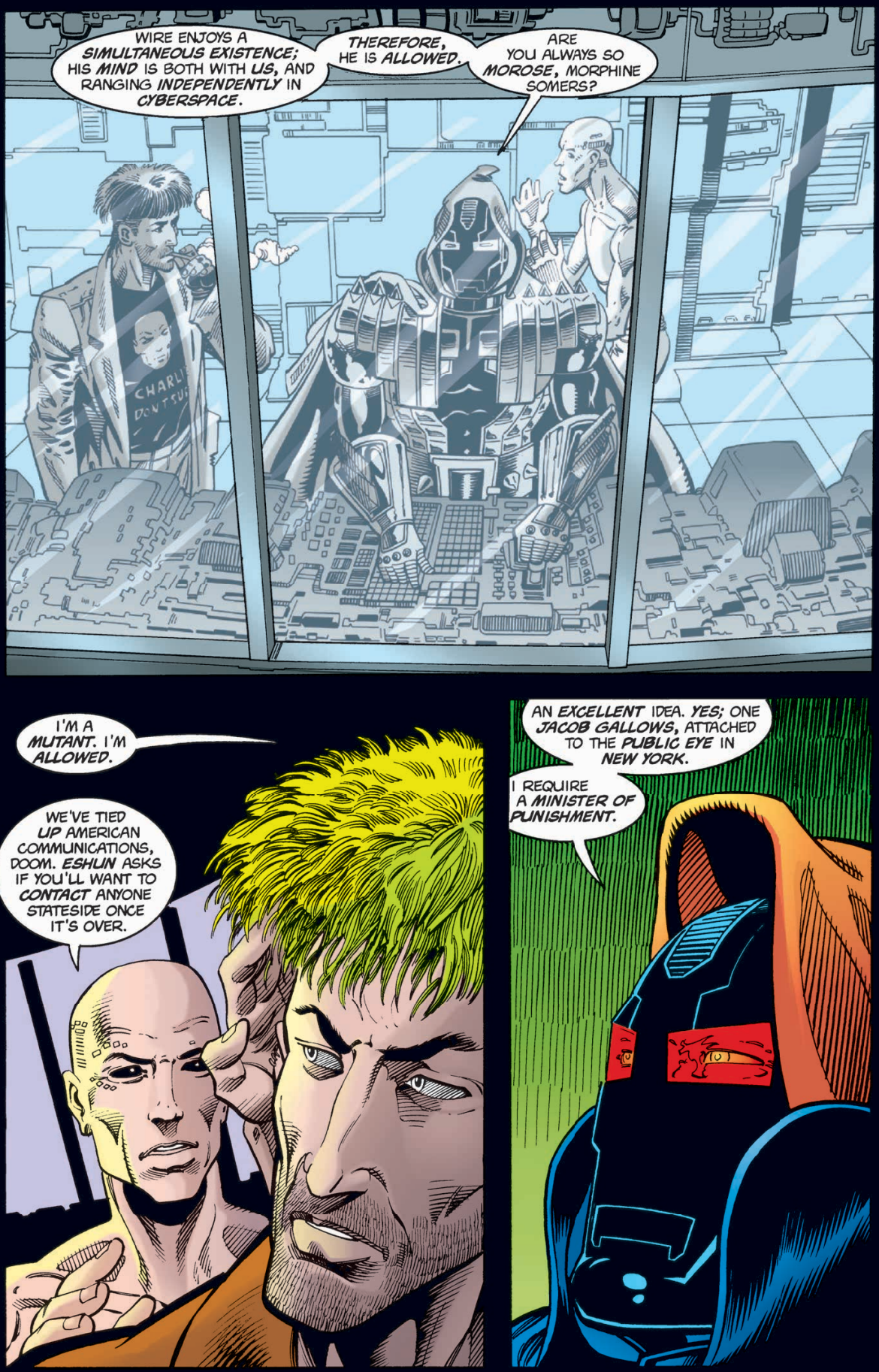

AS THE FLIGHT FROM LATVERIA GOES TRANSATLANTIC, STEALTH MACHINES CONFUSE SATELLITES INTO SEEING NOTHING BUT HEAVY WEATHER ON THE WAY...
WITHIN LIBERA CIELO; THE CYBERDIVE CHAMBER.
OKAY.
WE HAD A COUPLE OF LAST MINUTE ARRIVALS, SO THIS IS FOR THEIR BENEFIT AND THE FIRST HECKLER GETS A SMACKING.
MY NAME'S INDIGO ESHUN -- USED TO RIDE SIGNAL UP BY ICY EYE AND HIGH TREE'S PROTOCOL FIELDS, HACKED FOR TERRORISTS.
THIS IS CYBERDIVE CADRE, AND WE'RE LIKE THE SPANISH INQUISITION.
NO ONE EXPECTS US.

WE'RE THE FIRST REALLY ORGANIZED TEAM OF NETGLIDERS IN THE WORLD.
AFTER THIS LITTLE STUNT, NO ONE'S GOING TO TREAT NETGLIDERS WITH CONTEMPT OR INDIFFERENCE ANYMORE.
NOW, I KNOW SOME OF YOU ARE HERE FOR THE MONEY -- DOOM'S PAYING US LIKE MEGACORP EXECS, I KNOW --
-- BUT I'M HERE FOR THE KICKS AND THE PROMISES DOOM MADE.
FREEDOM OF INFORMATION. PUBLIC CYBERSPACE JACKBOOTHS ON STREETCORNERS. TECH ADVANCES.
I'M HERE FOR THE FUTURE.
END OF SERMON. LET'S GET SOME NET UNDER OUR FEET.
SMOKE ME A KIPPER, CAT ME DEARIE -- I'LL BE BACK FOR BREAKFAST.
YEAH, RIGHT BACK AFTER THESE MESSAGES...
CYBERDIVE CADRE; LAUNCH PROTOCOLS LODGED; RUNNING...


INDIGO ESHUN (MINISTER OF SIGNAL) LOGGED W/ CENTRAL COMM.
DIVE DIVE DIVE
MINDS UNZIP INTO THE ELECTRONIC WORLD, RECLOTHED IN COMPUTER-GRAPHIC ARCHETYPES...
... PLUNGING THROUGH SIGNAL TOWARDS AMERICAN NET AND THE VOLTAGE WAR THAT AWAITS...
SO THOSE ARE DOOM'S NETGLIDERS. HA. I CAN SEE WHY THE GREAT AND GOOD OF THE 20TH CENTURY WERE SO TERRIFIED OF HIM.
DO THEY KNOW OF THE CHANGES I HAVE WROUGHT UPON THE NET'S OPERATING ENVIRON-MENT?
NOT AS YET. BUT THEY WILL.

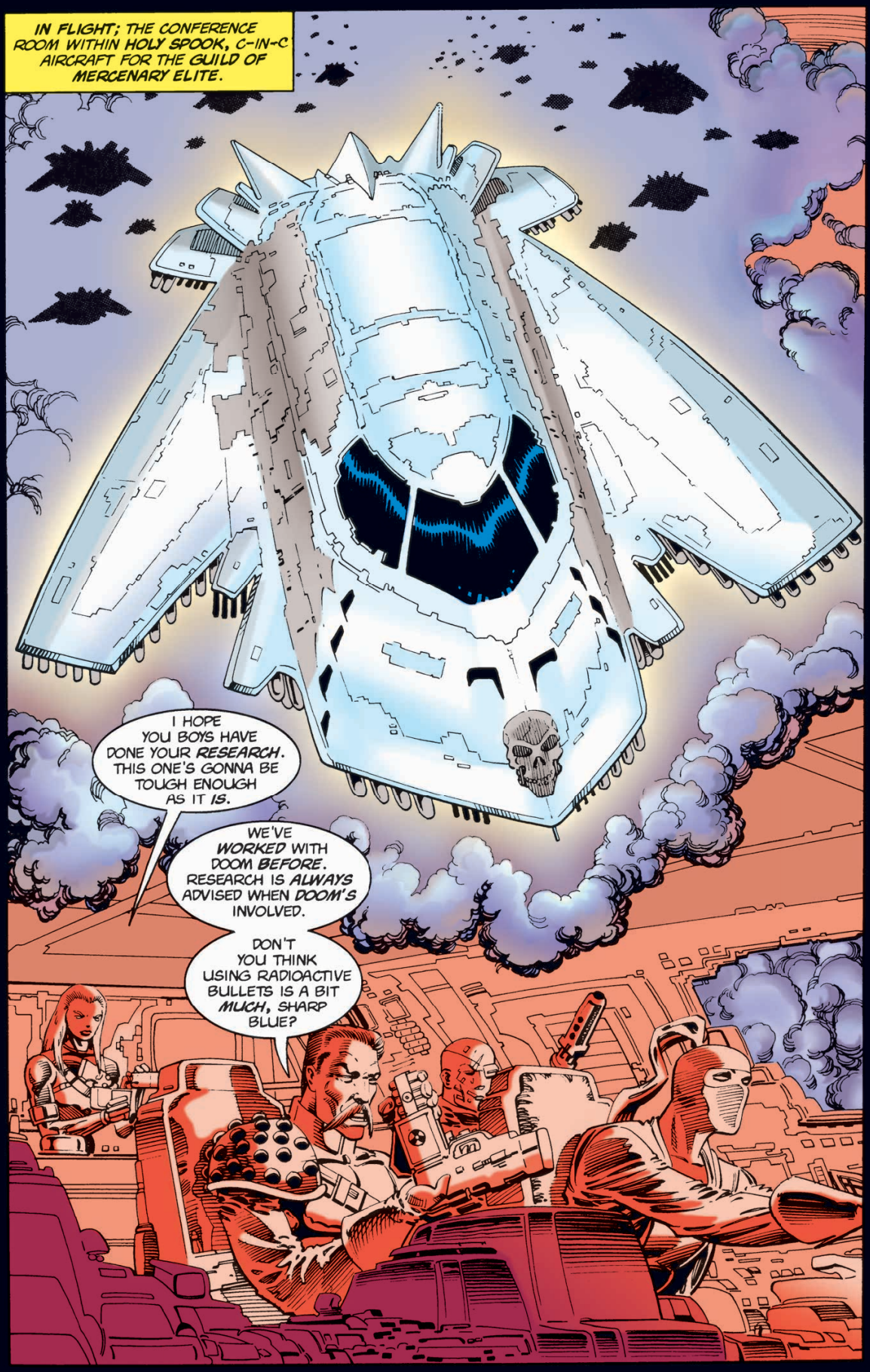

THE FIRST TIME ONE OF THEIR ARCHETYPES IS HIT BADLY ENOUGH TO DERESOLVE THE GRAPHIC...
POOR NETGLIDERS. EH, WIRE? UPON DERESOLUTION, THEY USED TO WAKE UP WITH A HEADACHE AND A MELTED COMPUTER.
NOW THEY SHALL DIE IN BOTH WORLDS.
PALOMA.
GODDESS IN CYBERSPACE.
WHY DO YOU DO THIS?
BECAUSE I CAN.
GO NOW, ELECTRIC POSTHUMAN LOVER. JOIN YOUR CYBERDIVE CADRE.
FONDLY AWAIT A GOOD SOLDIER'S REWARDS WHEN YOU RETURN TO ME.

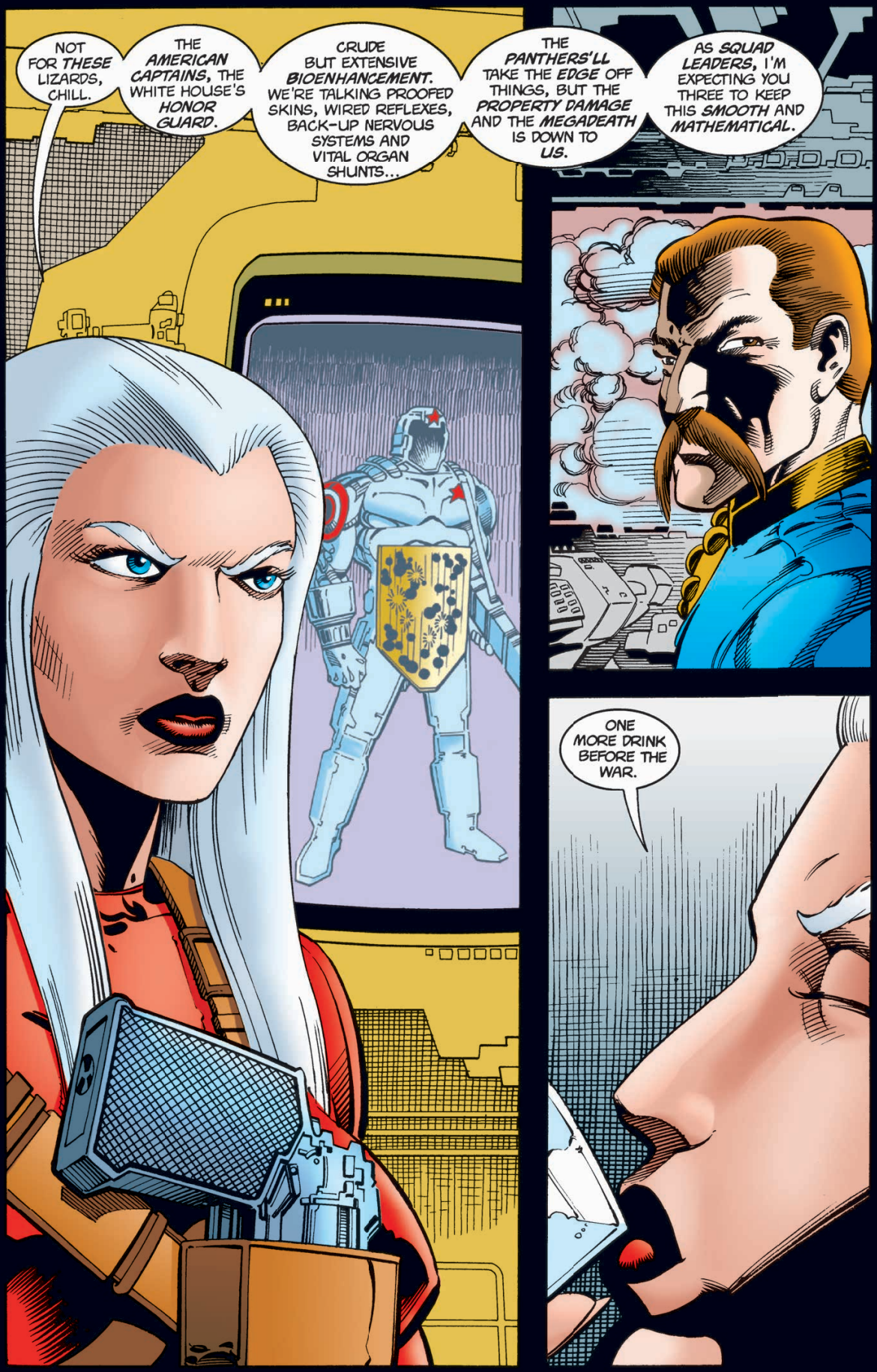

LIBERA CIELO; OBSERVATION DECK.
I HAVE LEFT PALOMA... DEEP IN THE NET... I'M WITH THAT ESHUN SLAG AND THE CADRE NOW, RERIGGING COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS...
CHARLIE DON'T SURF
DOES HE ALWAYS JABBER LIKE A LONELY SPEED-FREAK?

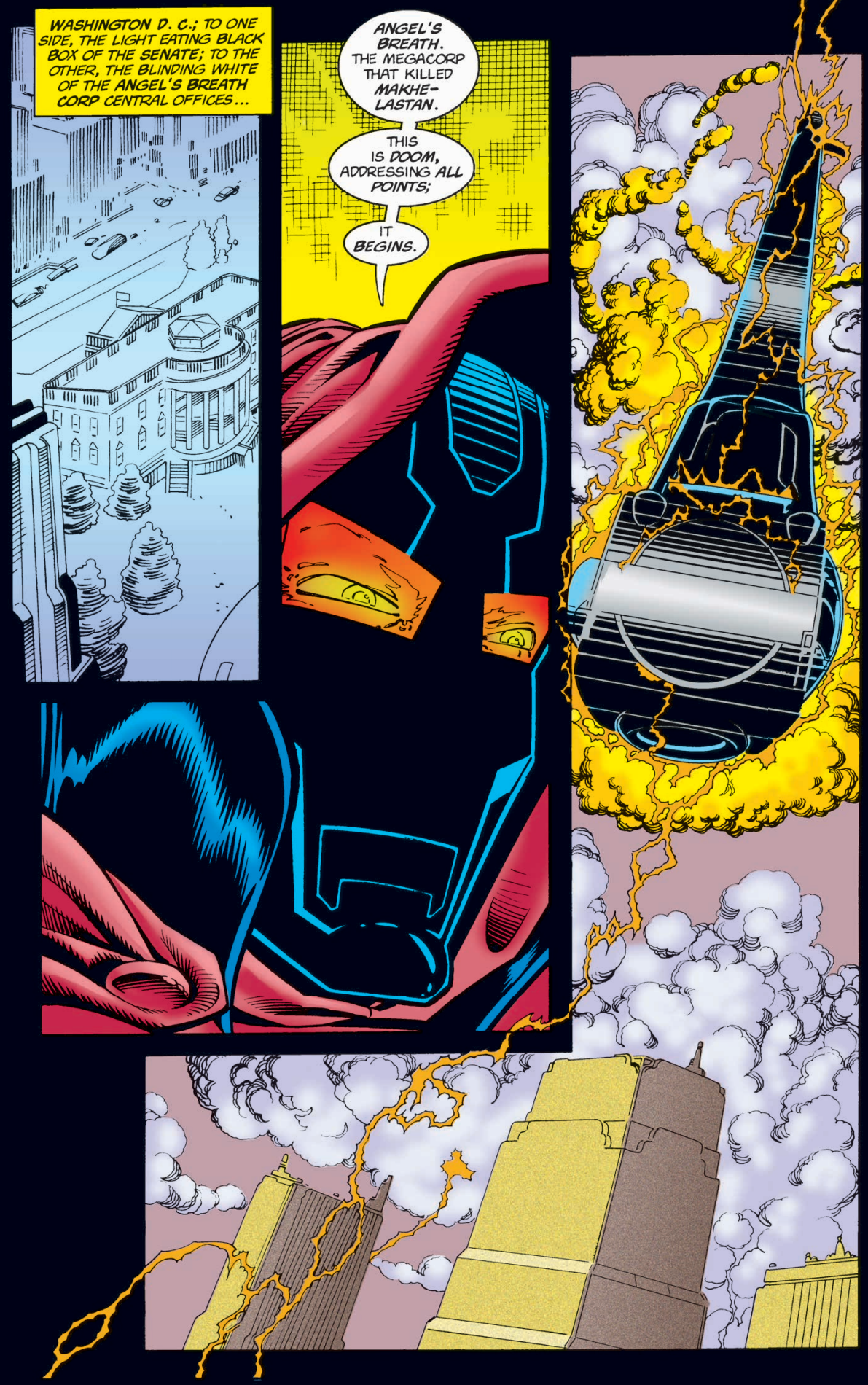

WIRE ENJOYS A SIMULTANEOUS EXISTENCE; HIS MIND IS BOTH WITH US, AND RANGING INDEPENDENTLY IN CYBERSPACE.
THEREFORE, HE IS ALLOWED.
ARE YOU ALWAYS SO MOROSE, MORPHINE SOMERS?
I'M A MUTANT. I'M ALLOWED.
WE'VE TIED UP AMERICAN COMMUNICATIONS, DOOM. ESHUN ASKS IF YOU'LL WANT TO CONTACT ANYONE STATESIDE ONCE IT'S OVER.
AN EXCELLENT IDEA. YES; ONE JACOB GALLOWS, ATTACHED TO THE PUBLIC EYE IN NEW YORK.
I REQUIRE A MINISTER OF PUNISHMENT.

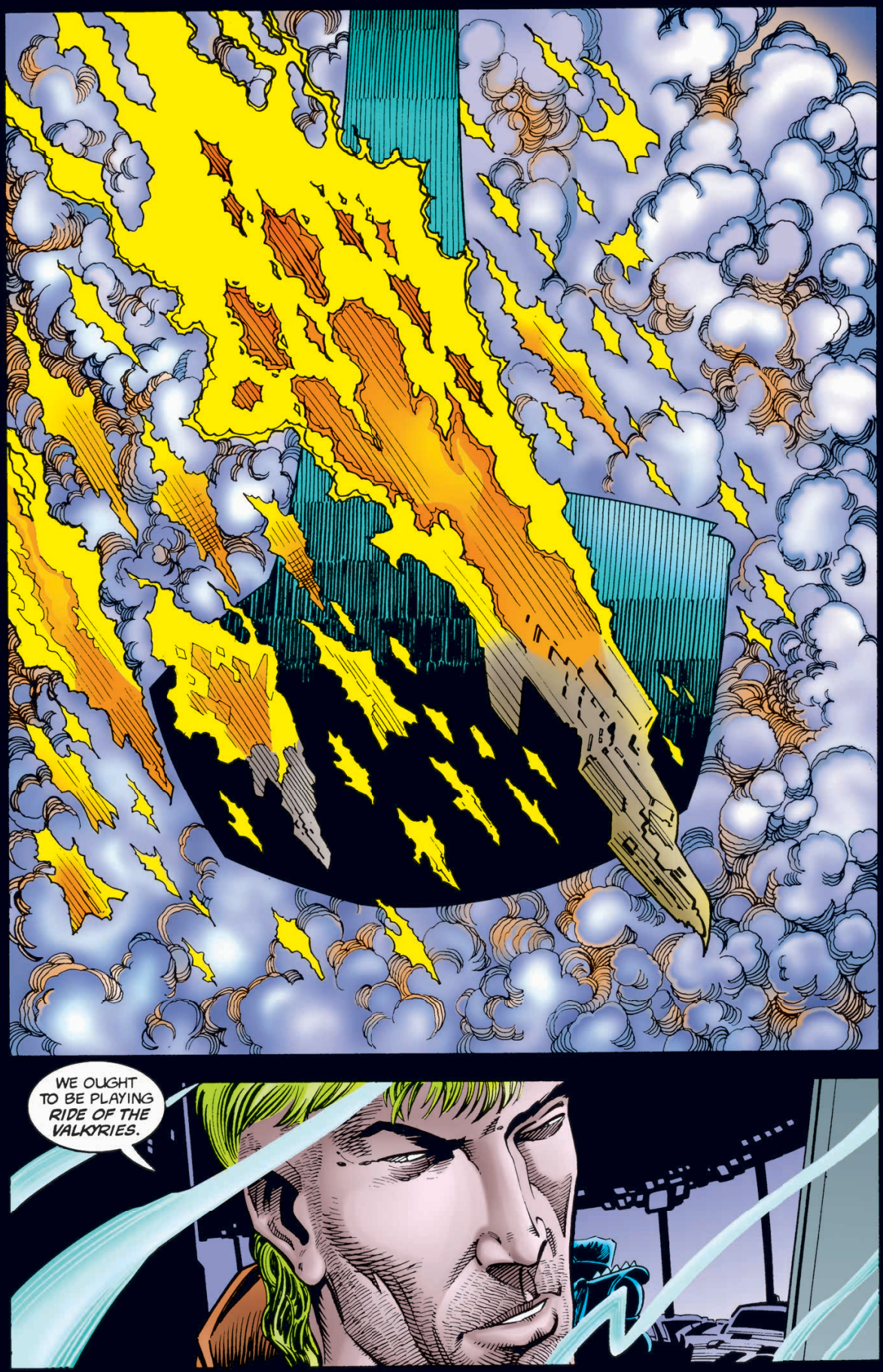
IN FLIGHT; THE STRIKE VEHICLE OF THE PANTHER'S RAGE, HEADED BY COMMANDER / MINISTER OF ENEMY RELATIONS NKRUMAH.
BE ADVISED, MY BEAUTIFUL KILLERS -- THE FORTHCOMING MURDER IS A MATTER OF REPUTATION. NOT HONOR.
THERE IS A DIFFERENCE. THERE IS NOTHING REGAL ABOUT THIS WORK.
WE ARE BEING EMPLOYED AS GODS AND GODDESSES OF VIOLENCE. IF WE FAIL, WAKANDA AND THE QUEEN LOSE FACE.

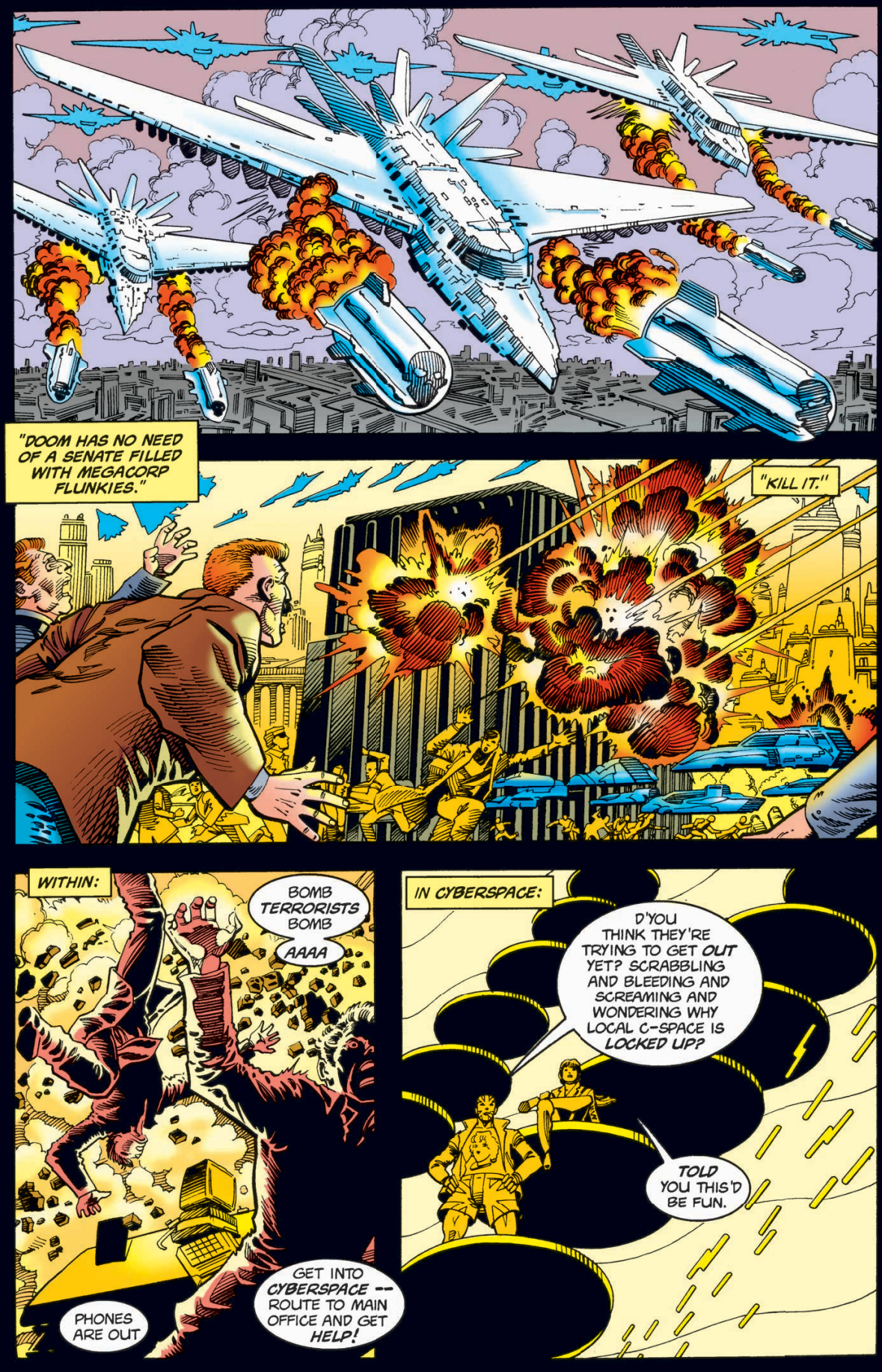
BESIDES... WHO'D WANT TO MISS A CHANCE TO KILL AMERICANS AND GET PAID FOR IT?
NOW, THEN. IT IS TIME TO INGEST THE SACRED HERB. PLEASE SPEAK THE HYMN IN YOUR HEADS.
THIS GIFT, ONCE ONLY TAKEN BY THE PANTHER KINGS OF OUR SECRET HEAVEN, WAKANDA...
THIS MIRACLE, THAT WIDENS OUR EYES, MAKES STONE OF OUR FISTS AND BUILDS STORMS IN OUR MUSCLES...
TAKE THOSE SHADES OFF, XANDRA.

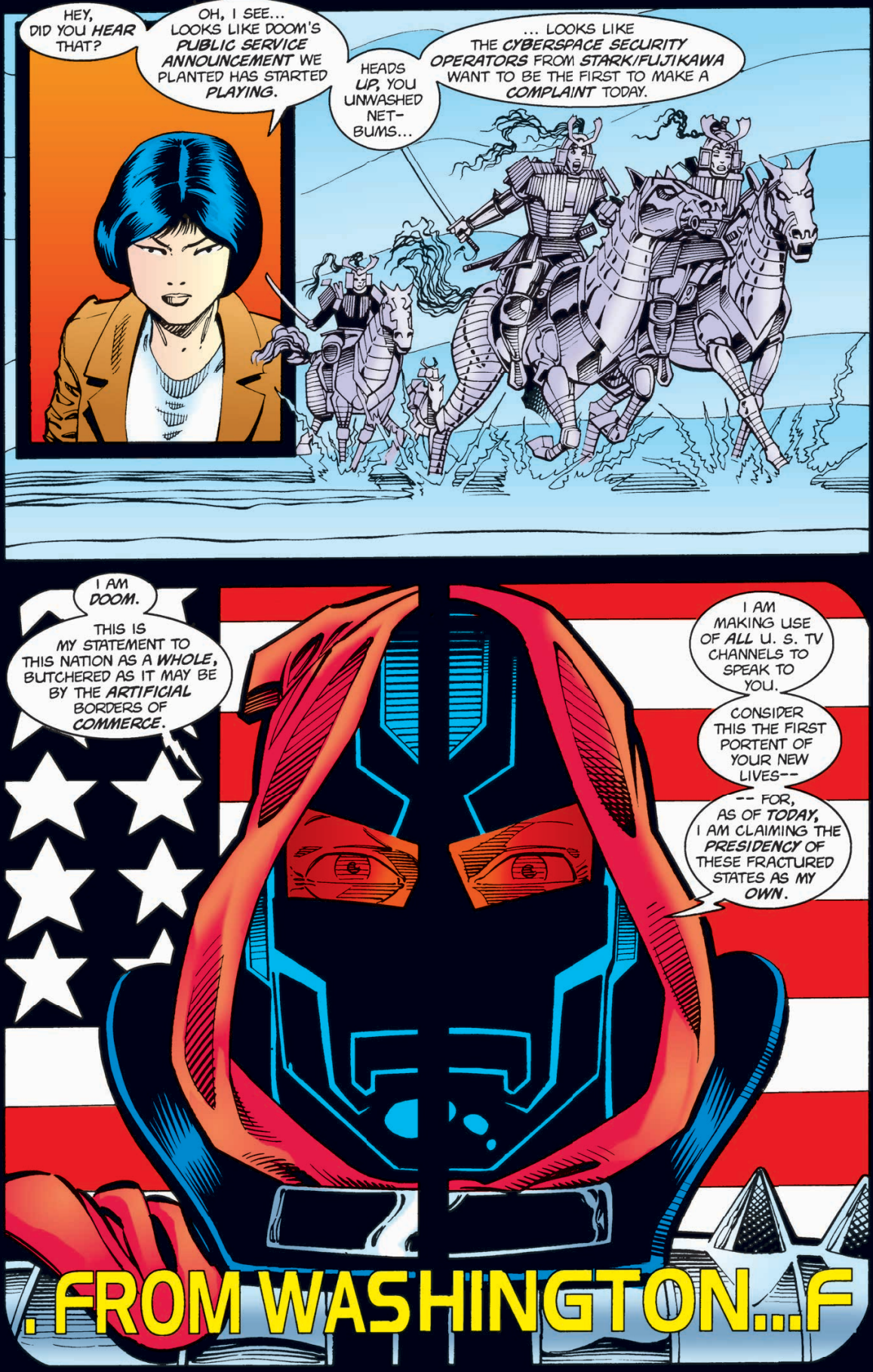

IN FLIGHT; THE CONFERENCE ROOM WITHIN HOLY SPOOK, C-IN-C AIRCRAFT FOR THE GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE.
I HOPE YOU BOYS HAVE DONE YOUR RESEARCH. THIS ONE'S GONNA BE TOUGH ENOUGH AS IT IS.
WE'VE WORKED WITH DOOM BEFORE. RESEARCH IS ALWAYS ADVISED WHEN DOOM'S INVOLVED.
DON'T YOU THINK USING RADIOACTIVE BULLETS IS A BIT MUCH, SHARP BLUE?


NOT FOR THESE LIZARDS, CHILL.
THE AMERICAN CAPTAINS, THE WHITE HOUSE'S HONOR GUARD.
CRUDE BUT EXTENSIVE BIOENHANCEMENT. WE'RE TALKING PROOFED SKINS, WIRED REFLEXES, BACK-UP NERVOUS SYSTEMS AND VITAL ORGAN SHUNTS...
THE PANTHERS'LL TAKE THE EDGE OFF THINGS, BUT THE PROPERTY DAMAGE AND THE MEGADEATH IS DOWN TO US.
AS SQUAD LEADERS, I'M EXPECTING YOU THREE TO KEEP THIS SMOOTH AND MATHEMATICAL.
ONE MORE DRINK BEFORE THE WAR.


WASHINGTON D. C.; TO ONE SIDE, THE LIGHT EATING BLACK BOX OF THE SENATE; TO THE OTHER, THE BLINDING WHITE OF THE ANGEL'S BREATH CORP CENTRAL OFFICES...
ANGEL'S BREATH. THE MEGACORP THAT KILLED MAKHE-LASTAN.
THIS IS DOOM, ADDRESSING ALL POINTS;
IT BEGINS.

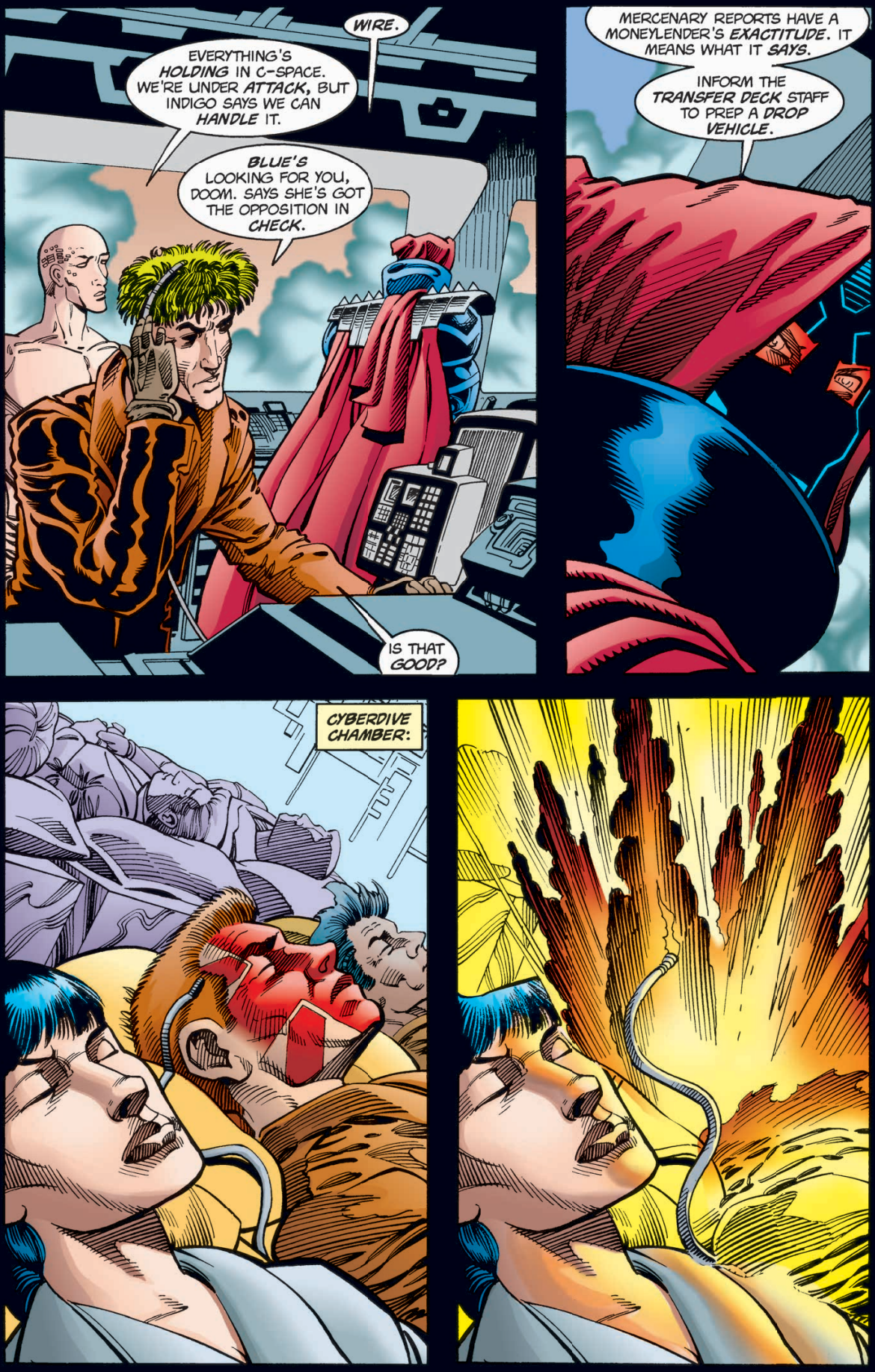

WE OUGHT TO BE PLAYING *RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES.*


"DOOM HAS NO NEED OF A SENATE FILLED WITH MEGACORP FLUNKIES."
"KILL IT."
WITHIN:
BOMB
TERRORISTS
BOMB
AAAA
PHONES ARE OUT
GET INTO CYBERSPACE -- ROUTE TO MAIN OFFICE AND GET HELP!
IN CYBERSPACE:
D'YOU THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO GET OUT YET? SCRABBLING AND BLEEDING AND SCREAMING AND WONDERING WHY LOCAL C-SPACE IS LOCKED UP?
TOLD YOU THIS'D BE FUN.

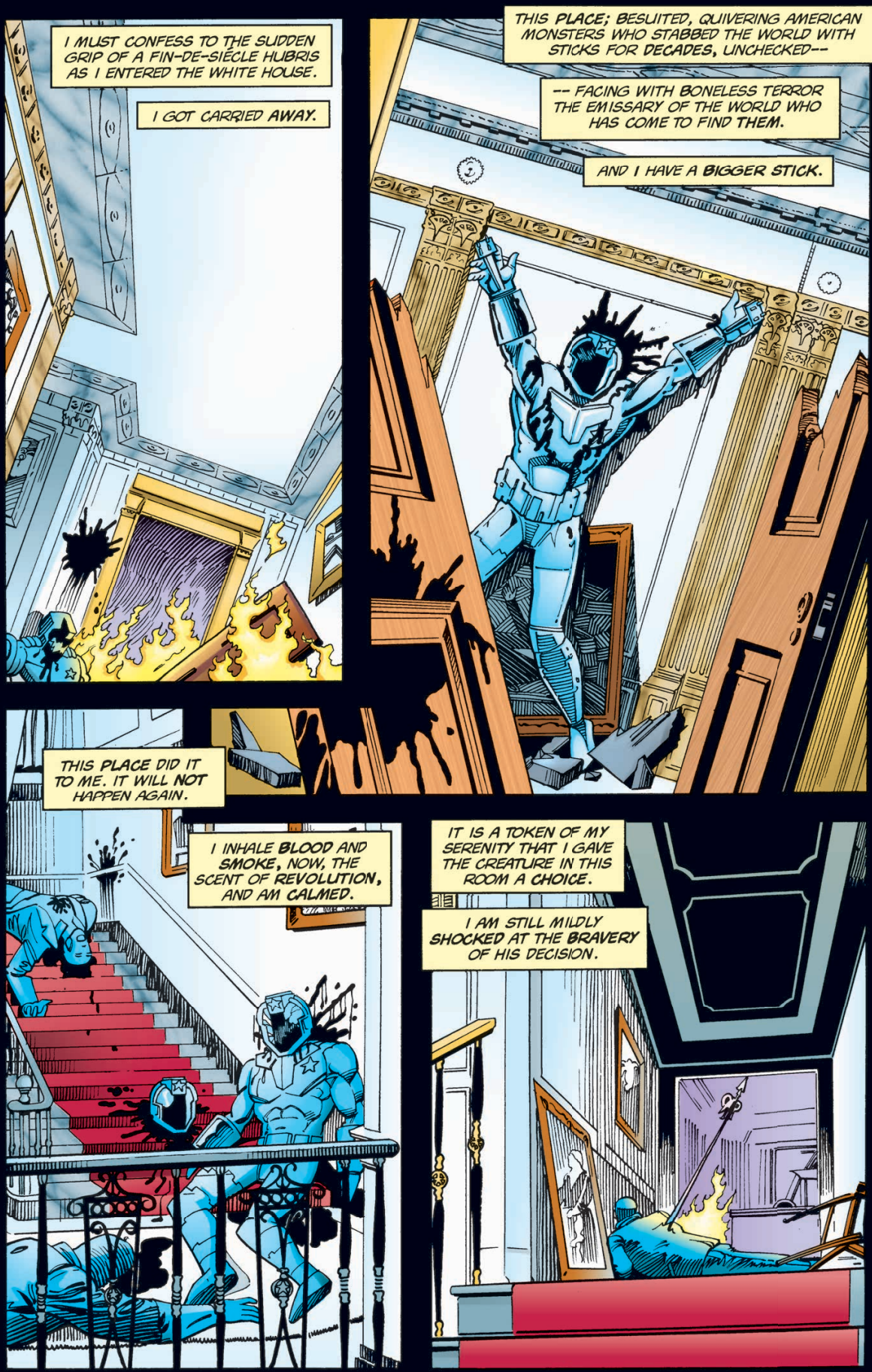

HEY, DID YOU HEAR THAT?
OH, I SEE... LOOKS LIKE DOOM'S PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT WE PLANTED HAS STARTED PLAYING.
HEADS UP, YOU UNWASHED NET-BUMS...
... LOOKS LIKE THE CYBERSPACE SECURITY OPERATORS FROM STARK/FUJIKAWA WANT TO BE THE FIRST TO MAKE A COMPLAINT TODAY.
I AM DOOM.
THIS IS MY STATEMENT TO THIS NATION AS A WHOLE, BUTCHERED AS IT MAY BE BY THE ARTIFICIAL BORDERS OF COMMERCE.
I AM MAKING USE OF ALL U. S. TV CHANNELS TO SPEAK TO YOU.
CONSIDER THIS THE FIRST PORTENT OF YOUR NEW LIVES--
-- FOR, AS OF TODAY, I AM CLAIMING THE PRESIDENCY OF THESE FRACTURED STATES AS MY OWN.
. FROM WASHINGTON...F

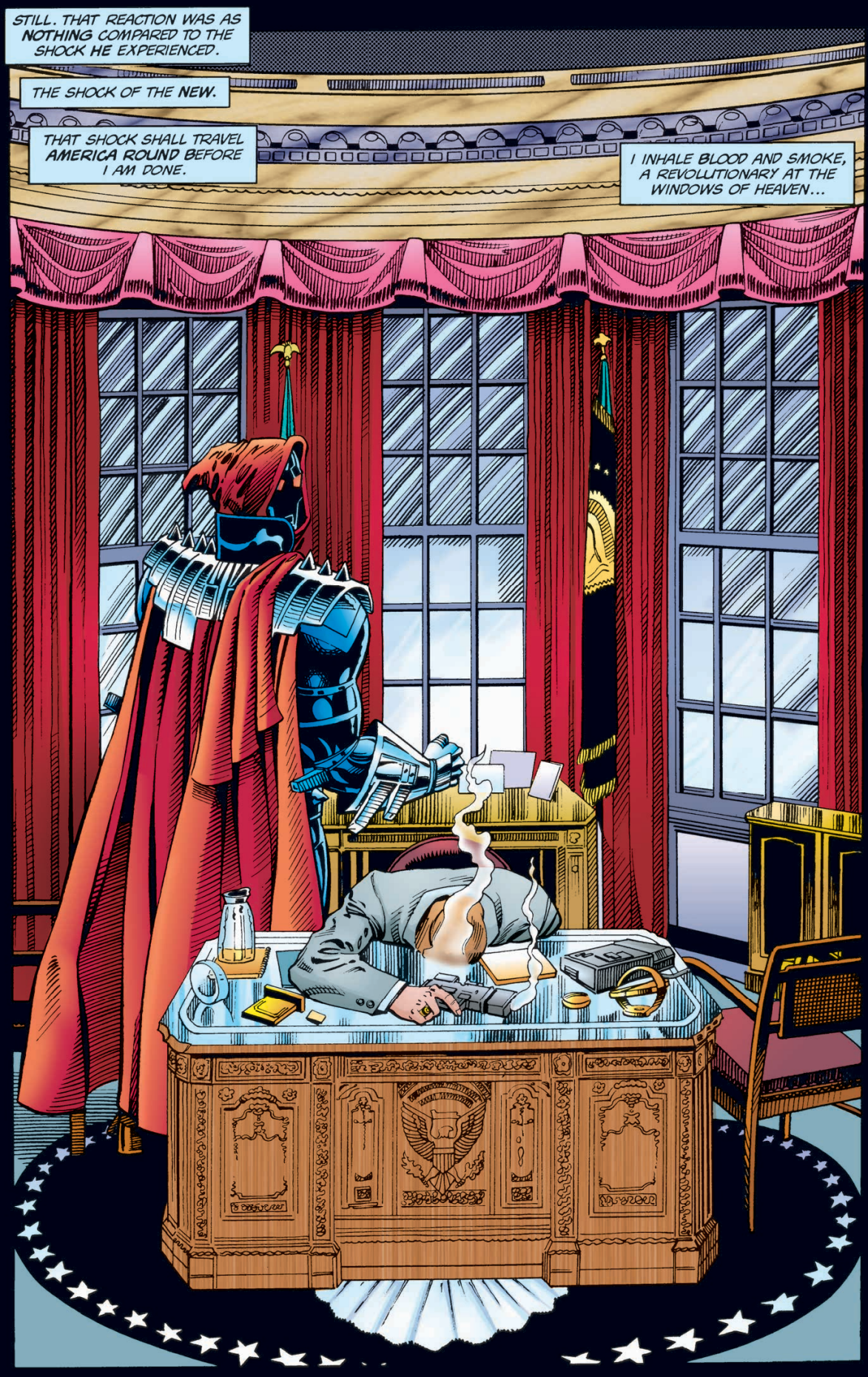
"YOUR CURRENT PRESIDENT DOES NOT CONSIDER YOU HIS PROTECTORATE. HE DOESN'T CONSIDER YOU AT ALL.
"YOUR LIVES ARE INDENTURED TO CORPORATIONS, OR ELSE TREATED AS DISEASES TO BE STAMPED OUT.
"YOUR PRESIDENT, OWNED AS HE IS BY COMMERCE, OFFERS NO SOLUTION TO THE HORROR OF YOUR EXISTENCE.
"HE IS MERELY THE MOST OBVIOUS PUSTULE IN THE INFECTION OF AMERICA.
"I AM HERE TO CURE YOU.
"I INVEST MYSELF AS PRESIDENT BY RIGHT OF REVOLUTION. ALL PRESIDENTIAL POWERS GIFTED BY THE CONSTITUTION ARE HEREBY REACTIVATED.
"THE SENATE, EMPOWERED TO VETO THIS, ARE IN AGREEMENT, AS PROVEN BY THEIR SILENCE.

"MY FIRST ACT IS TO COMMAND THE MERGING OF ALL PAID POLICE FORCES, SUCH AS PUBLIC EYE AND CSS--
"-- INTO A SINGLE NATIONAL POLICE SERVICE. I SHALL ENTITLE THIS SERVICE S.H.I.E.L.D.
"THEIR FIRST ACT SHALL BE TO ENFORCE MARTIAL LAW, FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOURSELVES, THE CITIZENRY.
"THIS SHALL INVOLVE THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF ALL HEADS OF MEGACORPS AND TRANSNATS.
"NON-COMPLIANCE BY EITHER PAID POLICE FORCES OR MEGACORPS WILL BE CONSIDERED AN ACT OF WAR.
"THUS DOES DOOM TAKE HIS FIRST STRIDE TOWARDS SAVING YOU FROM THE RUTHLESS MACHINE OF AMERICAN COMMERCE."


WIRE.
EVERYTHING'S HOLDING IN C-SPACE. WE'RE UNDER ATTACK, BUT INDIGO SAYS WE CAN HANDLE IT.
BLUE'S LOOKING FOR YOU, DOOM. SAYS SHE'S GOT THE OPPOSITION IN CHECK.
IS THAT GOOD?
MERCENARY REPORTS HAVE A MONEYLENDER'S EXACTITUDE. IT MEANS WHAT IT SAYS.
INFORM THE TRANSFER DECK STAFF TO PREP A DROP VEHICLE.
CYBERDIVE CHAMBER:

MY EMPLOYER. I SHOULD COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR SHOCK TACTICS. THE AMERICANS NEVER REALLY FOUND THEIR FEET.
NKRUMAH.
CONSIDER THE STRIKE AREA SECURE.
THE HOUSE ITSELF IS ANOTHER MATTER. WE HAVE NO INTELLIGENCE ON ANY INTERIOR GUARD...
LEND YOUR PANTHERS' STRENGTH TO THE GUILD.
THE WHITE HOUSE IS MINE.

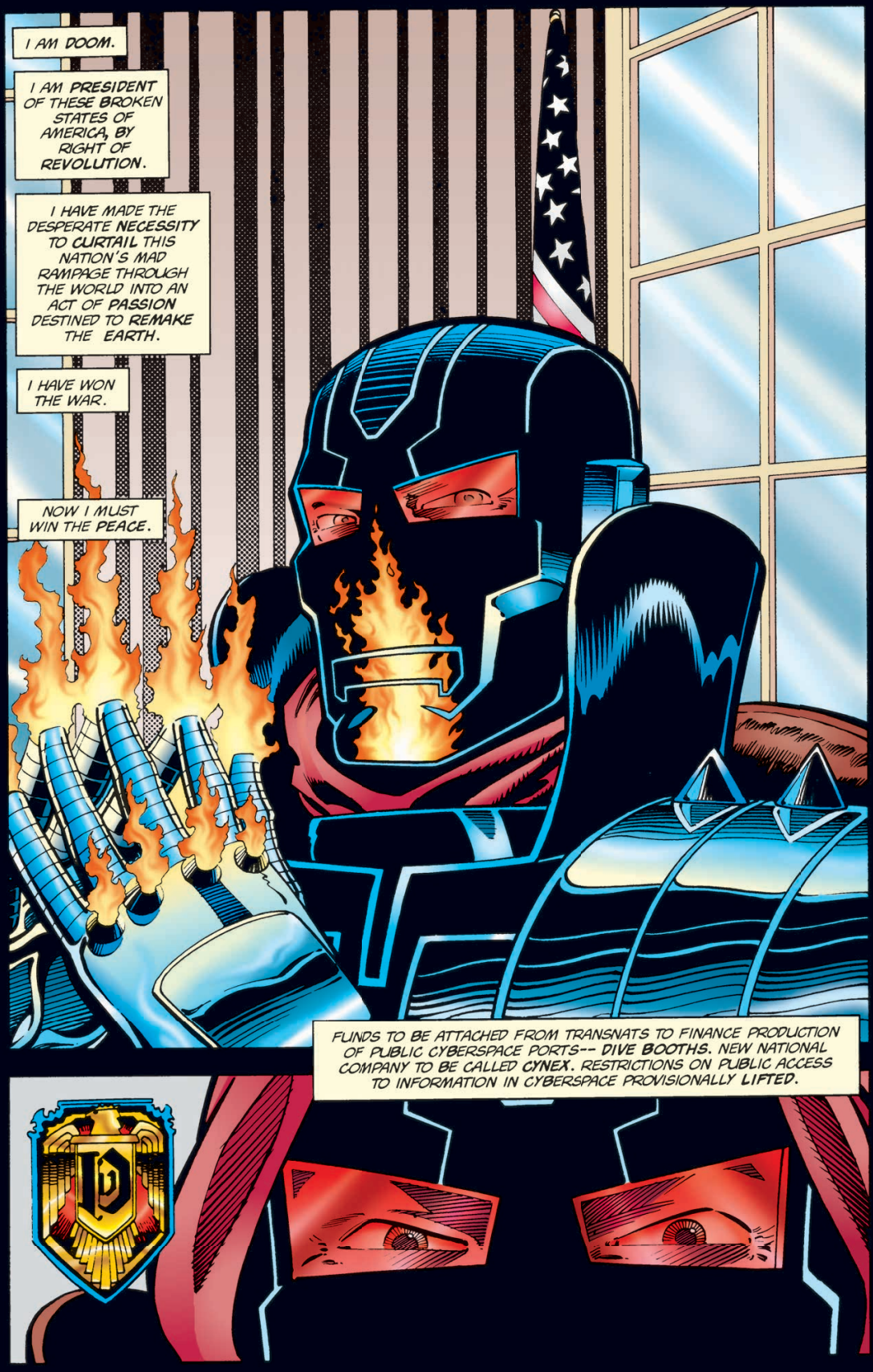

I MUST CONFESS TO THE SUDDEN GRIP OF A FIN-DE-SIÉCLE HUBRIS AS I ENTERED THE WHITE HOUSE.
I GOT CARRIED AWAY.
THIS PLACE; BESUITED, QUIVERING AMERICAN MONSTERS WHO STABBED THE WORLD WITH STICKS FOR DECADES, UNCHECKED--
-- FACING WITH BONELESS TERROR THE EMISSARY OF THE WORLD WHO HAS COME TO FIND THEM.
AND I HAVE A BIGGER STICK.
THIS PLACE DID IT TO ME. IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.
I INHALE BLOOD AND SMOKE, NOW, THE SCENT OF REVOLUTION, AND AM CALMED.
IT IS A TOKEN OF MY SERENITY THAT I GAVE THE CREATURE IN THIS ROOM A CHOICE.
I AM STILL MILDLY SHOCKED AT THE BRAVERY OF HIS DECISION.

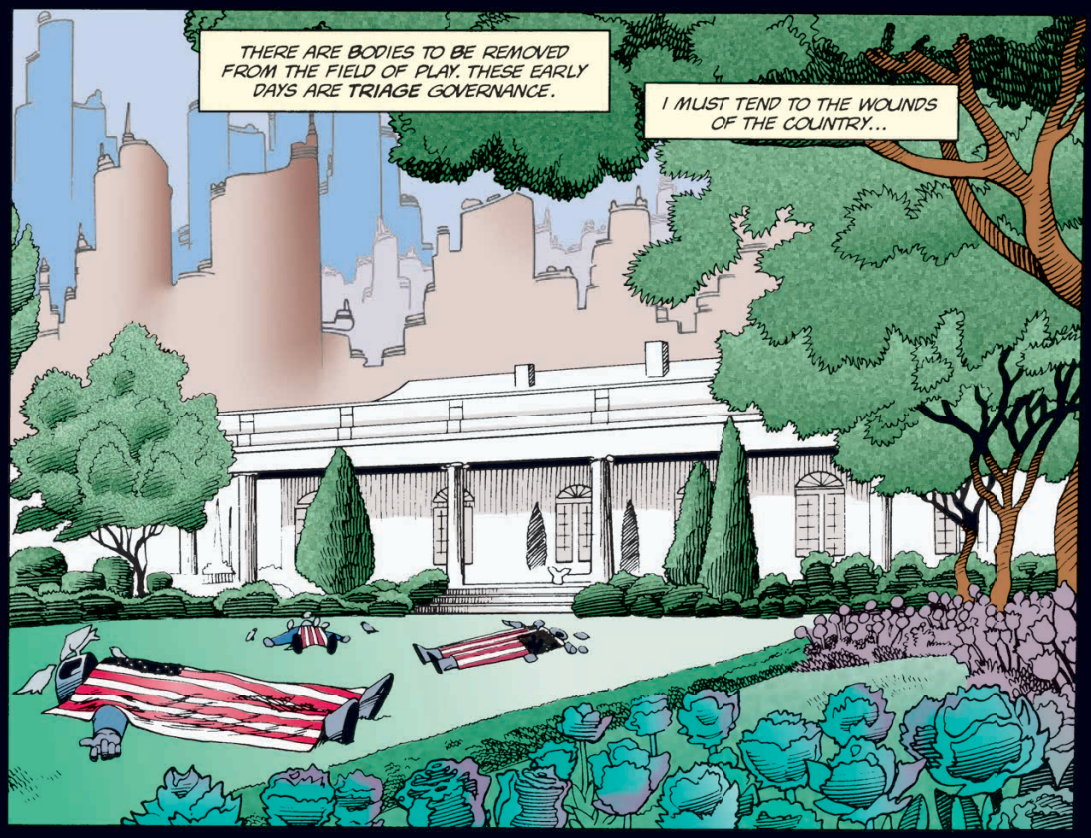

STILL. THAT REACTION WAS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE SHOCK HE EXPERIENCED.
THE SHOCK OF THE NEW.
THAT SHOCK SHALL TRAVEL AMERICA ROUND BEFORE I AM DONE.
I INHALE BLOOD AND SMOKE, A REVOLUTIONARY AT THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN...

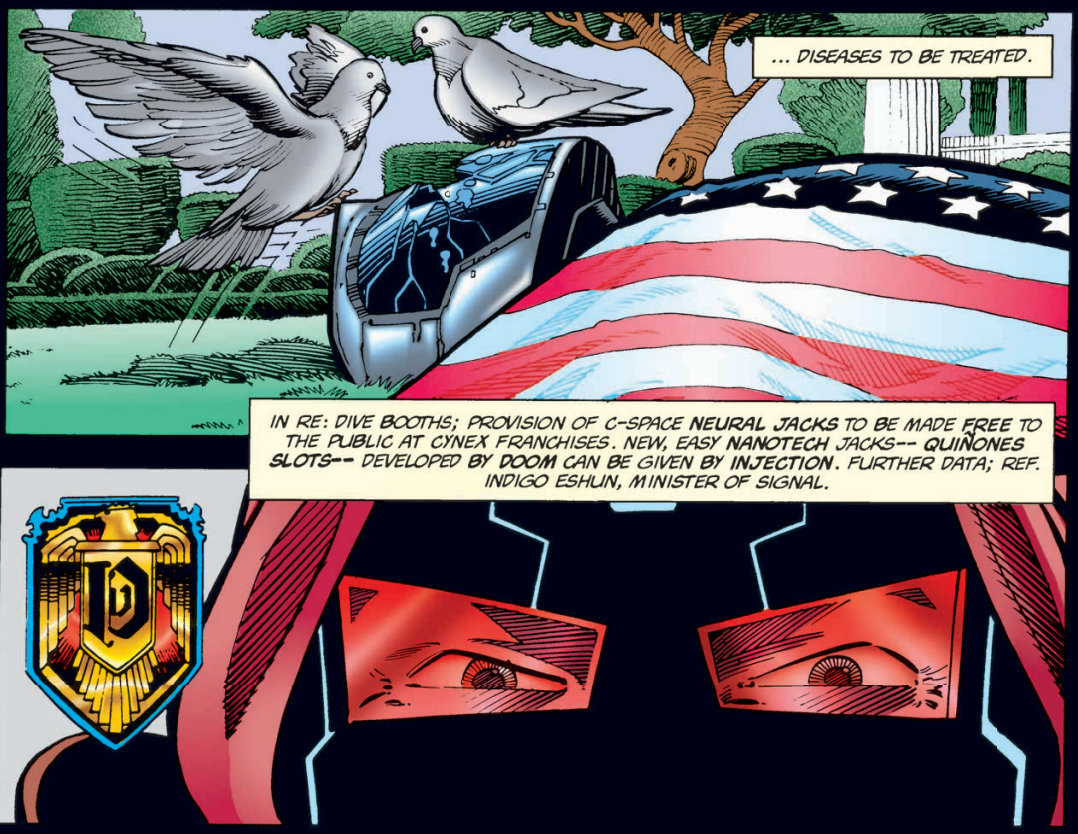
"Every country has the government it deserves."
—Joseph de Maistre

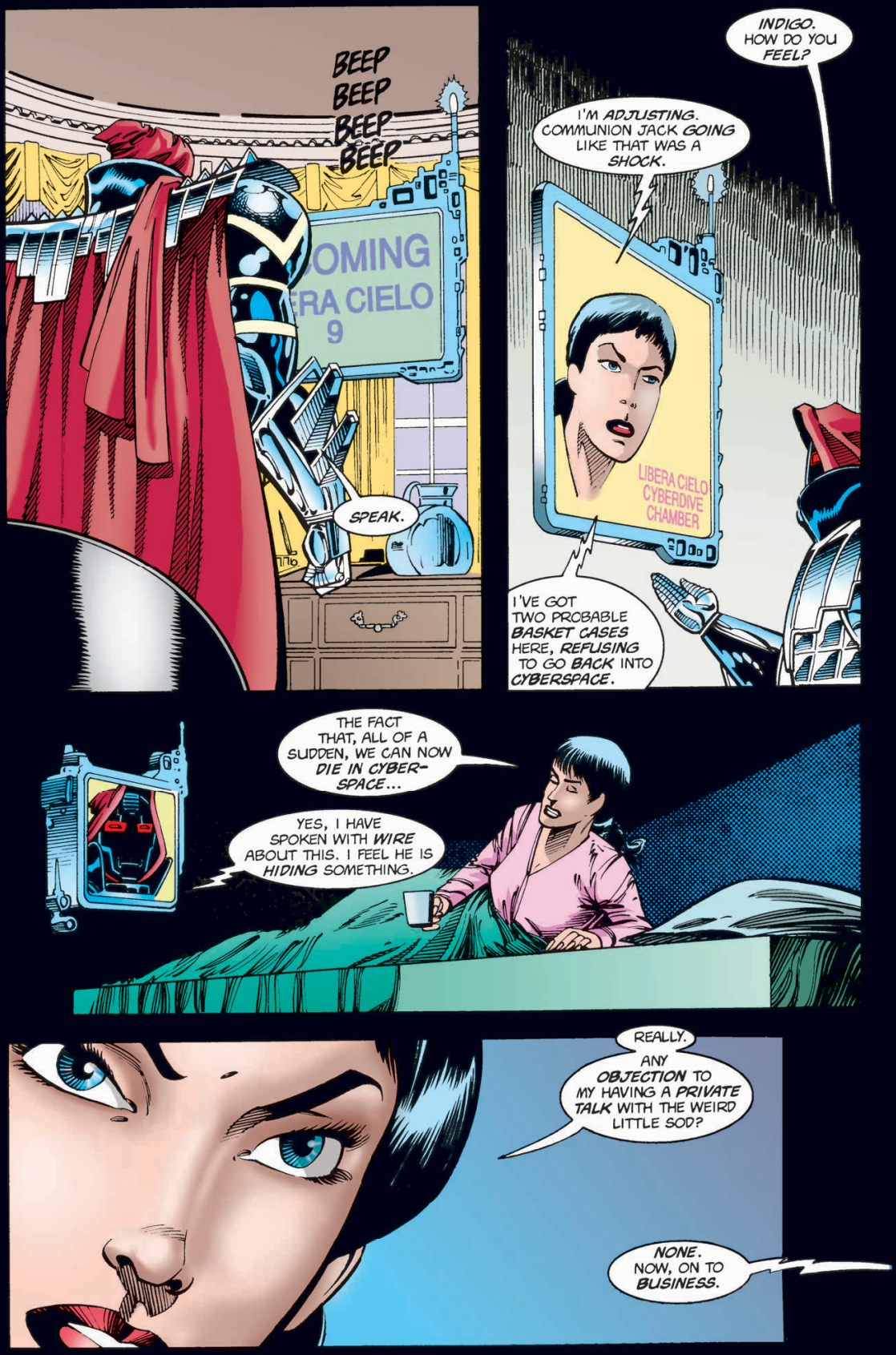
MARVEL COMICS
2099
30
JUN
DOOM
2099 A.D.
PATRICK BRODERICK '94.

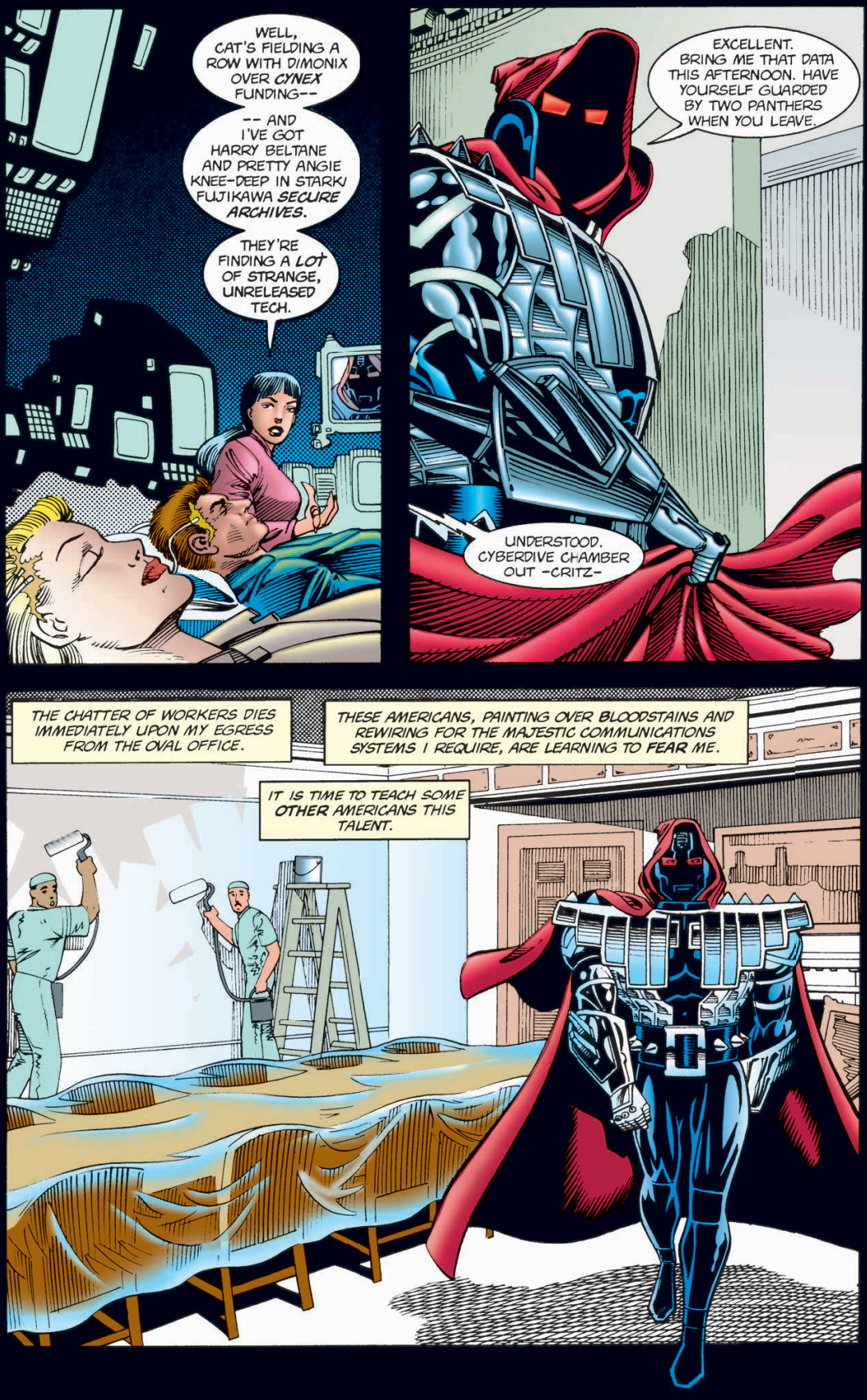
AMERICAN WAY
A STAN LEE
Presentation
WARREN ELLIS – WRITER, PAT BRODERICK AND JOHN NYBERG – ARTISTS, JOHN COSTANZA – LETTERER, BEN SEAN – COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI – EDITOR, BOBBIE CHASE – CHIEF


I AM DOOM.
I AM PRESIDENT OF THESE BROKEN STATES OF AMERICA, BY RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.
I HAVE MADE THE DESPERATE NECESSITY TO CURTAIL THIS NATION'S MAD RAMPAGE THROUGH THE WORLD INTO AN ACT OF PASSION DESTINED TO REMAKE THE EARTH.
I HAVE WON THE WAR.
NOW I MUST WIN THE PEACE.
FUNDS TO BE ATTACHED FROM TRANSNATS TO FINANCE PRODUCTION OF PUBLIC CYBERSPACE PORTS-- DIVE BOOTHS. NEW NATIONAL COMPANY TO BE CALLED CYNEX. RESTRICTIONS ON PUBLIC ACCESS TO INFORMATION IN CYBERSPACE PROVISIONALLY LIFTED.

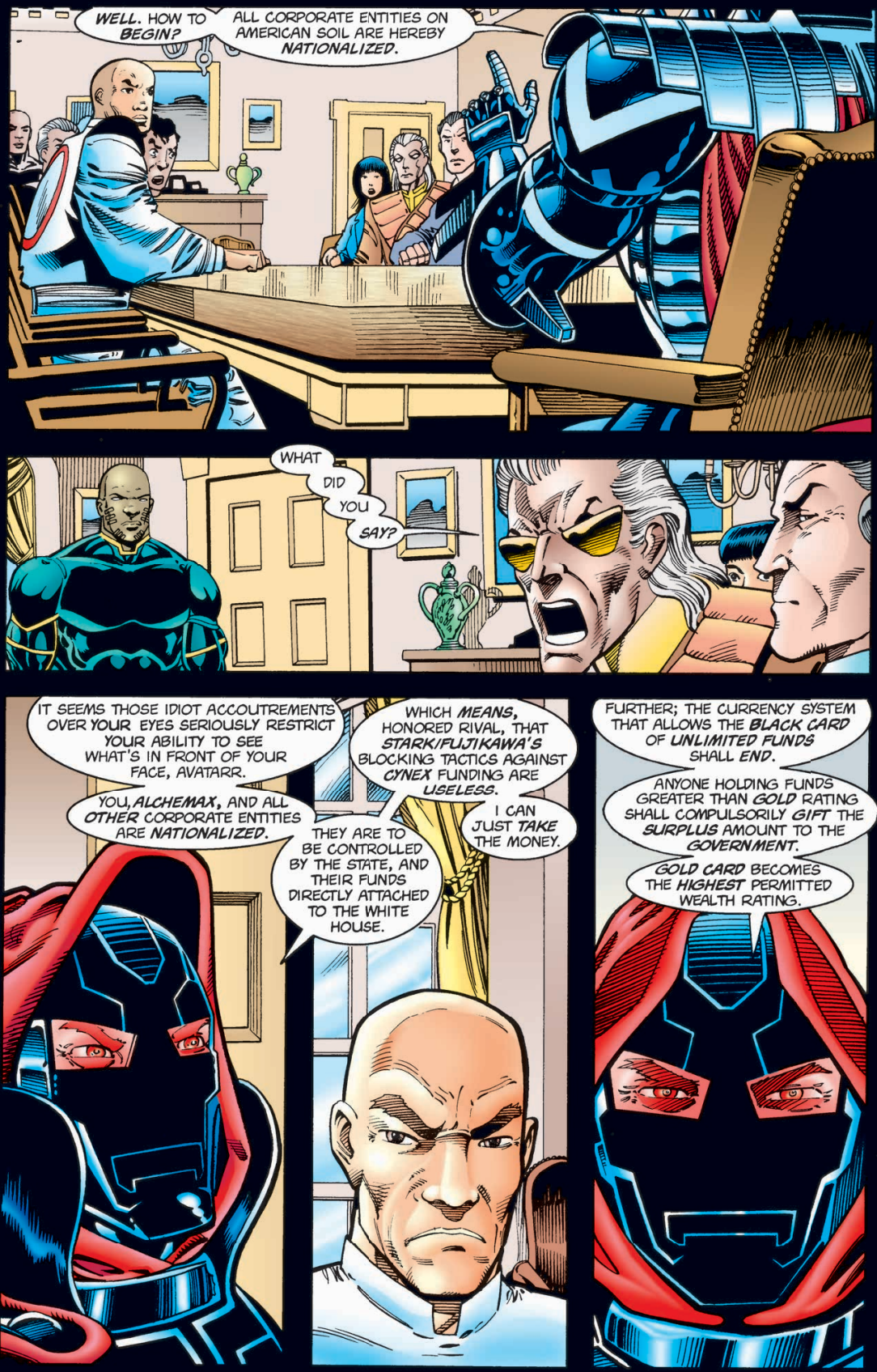

THERE ARE BODIES TO BE REMOVED FROM THE FIELD OF PLAY. THESE EARLY DAYS ARE TRIAGE GOVERNANCE.
I MUST TEND TO THE WOUNDS OF THE COUNTRY...

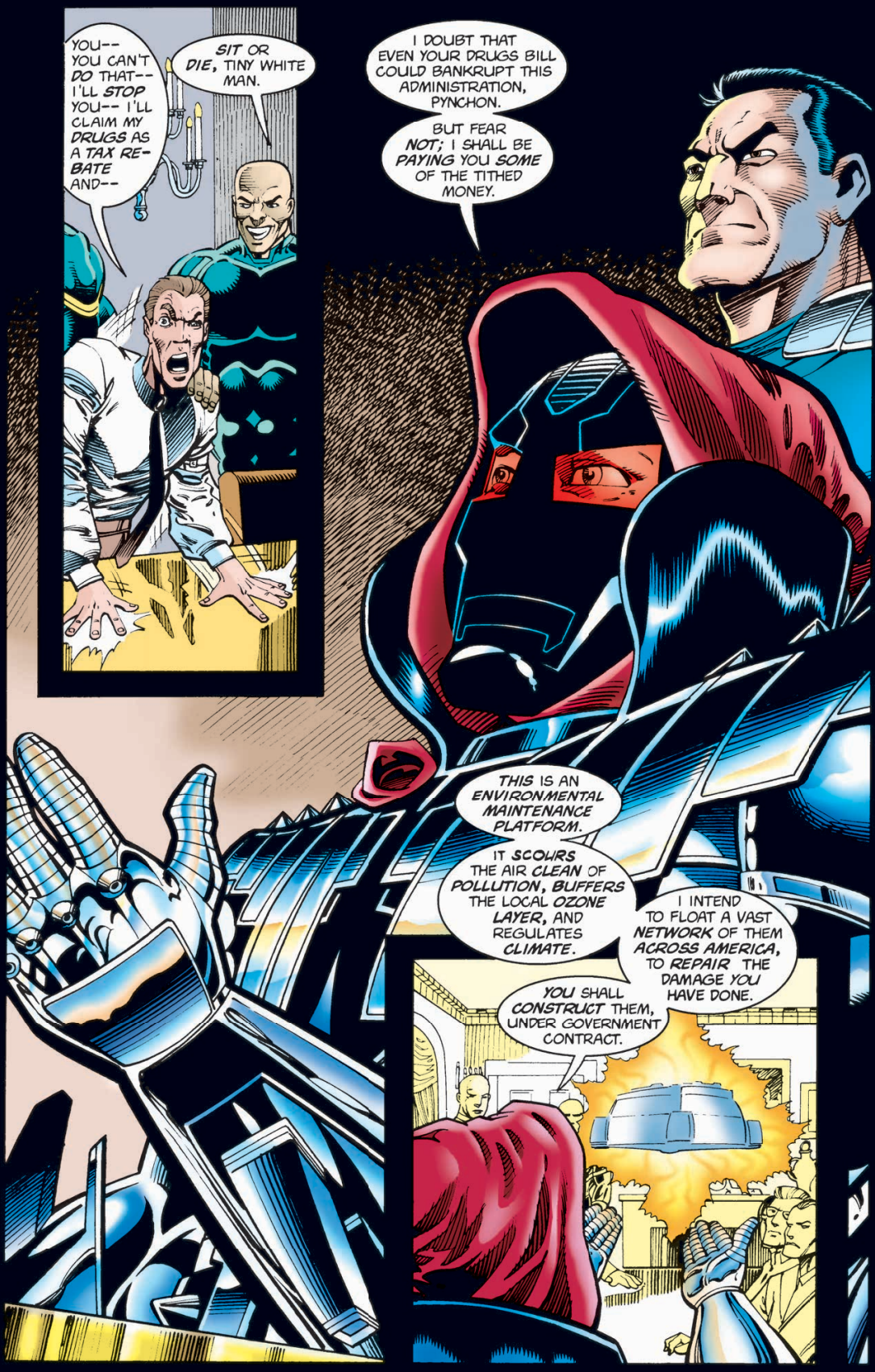

... DISEASES TO BE TREATED.
IN RE: DIVE BOOTHS; PROVISION OF C-SPACE NEURAL JACKS TO BE MADE FREE TO THE PUBLIC AT CYNEX FRANCHISES. NEW, EASY NANOTECH JACKS-- QUIÑONES SLOTS-- DEVELOPED BY DOOM CAN BE GIVEN BY INJECTION. FURTHER DATA; REF. INDIGO ESHUN, MINISTER OF SIGNAL.

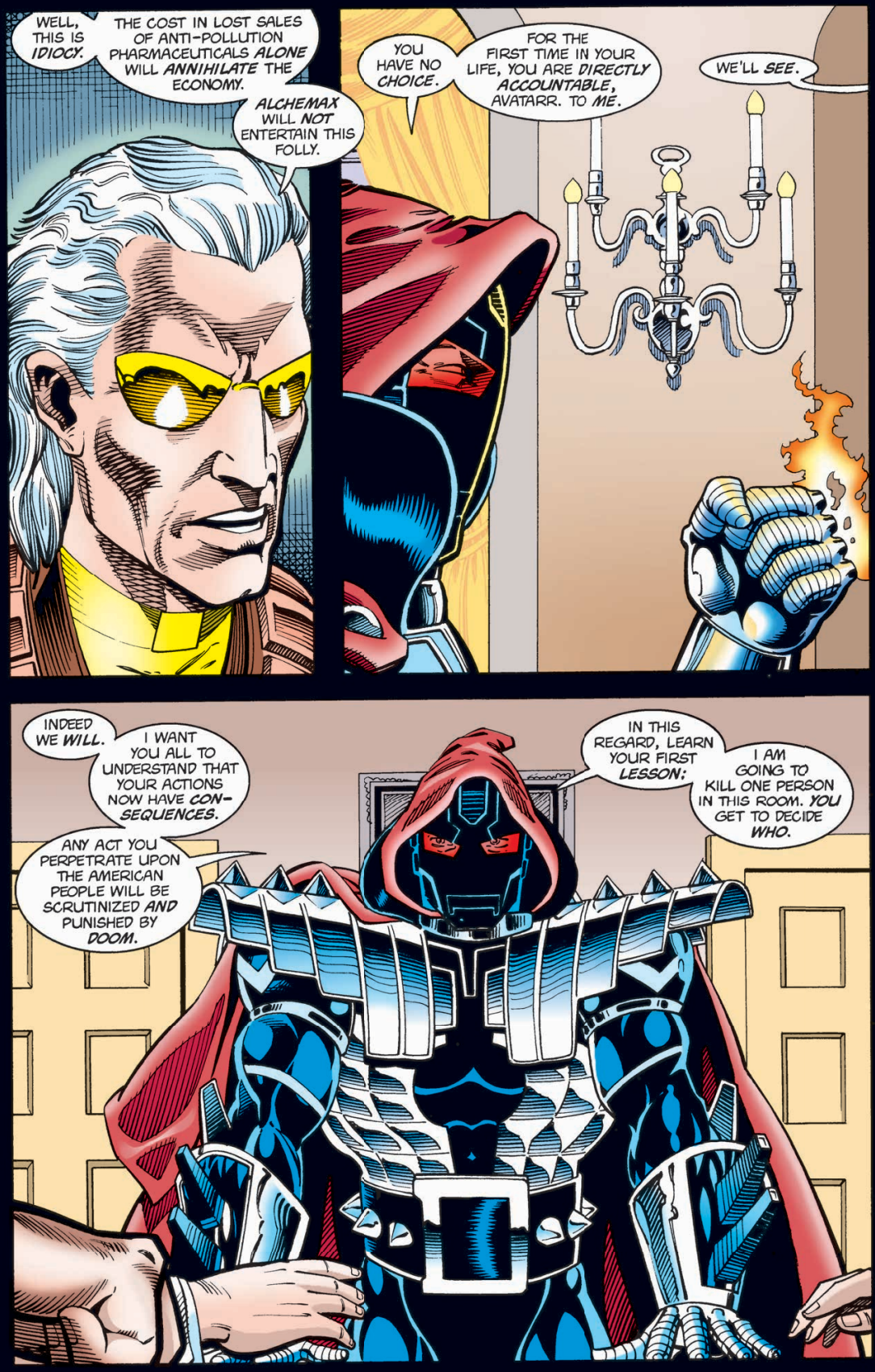

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
SPEAK.
INDIGO. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
I'M ADJUSTING. COMMUNION JACK GOING LIKE THAT WAS A SHOCK.
LIBERA CIELO CYBERDIVE CHAMBER
I'VE GOT TWO PROBABLE BASKET CASES HERE, REFUSING TO GO BACK INTO CYBERSPACE.
THE FACT THAT, ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE CAN NOW DIE IN CYBER-SPACE...
YES, I HAVE SPOKEN WITH WIRE ABOUT THIS. I FEEL HE IS HIDING SOMETHING.
REALLY. ANY OBJECTION TO MY HAVING A PRIVATE TALK WITH THE WEIRD LITTLE SOD?
NONE. NOW, ON TO BUSINESS.

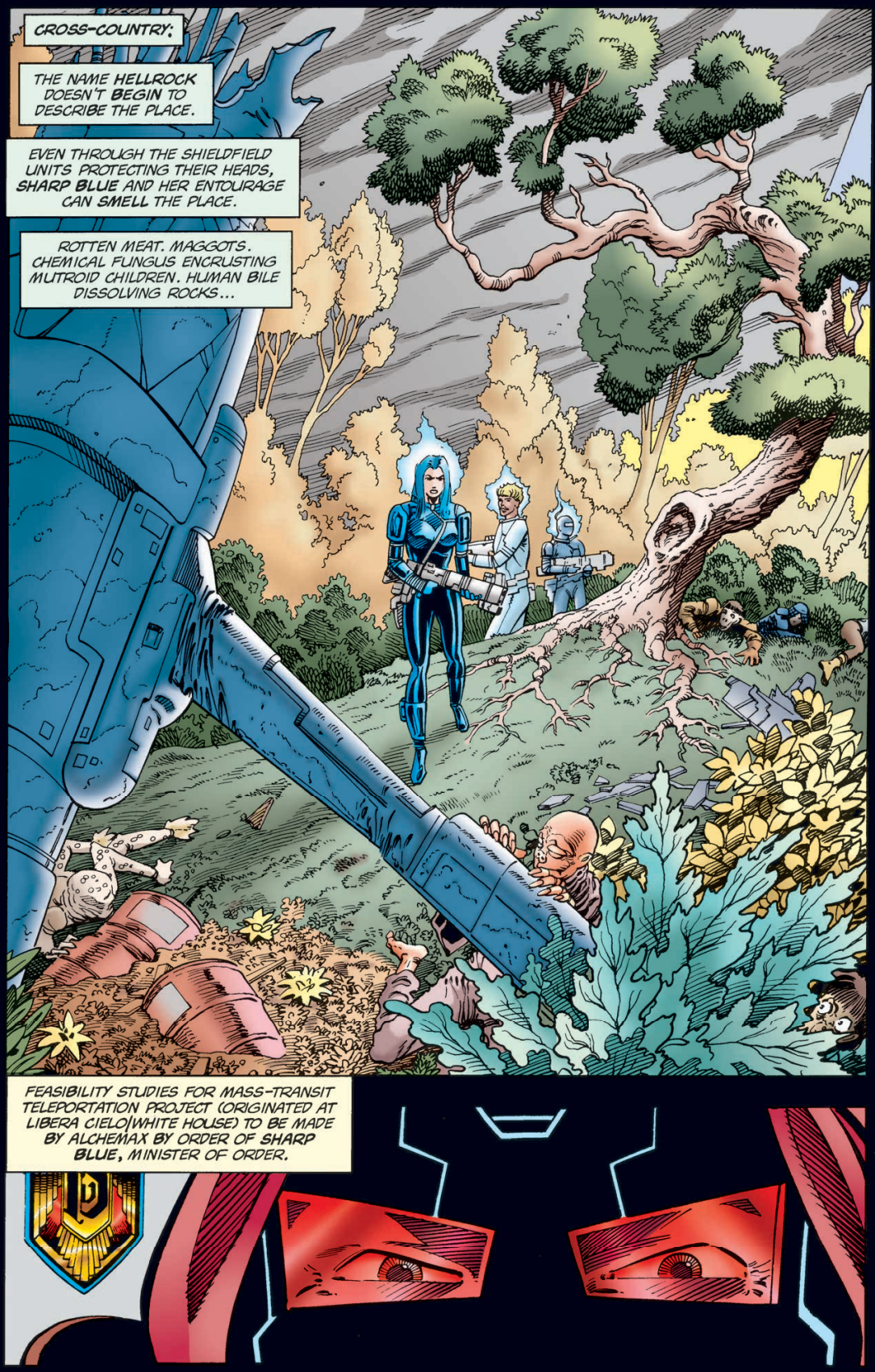

WELL, CAT'S FIELDING A ROW WITH DIMONIX OVER CYNEX FUNDING--
-- AND I'VE GOT HARRY BELTANE AND PRETTY ANGIE KNEE-DEEP IN STARK/FUJIKAWA SECURE ARCHIVES.
THEY'RE FINDING A LOT OF STRANGE, UNRELEASED TECH.
EXCELLENT. BRING ME THAT DATA THIS AFTERNOON. HAVE YOURSELF GUARDED BY TWO PANTHERS WHEN YOU LEAVE.
UNDERSTOOD. CYBERDIVE CHAMBER OUT -CRITZ-
THE CHATTER OF WORKERS DIES IMMEDIATELY UPON MY EGRESS FROM THE OVAL OFFICE.
THESE AMERICANS, PAINTING OVER BLOODSTAINS AND REWIRING FOR THE MAJESTIC COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS I REQUIRE, ARE LEARNING TO FEAR ME.
IT IS TIME TO TEACH SOME OTHER AMERICANS THIS TALENT.

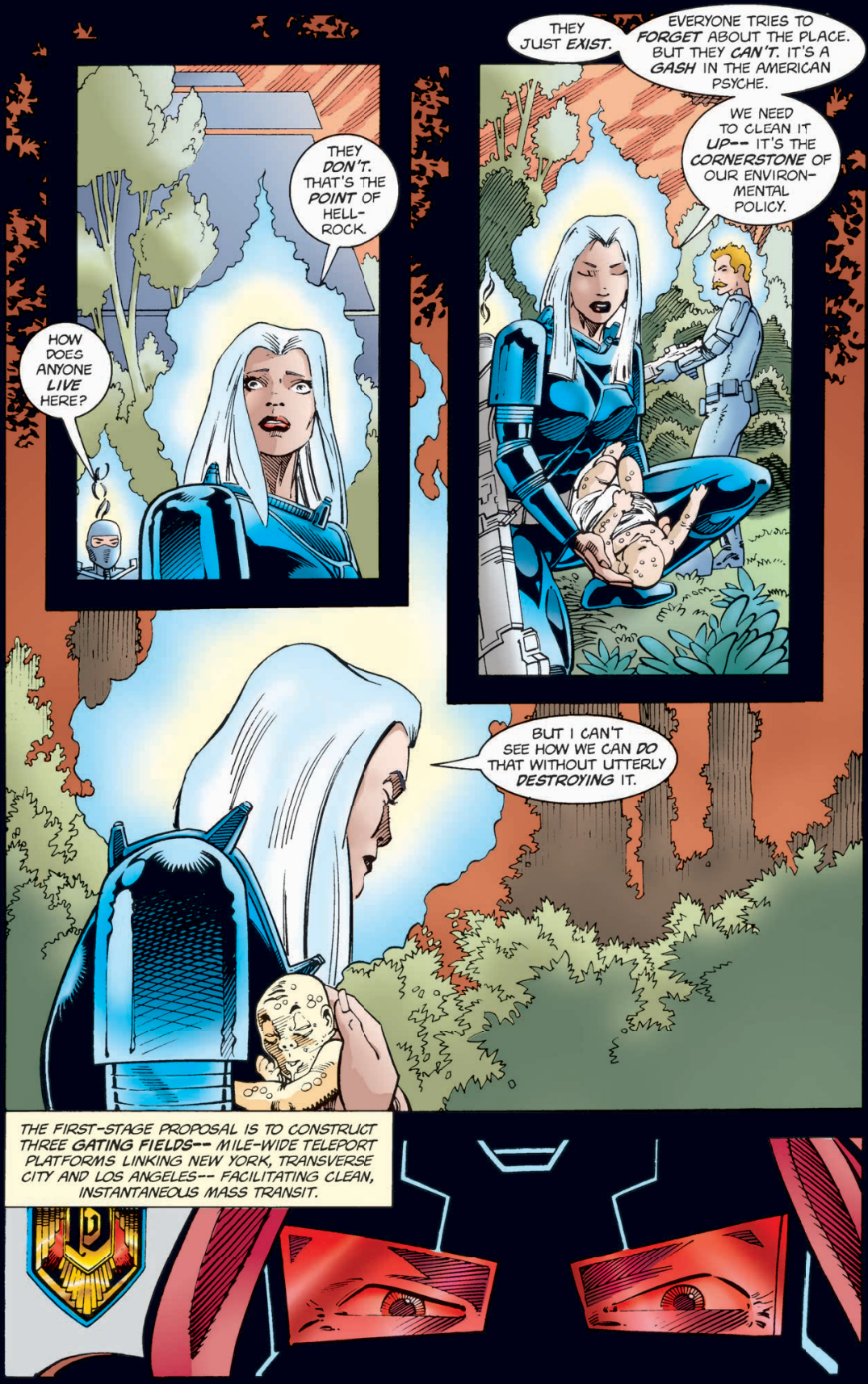
THE NIXON ROOM
SO HERE YOU ALL ARE.
THE HEADS OF EVERY LAST TRANSNATIONAL AND MEGACORP. THE KINGS OF AMERICA.
I EXPECTED CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY, YOU KNOW: DYNAMIC FIGURES, CAPITALIST SUPER HEROES.
YOU ARE WORMS.
JACOB GALLOWS. MY GRATITUDE FOR ENSURING THE DELIVERY OF THESE CREATURES.
WE MUST SPEAK LATER.

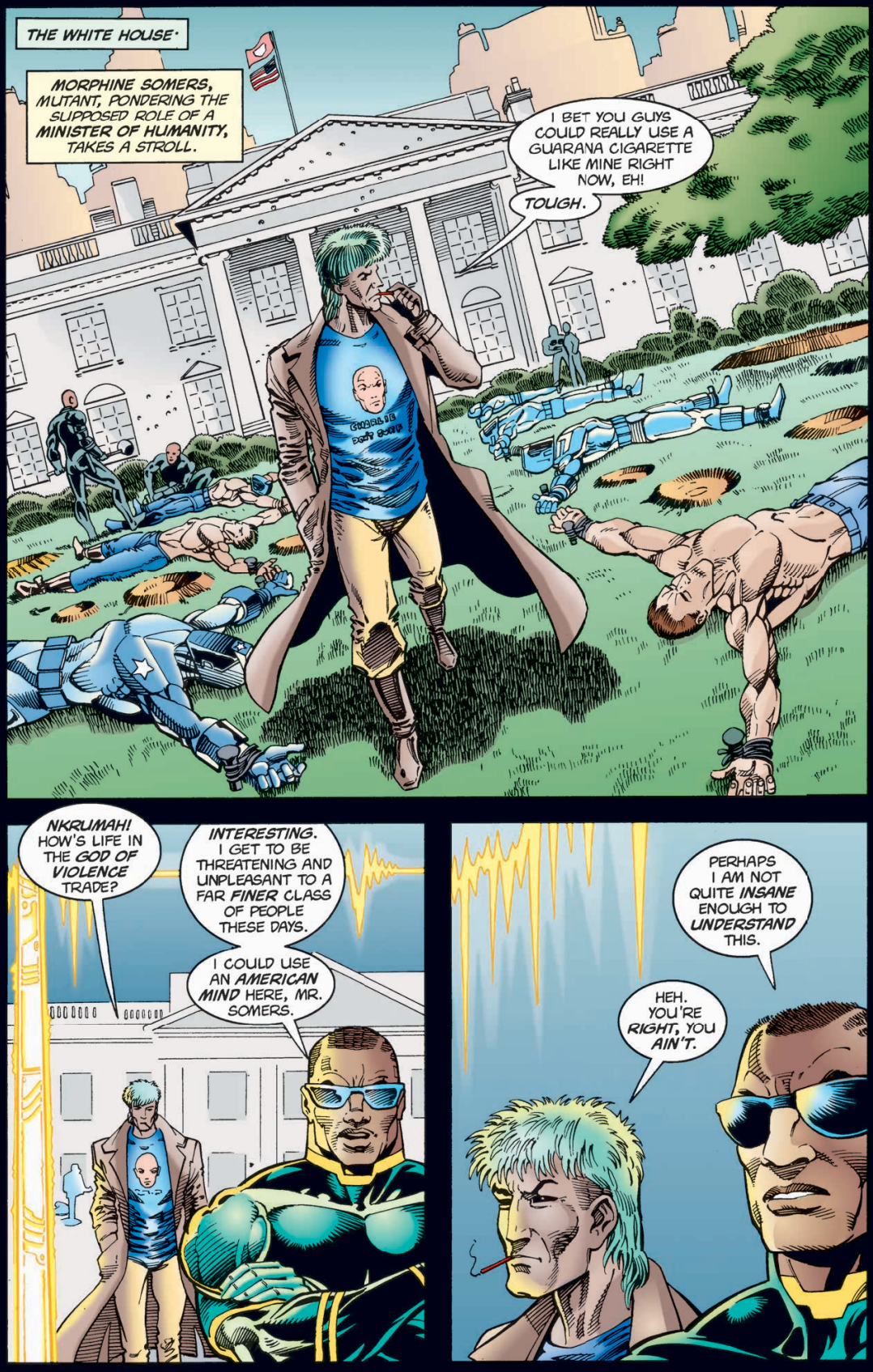

WELL. HOW TO BEGIN?
ALL CORPORATE ENTITIES ON AMERICAN SOIL ARE HEREBY NATIONALIZED.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
IT SEEMS THOSE IDIOT ACCOUTREMENTS OVER YOUR EYES SERIOUSLY RESTRICT YOUR ABILITY TO SEE WHAT'S IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE, AVATARR.
YOU, ALCHEMAX, AND ALL OTHER CORPORATE ENTITIES ARE NATIONALIZED.
WHICH MEANS, HONORED RIVAL, THAT STARK/FUJIKAWA'S BLOCKING TACTICS AGAINST CYNEX FUNDING ARE USELESS.
I CAN JUST TAKE THE MONEY.
THEY ARE TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE STATE, AND THEIR FUNDS DIRECTLY ATTACHED TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
FURTHER; THE CURRENCY SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS THE BLACK CARD OF UNLIMITED FUNDS SHALL END.
ANYONE HOLDING FUNDS GREATER THAN GOLD RATING SHALL COMPULSORILY GIFT THE SURPLUS AMOUNT TO THE GOVERNMENT.
GOLD CARD BECOMES THE HIGHEST PERMITTED WEALTH RATING.

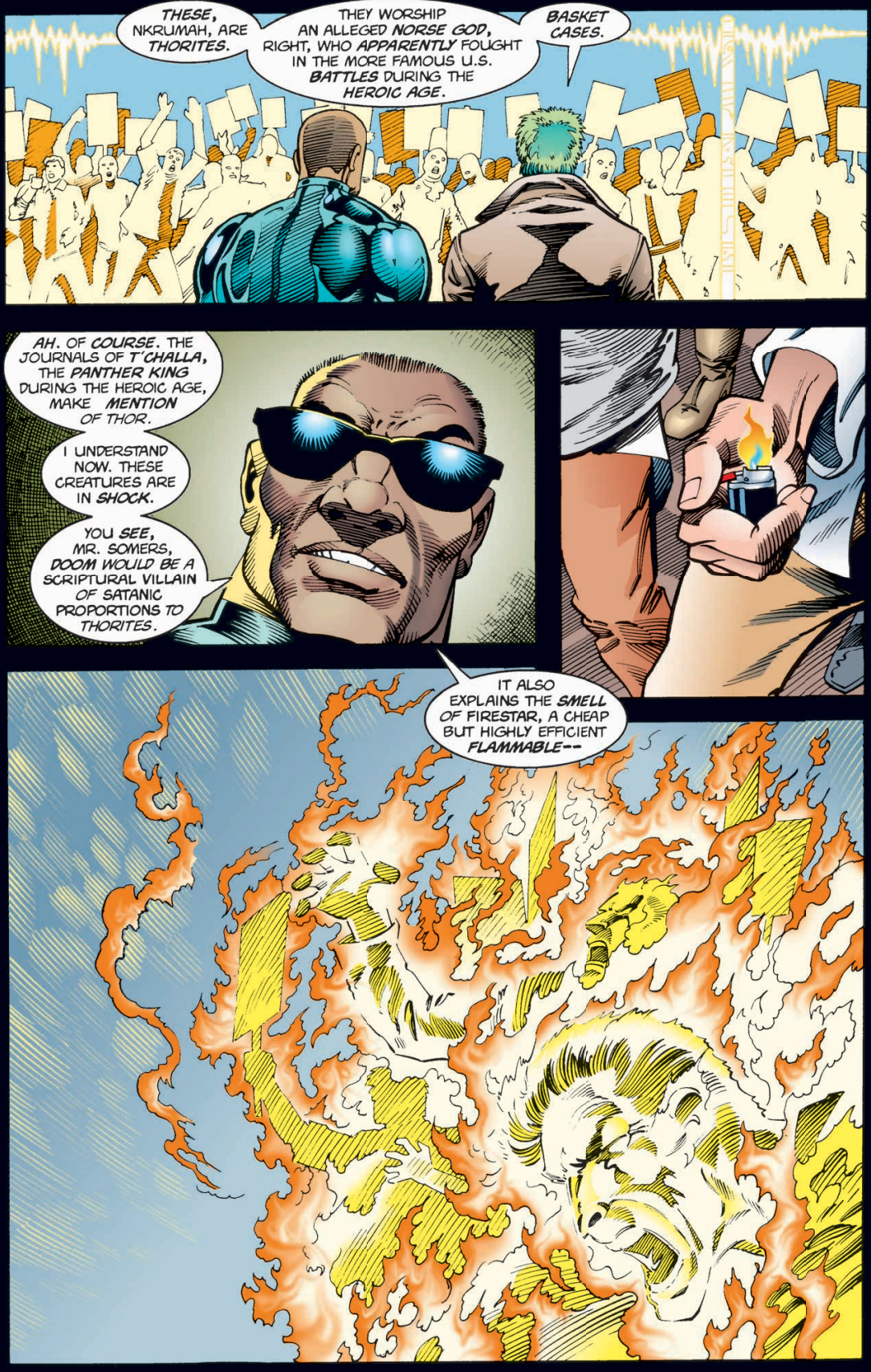

YOU-- YOU CAN'T DO THAT-- I'LL STOP YOU-- I'LL CLAIM MY DRUGS AS A TAX RE-BATE AND--
SIT OR DIE, TINY WHITE MAN.
I DOUBT THAT EVEN YOUR DRUGS BILL COULD BANKRUPT THIS ADMINISTRATION, PYNCHON.
BUT FEAR NOT; I SHALL BE PAYING YOU SOME OF THE TITHED MONEY.
THIS IS AN ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORM.
IT SCOURS THE AIR CLEAN OF POLLUTION, BUFFERS THE LOCAL OZONE LAYER, AND REGULATES CLIMATE.
I INTEND TO FLOAT A VAST NETWORK OF THEM ACROSS AMERICA, TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOU HAVE DONE.
YOU SHALL CONSTRUCT THEM, UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.


WELL, THIS IS IDIOCY.
THE COST IN LOST SALES OF ANTI-POLLUTION PHARMACEUTICALS ALONE WILL ANNIHILATE THE ECONOMY.
ALCHEMAX WILL NOT ENTERTAIN THIS FOLLY.
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE, YOU ARE DIRECTLY ACCOUNTABLE, AVATARR. TO ME.
WE'LL SEE.
INDEED WE WILL.
I WANT YOU ALL TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR ACTIONS NOW HAVE CONSEQUENCES.
ANY ACT YOU PERPETRATE UPON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WILL BE SCRUTINIZED AND PUNISHED BY DOOM.
IN THIS REGARD, LEARN YOUR FIRST LESSON:
I AM GOING TO KILL ONE PERSON IN THIS ROOM. YOU GET TO DECIDE WHO.

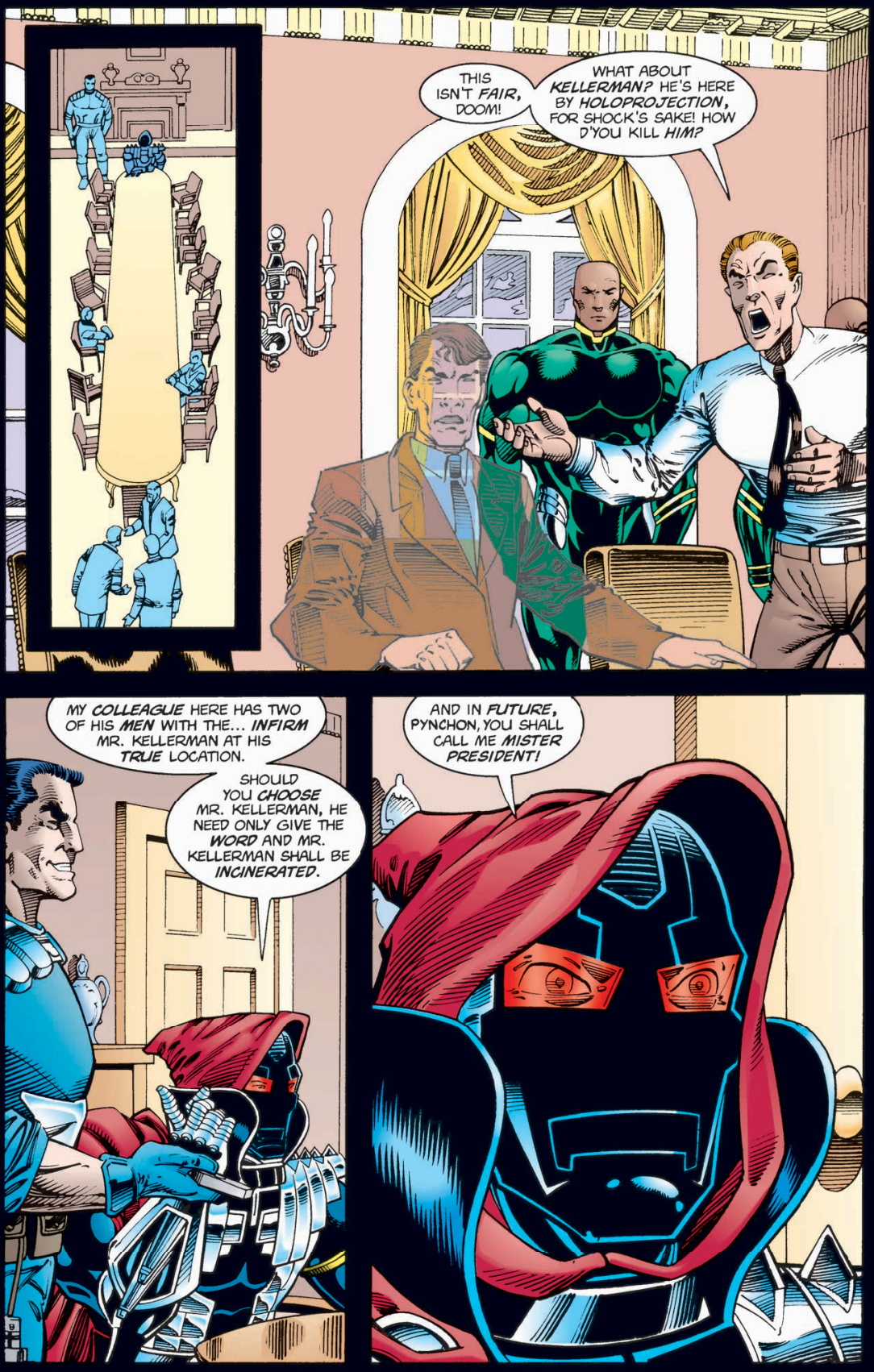

CROSS-COUNTRY:
THE NAME HELLROCK DOESN'T BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THE PLACE.
EVEN THROUGH THE SHIELDFIELD UNITS PROTECTING THEIR HEADS, SHARP BLUE AND HER ENTOURAGE CAN SMELL THE PLACE.
ROTTEN MEAT. MAGGOTS. CHEMICAL FUNGUS ENCRUSTING MUTROID CHILDREN. HUMAN BILE DISSOLVING ROCKS...
FEASIBILITY STUDIES FOR MASS-TRANSIT TELEPORTATION PROJECT (ORIGINATED AT LIBERA CIELO/WHITE HOUSE) TO BE MADE BY ALCHEMAX BY ORDER OF SHARP BLUE, MINISTER OF ORDER.

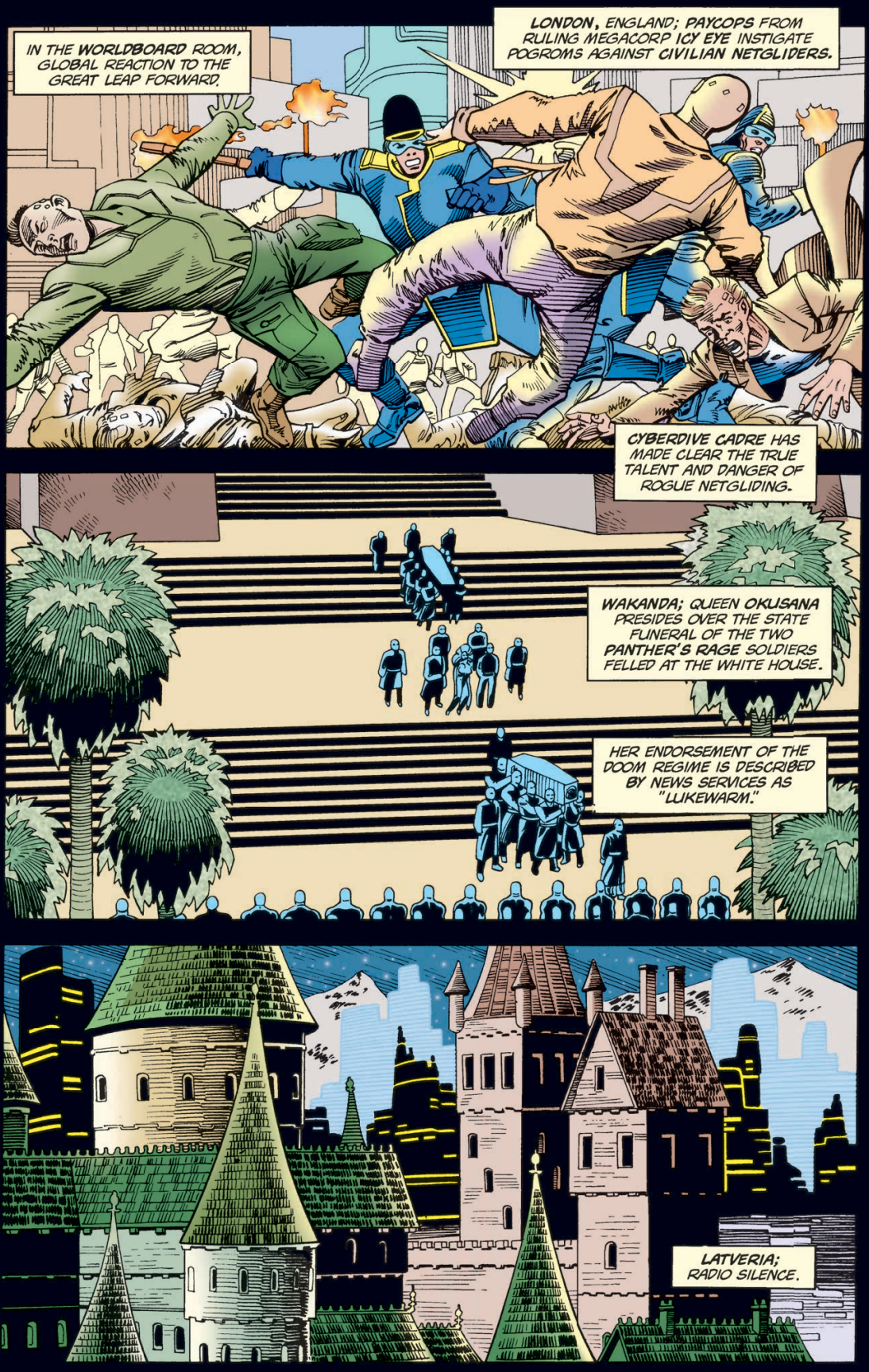

HOW DOES ANYONE LIVE HERE?
THEY DON'T. THAT'S THE POINT OF HELL-ROCK.
THEY JUST EXIST.
EVERYONE TRIES TO FORGET ABOUT THE PLACE. BUT THEY CAN'T. IT'S A GASH IN THE AMERICAN PSYCHE.
WE NEED TO CLEAN IT UP-- IT'S THE CORNERSTONE OF OUR ENVIRON-MENTAL POLICY.
BUT I CAN'T SEE HOW WE CAN DO THAT WITHOUT UTTERLY DESTROYING IT.
THE FIRST-STAGE PROPOSAL IS TO CONSTRUCT THREE GATING FIELDS-- MILE-WIDE TELEPORT PLATFORMS LINKING NEW YORK, TRANSVERSE CITY AND LOS ANGELES-- FACILITATING CLEAN, INSTANTANEOUS MASS TRANSIT.

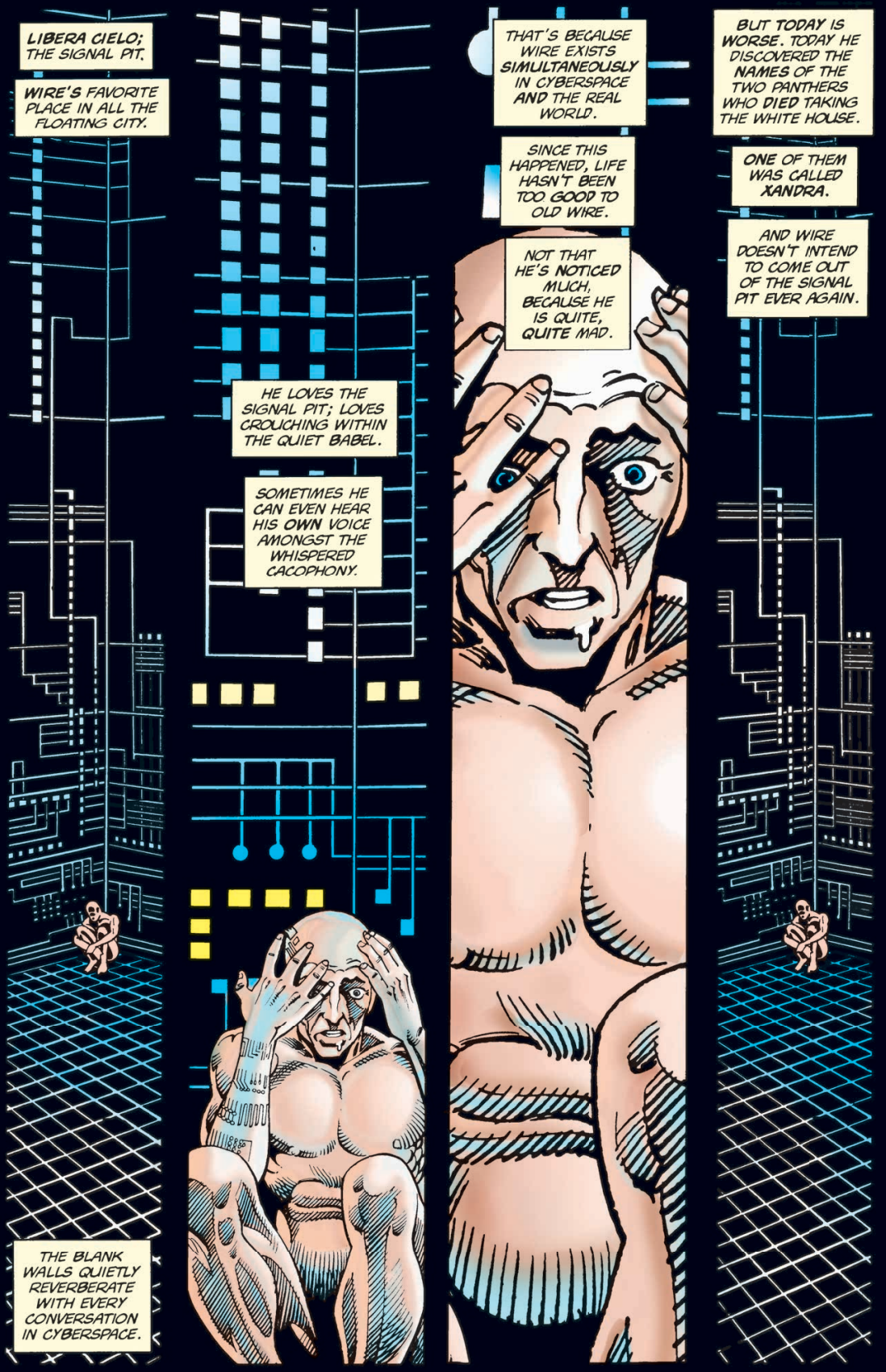

THE WHITE HOUSE·
MORPHINE SOMERS, MUTANT, PONDERING THE SUPPOSED ROLE OF A MINISTER OF HUMANITY, TAKES A STROLL.
I BET YOU GUYS COULD REALLY USE A GUARANA CIGARETTE LIKE MINE RIGHT NOW, EH!
TOUGH.
NKRUMAH! HOW'S LIFE IN THE GOD OF VIOLENCE TRADE?
INTERESTING. I GET TO BE THREATENING AND UNPLEASANT TO A FAR FINER CLASS OF PEOPLE THESE DAYS.
I COULD USE AN AMERICAN MIND HERE, MR. SOMERS.
PERHAPS I AM NOT QUITE INSANE ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THIS.
HEH. YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU AIN'T.


THESE, NKRUMAH, ARE THORITES.
THEY WORSHIP AN ALLEGED NORSE GOD, RIGHT, WHO APPARENTLY FOUGHT IN THE MORE FAMOUS U.S. BATTLES DURING THE HEROIC AGE.
BASKET CASES.
AH. OF COURSE. THE JOURNALS OF T'CHALLA, THE PANTHER KING DURING THE HEROIC AGE, MAKE MENTION OF THOR.
I UNDERSTAND NOW. THESE CREATURES ARE IN SHOCK.
YOU SEE, MR. SOMERS, DOOM WOULD BE A SCRIPTURAL VILLAIN OF SATANIC PROPORTIONS TO THORITES.
IT ALSO EXPLAINS THE SMELL OF FIRESTAR, A CHEAP BUT HIGHLY EFFICIENT FLAMMABLE--

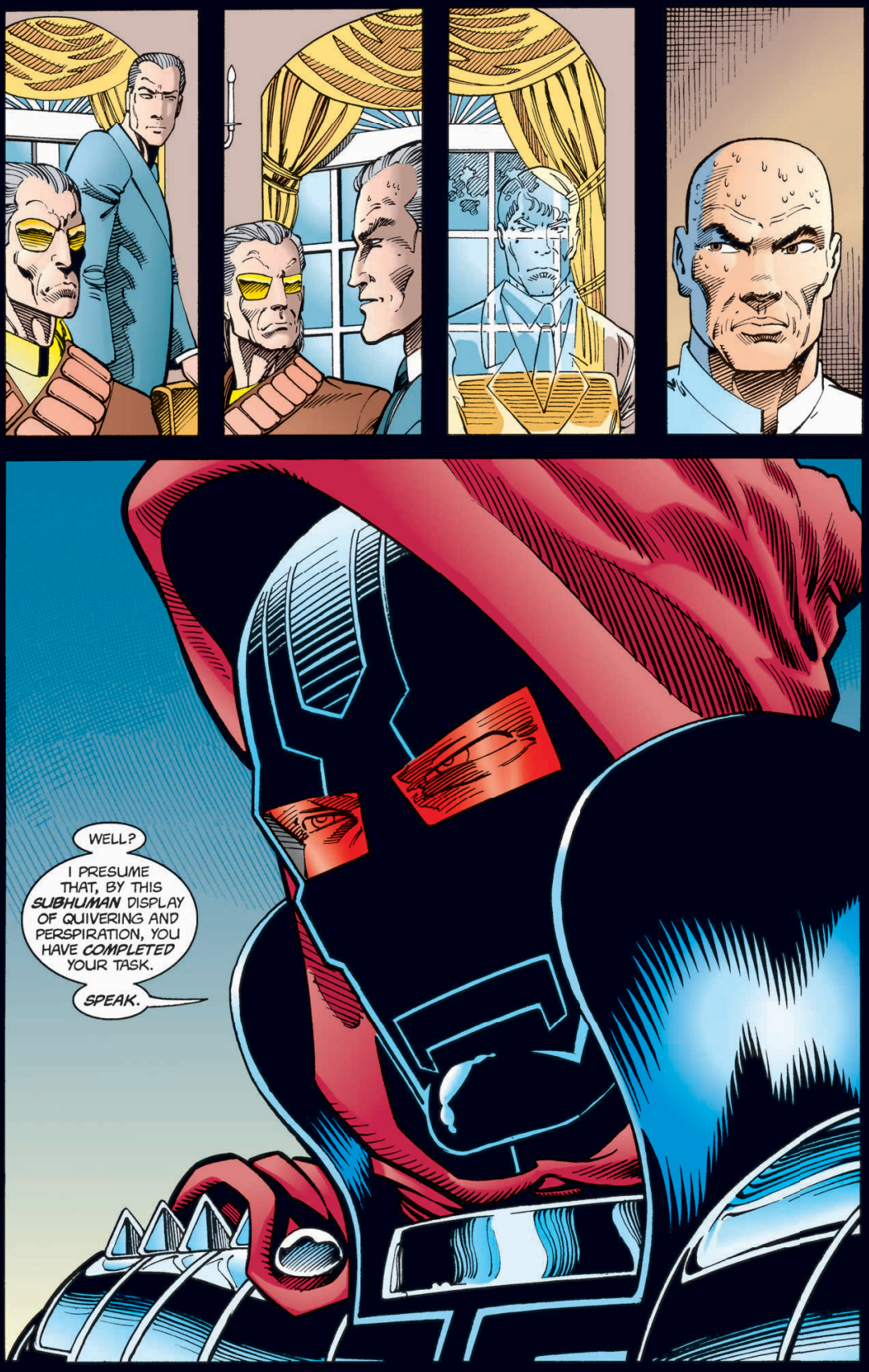
HA HA HA HA
THERE WILL BE MORE LIKE THIS.
NO, NO. THESE ARE FANATICS, MR. SOMERS, GRIPPED BY A RELIGION OF DUBIOUS PROVENANCE AND SHOCKING WORTHLESSNESS.
TO THEM, THE DEVIL IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. THIS IS THEIR PROTEST.
YOU'RE KIDDING.
BRING THEM ON, THAT'S WHAT I SAY, MR. SOMERS.
WE SHALL BUILD A FINE ROAD UPON THEIR BONES.
ALL BUSINESS CONTRACTS BETWEEN U.S. CORPORATE ENTITIES AND FOREIGN INTERESTS ARE HEREBY TEMPORARILY FROZEN, AWAITING INVESTIGATION ON ETHICAL GROUNDS. ANY CONTRACTS INVOLVING ACTS DEEMED UNETHICAL WILL BE SEVERED WITHOUT RECOMPENSE. BY ORDER NKRUMAH/MINISTER, ENEMY RELATIONS.

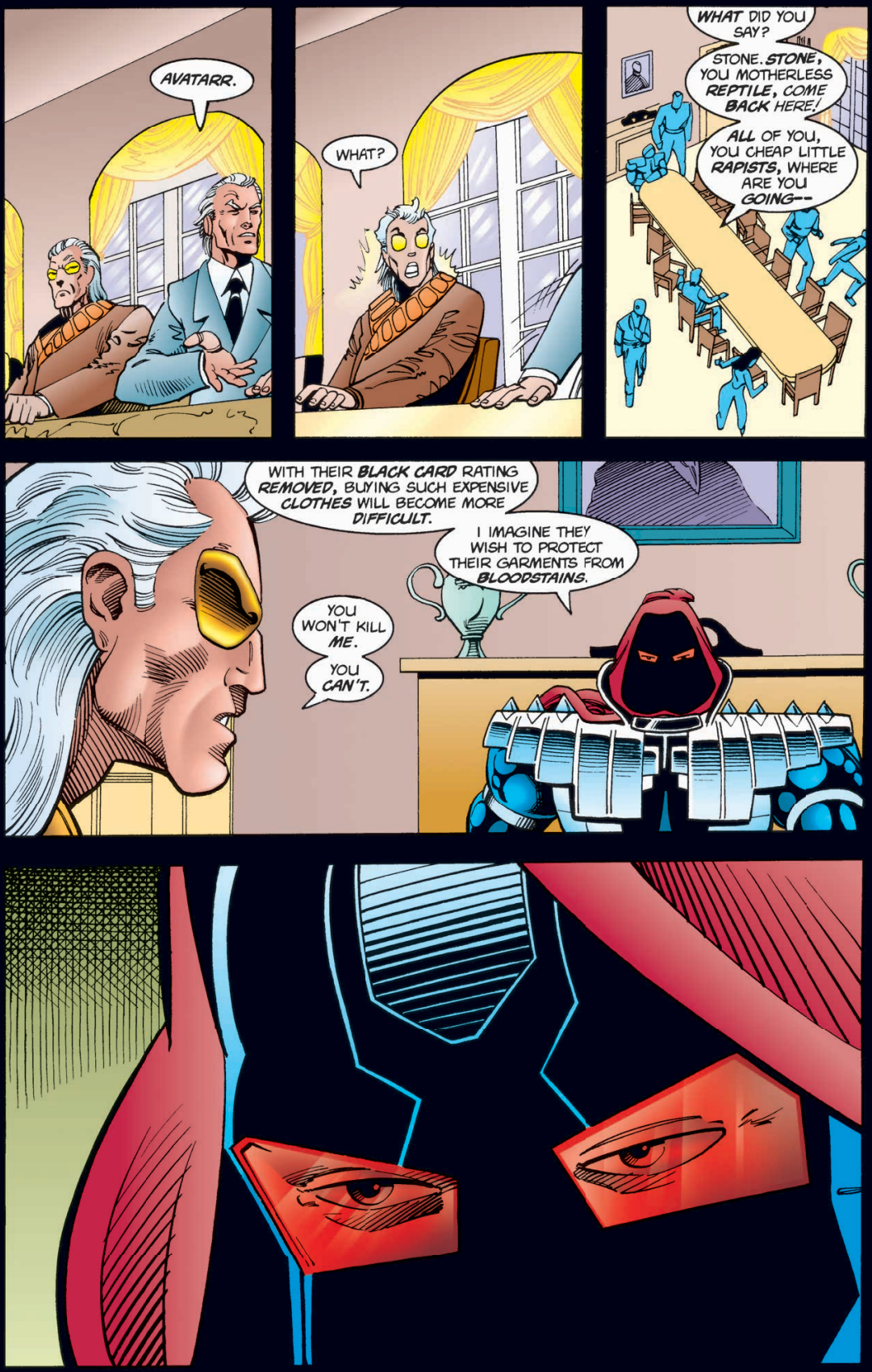

THIS ISN'T FAIR, DOOM!
WHAT ABOUT KELLERMAN? HE'S HERE BY HOLOPROJECTION, FOR SHOCK'S SAKE! HOW D'YOU KILL HIM?
MY COLLEAGUE HERE HAS TWO OF HIS MEN WITH THE... INFIRM MR. KELLERMAN AT HIS TRUE LOCATION.
SHOULD YOU CHOOSE MR. KELLERMAN, HE NEED ONLY GIVE THE WORD AND MR. KELLERMAN SHALL BE INCINERATED.
AND IN FUTURE, PYNCHON, YOU SHALL CALL ME MISTER PRESIDENT!


IN THE WORLDBOARD ROOM, GLOBAL REACTION TO THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD.
LONDON, ENGLAND; PAYCOPS FROM RULING MEGACORP ICY EYE INSTIGATE POGROMS AGAINST CIVILIAN NETGLIDERS.
CYBERDIVE CADRE HAS MADE CLEAR THE TRUE TALENT AND DANGER OF ROGUE NETGLIDING.
WAKANDA; QUEEN OKUSANA PRESIDES OVER THE STATE FUNERAL OF THE TWO PANTHER'S RAGE SOLDIERS FELLED AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
HER ENDORSEMENT OF THE DOOM REGIME IS DESCRIBED BY NEWS SERVICES AS "LUKEWARM."
LATVERIA; RADIO SILENCE.

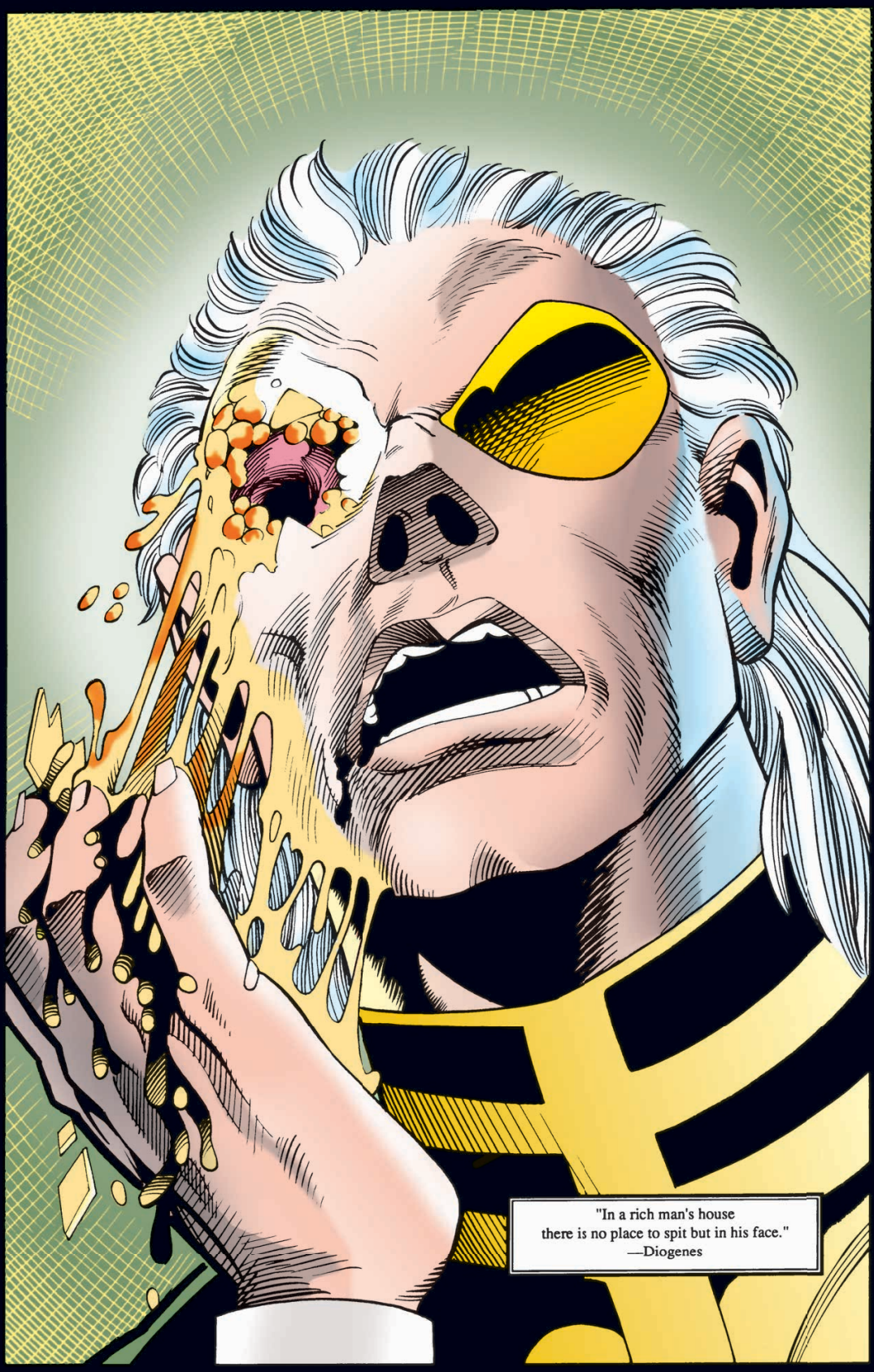

LIBERA CIELO; THE SIGNAL PIT.
WIRE'S FAVORITE PLACE IN ALL THE FLOATING CITY.
HE LOVES THE SIGNAL PIT; LOVES CROUCHING WITHIN THE QUIET BABEL.
SOMETIMES HE CAN EVEN HEAR HIS OWN VOICE AMONGST THE WHISPERED CACOPHONY.
THE BLANK WALLS QUIETLY REVERBERATE WITH EVERY CONVERSATION IN CYBERSPACE.
THAT'S BECAUSE WIRE EXISTS SIMULTANEOUSLY IN CYBERSPACE AND THE REAL WORLD.
SINCE THIS HAPPENED, LIFE HASN'T BEEN TOO GOOD TO OLD WIRE.
NOT THAT HE'S NOTICED MUCH, BECAUSE HE IS QUITE, QUITE MAD.
BUT TODAY IS WORSE. TODAY HE DISCOVERED THE NAMES OF THE TWO PANTHERS WHO DIED TAKING THE WHITE HOUSE.
ONE OF THEM WAS CALLED XANDRA.
AND WIRE DOESN'T INTEND TO COME OUT OF THE SIGNAL PIT EVER AGAIN.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION?
VERY NEARLY, MR. PRESIDENT.
PLEASE ALLOW US A FEW MORE MOMENTS.
NOTE THIS WELL, GALLOWS. THAT ONE, TYLER STONE, IS A TRUE PARASITE.
I SEE HOW HE RECOGNIZES ME AS THE HEALTHIER, STRONGER HOST ORGANISM. AVATARR IS BUT A DIM MEMORY TO HIM NOW.
MANY SUCH AS HE WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE TO YOU FOR... PUNISHMENT.
REALLY.


WELL?
I PRESUME THAT, BY THIS SUBHUMAN DISPLAY OF QUIVERING AND PERSPIRATION, YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR TASK.
SPEAK.


AVATARR.
WHAT?
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
STONE. STONE, YOU MOTHERLESS REPTILE, COME BACK HERE!
ALL OF YOU, YOU CHEAP LITTLE RAPISTS, WHERE ARE YOU GOING--
WITH THEIR BLACK CARD RATING REMOVED, BUYING SUCH EXPENSIVE CLOTHES WILL BECOME MORE DIFFICULT.
I IMAGINE THEY WISH TO PROTECT THEIR GARMENTS FROM BLOODSTAINS.
YOU WON'T KILL ME.
YOU CAN'T.

IS THAT RIGHT?
YOU KNOW NOTHING. YOU'RE A JOKE, DOOM. I'M LAUGHING AT YOU.
ALL AMERICA IS LAUGHING AT YOU. THE WHOLE WORLD.
I HEAR NO LAUGHTER.
UHUK
AAHHGGG
HURTS

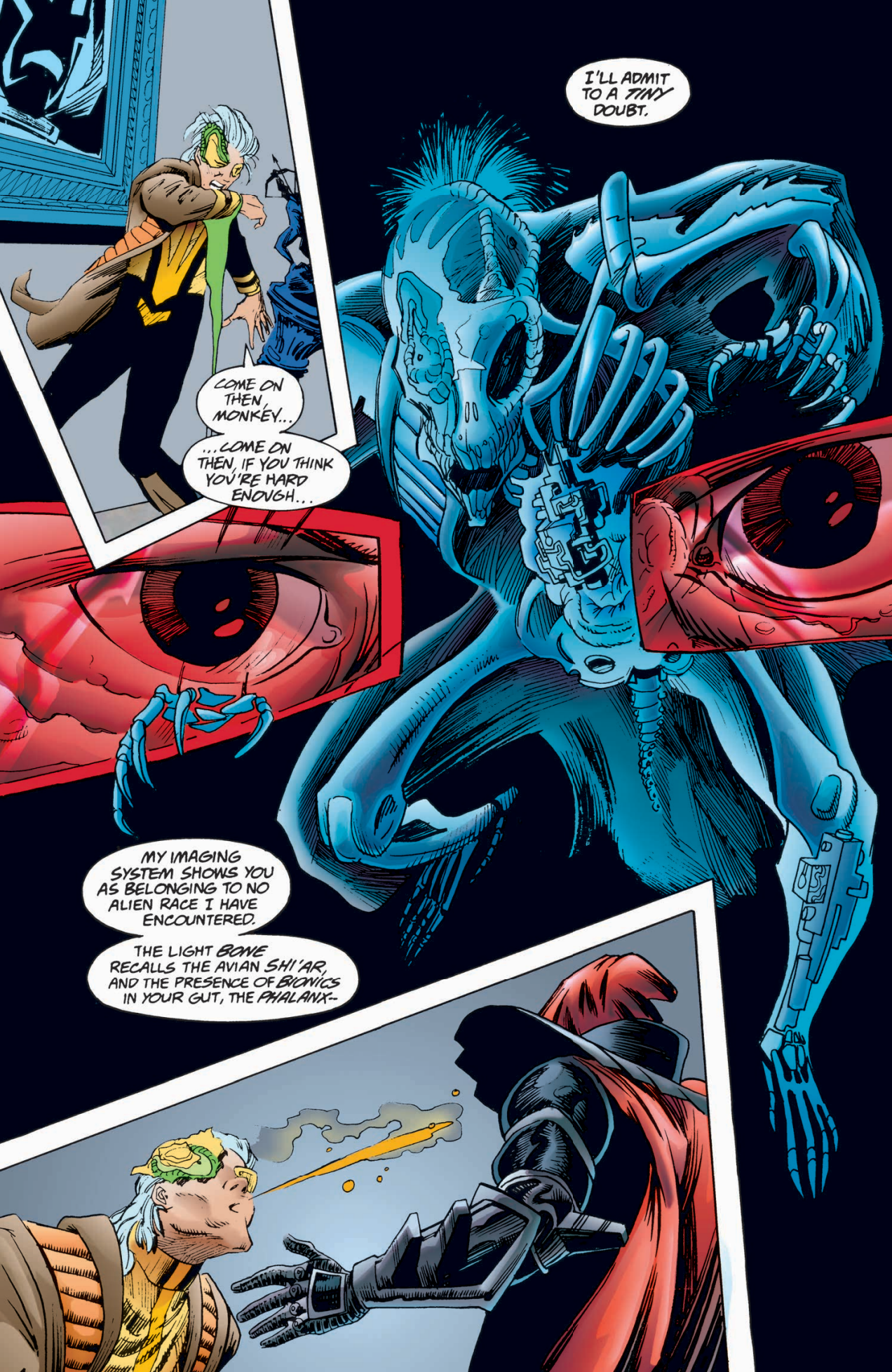

"In a rich man's house
there is no place to spit but in his face."
—Diogenes

MARVEL COMICS
2099
31
JUL
ONE NATION UNDER DOOM
DOOM 2099 A.D.
PATRICK R. BRODERICK 94.

A LONG TIME AGO, THIS CREATURE NAMED HIMSELF AVATARR.
AN AVATAR,... IN ITS CLASSIC DEFINITION, IS THE VISIBLE EMBODIMENT ON EARTH OF A DEITY. A GOD MADE FLESH.
THIS AVATAR, THIS BROKEN-FACED THING WITH ACIDIC PUS STREAMING FROM ITS PUNCTURED EYE...
...THIS IS THE GOD OF MONEY.
AMERICAN DREAM
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION
WARREN ELLIS writer
DAVID KLEIN guest artist
JOHN COSTANZA letterer
BEN SEAN colorist
JOEY CAVALIERI editor
BOBBIE CHASE chief

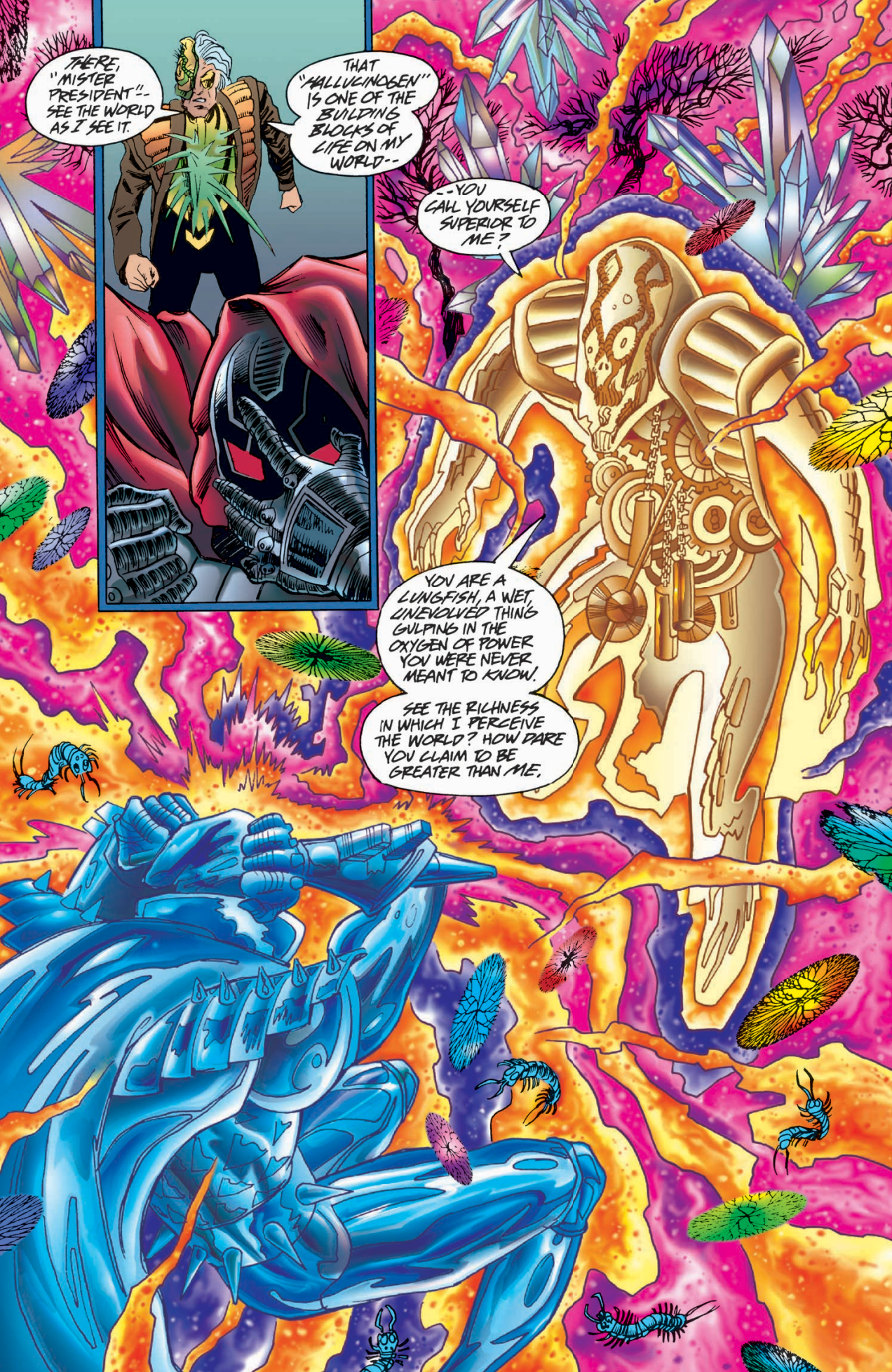
A STINK RISES FROM AVATARR THAT HAS NO RIGHT TO EMIT FROM A HUMAN BODY.
THE ASSEMBLED HEADS OF THE AMERICAN MEGACORP STRUCTURE BACK AWAY FROM THE THING THEY CALLED COLLEAGUE AND RIVAL.
THE PRESIDENT DOES NOT.
INTERESTING.
THE LASER I FIRED INTO YOUR HEAD WAS, IT SEEMS, AN UNDERESTIMATION.
I IMAGINE THE STRESS YOU ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING IS DUE LESS TO THE ACTUAL WOUND--
--THAN TO THE NEURAL REGELATION THAT MY SCANNING ARRAYS PERCEIVE.
YOUR BRAIN IS LITERALLY MELTING OVER THE HOLE.
MY ARRAYS ALSO DISPROVE MY INITIAL THEORY, THAT YOU ARE A MUTANT.
THERE IS NOTHING REMOTELY HUMAN IN YOUR DNA STRUCTURE, AVATARR.

ALIEN.
AVATARR... HE'S SOME KIND OF DISGUSTING SPACE ALIEN?
LORD, I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...
UNDERSTANDABLE, MR. STONE. THAT IS ARACHNID REACTION -- INSTINCTIVE REVULSION TOWARDS THE ALIEN.
LET ME, MR. PRESIDENT, LET MY BULLETS BREAK OPEN HIS SKULL AND SPLASH HIS BRAINS ON --
NO, JACOB.
THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS THIS ADMINISTRATION SHOULD TEND TO PERSONALLY.


COME ON THEN, MONKEY...
...COME ON THEN, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE HARD ENOUGH...
I'LL ADMIT TO A TINY DOUBT.
MY IMAGING SYSTEM SHOWS YOU AS BELONGING TO NO ALIEN RACE I HAVE ENCOUNTERED.
THE LIGHT BONE RECALLS THE AVIAN SHI'AR, AND THE PRESENCE OF BIONICS IN YOUR GUT, THE PHALANX--

NOW, THAT IS DIVERTING.
ACID, SECRETED IN SPITTLE, MIXED WITH A POWERFUL HALLUCINOGEN, ACCORDING TO MY ARRAYS.
NOT VERY GOOD ACID, THOUGH, IS IT?
SSSSSSSSSSS

FASCINATING. I CAN SEE YOUR LUNGS GROWING NEW CILIA TO BACK-STOP THE DESTROYED LUNG TISSUE...
LET GO OF MY ARM.
MONKEY!


THERE, "MISTER PRESIDENT"-- SEE THE WORLD AS I SEE IT.
THAT "HALLUCINOGEN" IS ONE OF THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF LIFE ON MY WORLD--
--YOU CALL YOURSELF SUPERIOR TO ME?
YOU ARE A LUNGFISH, A WET, UNEVOLVED THING GULPING IN THE OXYGEN OF POWER YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO KNOW.
SEE THE RICHNESS IN WHICH I PERCEIVE THE WORLD? HOW DARE YOU CLAIM TO BE GREATER THAN ME.

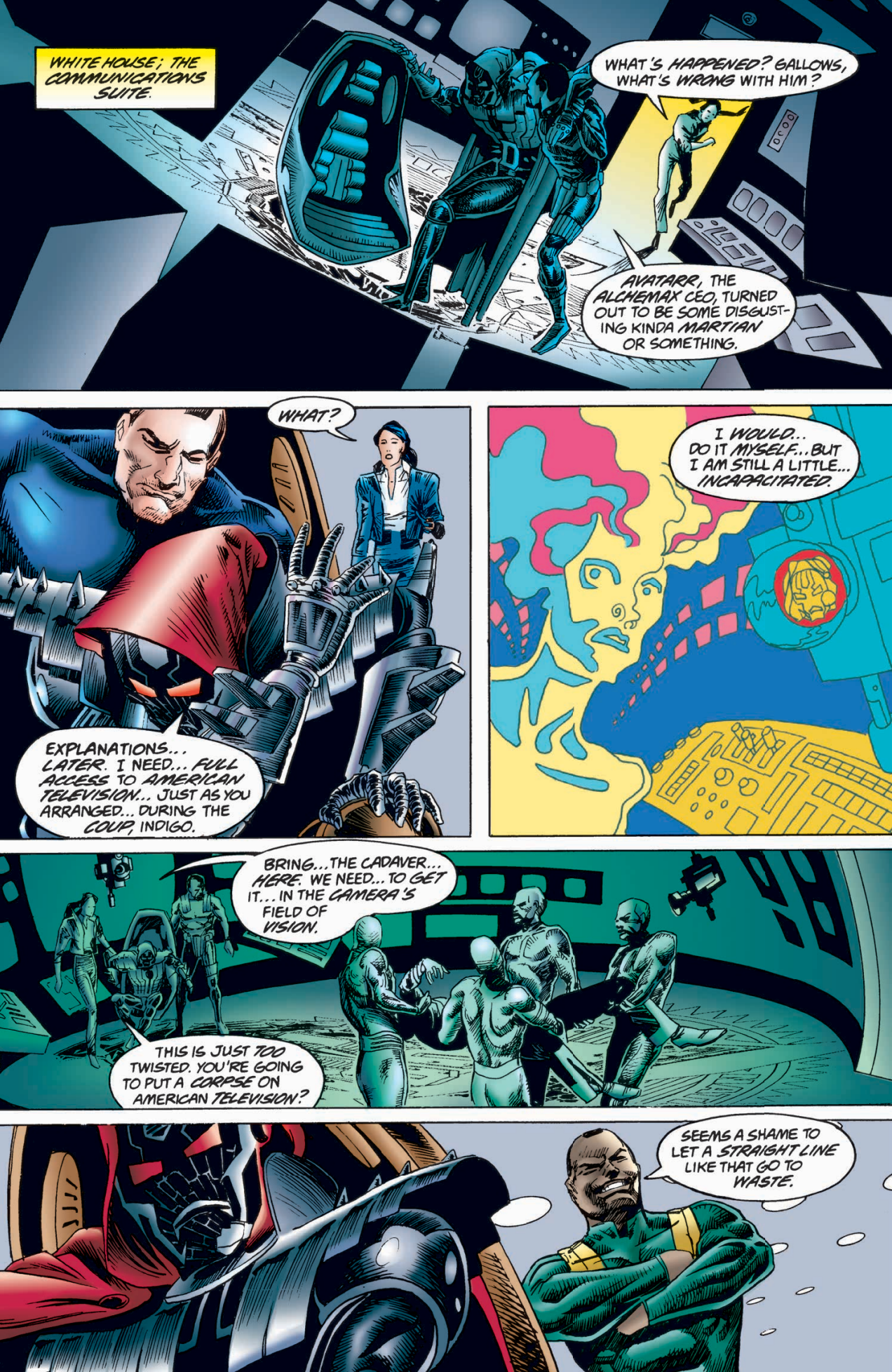
OUCH.
LOWER YOUR GUN, OFFICER GALLOWS. YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME NOW.
FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS IS TO EXECUTE MY HONORED COLLEAGUES HERE, REPLACING THEM WITH PEOPLE WHO KNOW LESS ABOUT ME.

LATER, WE'LL QUIETLY BURN DOOM ON THE LAWN.
THIS COUNTRY HAS ENOUGH DUBIOUS ICONS WITHOUT ADDING A MARTYR TO THEIR NUMBER.
WELL, COME ON. JUMP TO IT.
NOW THAT THIS "PRESIDENT" NONSENSE IS OVER, WE HAVE AN AUTOCRACY IN DISGUISE TO RESTORE.
TO BUSINESS, GENTLEMEN. THERE'S A WHOLE WIDE WORLD OUT THERE TO BLEED.

MY... THANKS, CREATURE. THE LOAN OF YOUR PERCEPTION ENZYMES REVEALED THAT... WITHIN THE BIONICS IN YOUR GUT...
...LAY YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...
... ACCESSIBLE FROM... BEHIND YOUR SPINE.
EVEN... AS WE SPEAK... THE NANOIDS IN MY BLOOD ARE FLUSHING OUT YOUR SECRETION.
DOOM... SURMOUNTS... ALL.

CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK

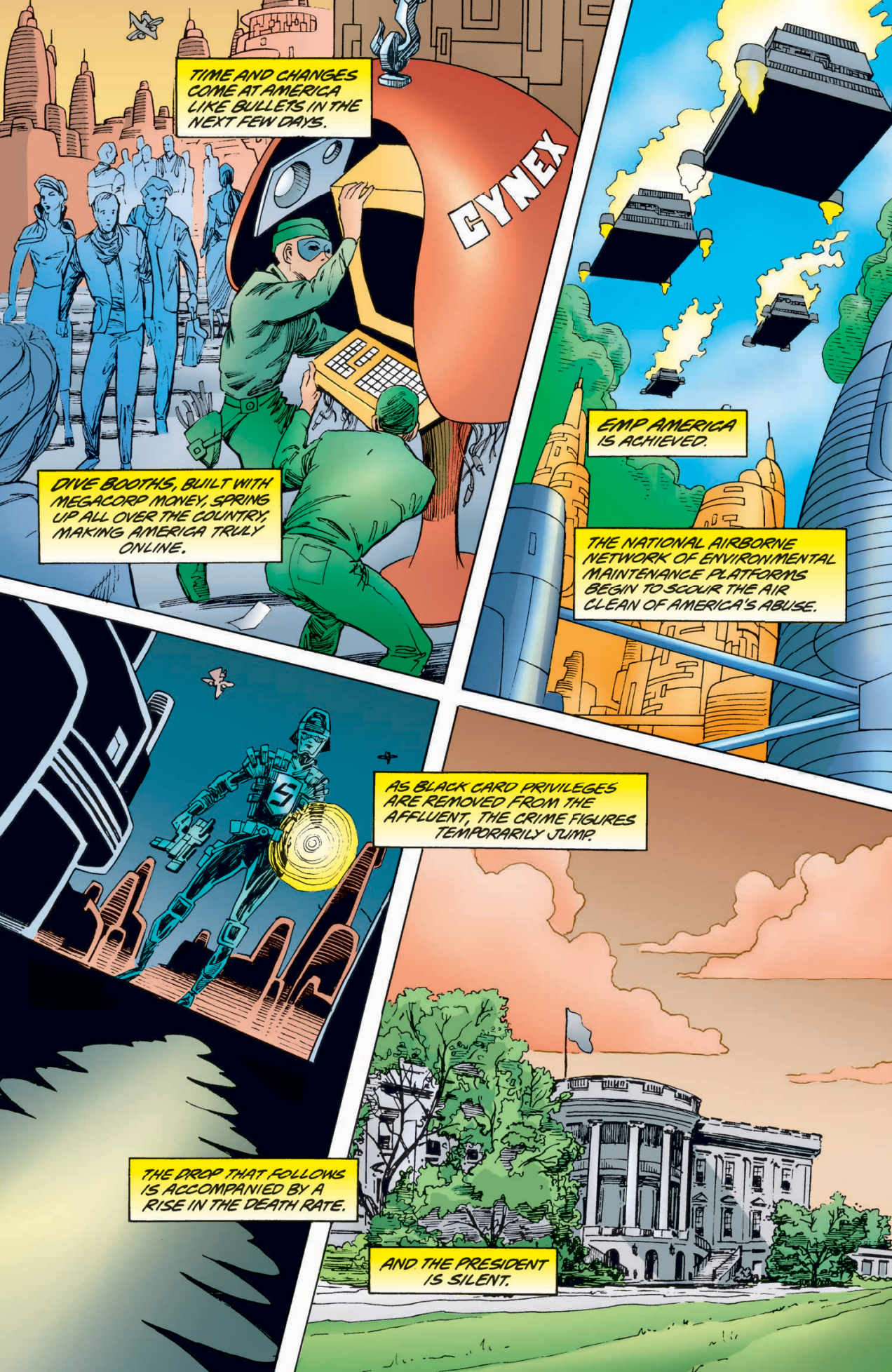
HELP ME UP, JACOB.
URRFFF
THE NANOIDS ARE DRAWING ON MY OWN METABOLISM TO POWER THEIR PURGE OF THE ENZYME--
--AND IT HAS LEFT ME WITHOUT STRENGTH.
I NEED INDIGO, JACOB, TAKE ME TO HER.
THE REST OF YOU--TAKE THE CADAVER TO THE WHITE HOUSE COMMUNICATIONS SUITE.
ALL THIS TIME...
ALL THIS TIME, AND I DIDN'T KNOW.
I WAS AFRAID OF HIM, SURE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS IN THE EXECUTIVE LIFESTYLE...
...BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE, CAN IT? NO SUCH THING AS SPACE ALIENS.
JUST LIKE ALL THE OLD HEROIC AGE FABLES. BLIND VIGILANTES IN RED LEOTARDS, MAGICIANS ON BLEECKER STREET. NEVER HAPPENED!
THIS IS A FAKE. DOOM'S MAD.
THIS IS A FAKE.


WHITE HOUSE; THE COMMUNICATIONS SUITE.
WHAT'S HAPPENED? GALLOWS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
AVATARR, THE ALCHEMAX CEO, TURNED OUT TO BE SOME DISGUSTING KINDA MARTIAN OR SOMETHING.
WHAT?
EXPLANATIONS... LATER. I NEED... FULL ACCESS TO AMERICAN TELEVISION... JUST AS YOU ARRANGED... DURING THE COUP, INDIGO.
I WOULD... DO IT MYSELF... BUT I AM STILL A LITTLE... INCAPACITATED.
BRING... THE CADAVER... HERE. WE NEED... TO GET IT... IN THE CAMERA'S FIELD OF VISION.
THIS IS JUST TOO TWISTED. YOU'RE GOING TO PUT A CORPSE ON AMERICAN TELEVISION?
SEEMS A SHAME TO LET A STRAIGHT LINE LIKE THAT GO TO WASTE.

ON ALL COMMUNICATIONS FREQUENCIES AND MEDIA. THERE NOW FOLLOWS AN ADDRESS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.
BE ADVISED THAT OFFLINING FROM THIS ADDRESS IS ILLEGAL.
THIS *IS* THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION. HE STYLED HIMSELF ***AVATARR.***
HE IS ***NOT OF THIS WORLD.***
LOOK.
LOOK AT THE *CARAPACE* BENEATH THE FALSE *SKIN*. SEE THE REVEALED *EYE*, HEAVY WITH PURPLE *RHODOPSIN* FOR ENHANCED *PERCEPTION* AND *TIMESENSE*--
--HE'S NOT *KREE* OR *SHI'AR* OR *MEPHISITOID* BUT HE *IS* AN *ALIEN*, WITH *DRUGS* FOR *BLOOD*, AND--
stop it, Doom.
They won't understand. I don't understand.

--HE, IT, HAS CONTROLLED ONE OF THIS COUNTRY'S LARGEST MEGACORPS FOR OVER A DECADE!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOUR LIVES HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO A THING WITH HALLUCINOGENS FOR BLOOD!
BUT THIS DOESN'T ABSOLVE YOU! NO!
I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO POINT YOUR FINGER AT THE ALIEN CORPSE AND SAY "IT WAS HIM THAT DID IT! AMERICA TODAY IS NOT MY FAULT!"
YOU LET HIM RULE YOU! IT IS YOUR FAULT! YOU ALL HAD A CHOICE!
YOU WILL ALL MAKE RESTITUTION FOR THIS HORROR YOU HAVE PERPETRATED!
YOUR INCOMES WILL BE TITHED TO A FEDERAL RESTITUTION FUND IN REPARATION FOR YOUR IGNORANCE!
MARTIAL LAW IS INCREASED! MORE CURFEWS!
TO THE DEVIL WITH YOU ALL!

WE HAVE LOST COMMUNICATION WITH THE WHITE HOUSE. WE ASSUME THIS IS A TEMPORARY FAULT.
WE REMIND YOU THAT OFFLINING DURING A WHITE HOUSE ADDRESS IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE.
SOMEONE GIVE ME A HAND HERE.
HE'S PASSED OUT.

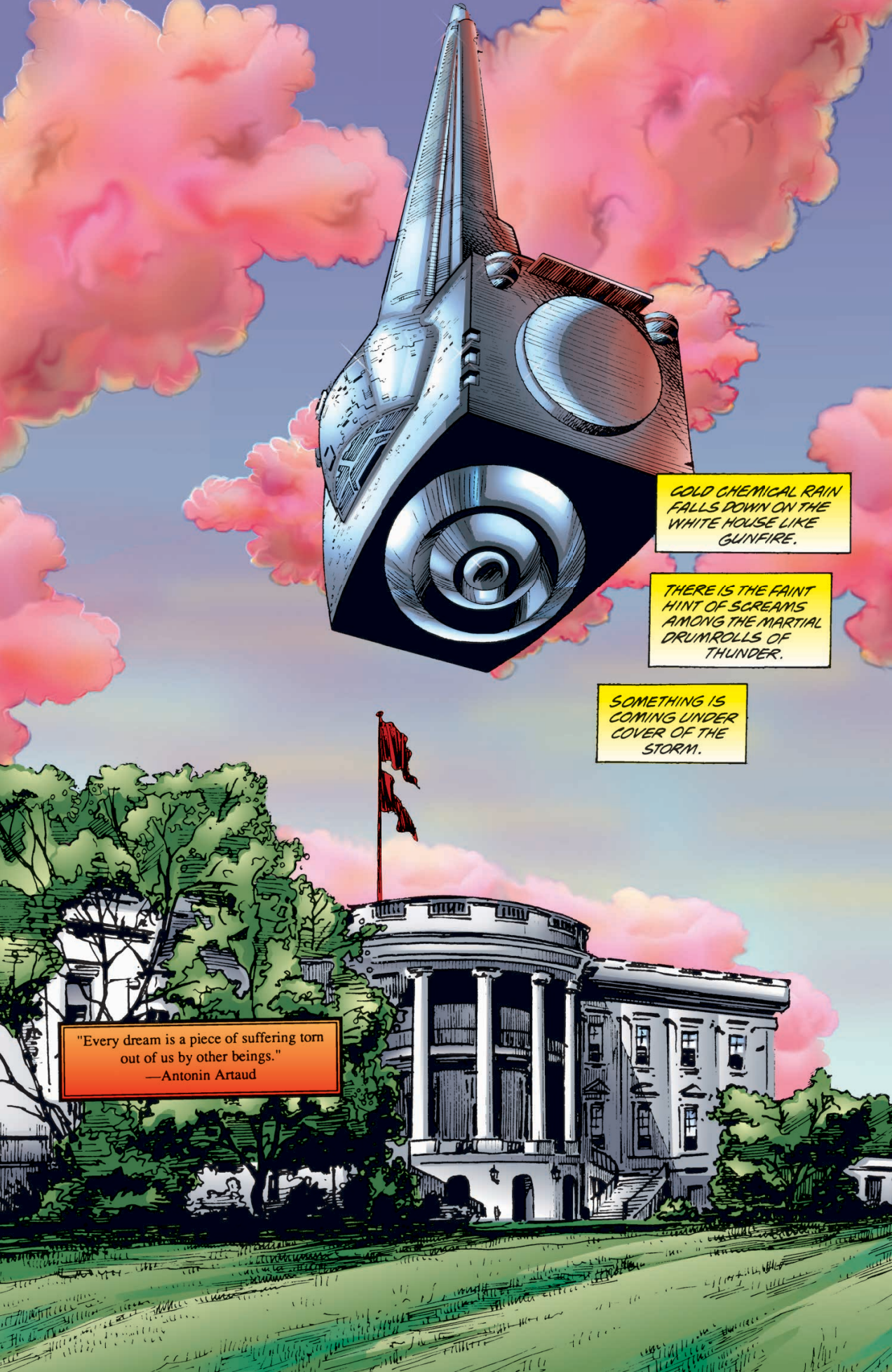

TIME AND CHANGES COME AT AMERICA LIKE BULLETS IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.
CYNEX
DIVE BOOTHS, BUILT WITH MEGACORP MONEY, SPRING UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, MAKING AMERICA TRULY ONLINE.
EMP AMERICA IS ACHIEVED.
THE NATIONAL AIRBORNE NETWORK OF ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS BEGIN TO SCOUR THE AIR CLEAN OF AMERICA'S ABUSE.
AS BLACK CARD PRIVILEGES ARE REMOVED FROM THE AFFLUENT, THE CRIME FIGURES TEMPORARILY JUMP.
THE DROP THAT FOLLOWS IS ACCOMPANIED BY A RISE IN THE DEATH RATE.
AND THE PRESIDENT IS SILENT.

IT WAS THE DRUGS.
I... I SIMPLY WANTED TO SHOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THE TERRIBLE EXTENT OF THEIR STUPIDITY.
TO HAVE NOT ONLY ALLOWED, BUT TO HAVE NOT NOTICED AN ALIEN ASSUMING AUTHORITY IN A MEGACORP...
... BUT THE DRUG-RADDLED ENZYME... HOTWIRING MY PERCEPTION CENTERS...
... I LOST CONTROL.
I DID NOT INTEND TO KILL YOU.
YOU HELD TOO MANY SECRETS BENEATH YOUR CHITIN, ALIEN.

INDIGO.
WHAT'S THIS? EAVESDROPPING ON THE MAN?
NOT EXACTLY.
WONDERING HOW AND IF I SHOULD TELL HIM SOMETHING HE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR.
THE ADDRESS.
YOU KNOW HE'S GOT THE ALIEN'S HEAD IN THERE WITH HIM? HE TALKS TO IT?
MORPHINE, HE LOST IT ON A BLANKET NATIONAL BROADCAST. HIS CREDIBILITY'S FOR SPIT.
CREDIBILITY BE BUGGERED. WHAT ABOUT HIS MIND?
SURE, HE JABBERED ON A LOT ABOUT ALIENS AND MADE EVERYONE THINK HE WAS MAD.
BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE ESCAPED EVERYONE'S NOTICE HERE THAT HE TIGHTENED MARTIAL LAW AT THE SAME TIME.
WHEN YOU FIND A WAY TO TELL HIM AMERICA THINKS HE'S CRAZIER 'N A NEEDLE-PIERCED BUGLOVER--
--ASK HIM WHETHER THAT SUPPOSED ALIEN JUICE DROVE HIM MAD--
--OR SIMPLY REMOVED A FAÇADE.

SHARP BLUE, MINISTER OF ORDER, HAS BEEN DEALING WITH AFFAIRS OF STATE DURING THE PRESIDENT'S SILENCE.
CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? GET ME DOOM!
NOW!
SHE ENJOYED IT, BECAUSE IT IS NONLETHAL WORK AND A WELCOME CHANGE FROM HER PREVIOUS CAREER AS A MERCENARY GUN.
TODAY, SHE DOESN'T WANT THE JOB.
OR DOES HE WANT TO WAIT UNTIL HELLROCK COMES KNOCKING ON THE OVAL OFFICE DOOR?

WHY WERE YOU HERE, AVATARR?
DID YOU HAVE AN AMERICAN DREAM?
DID YOU HELP ORCHESTRATE THIS CORPORATE AMERICA I HAVE COME TO END?
OR DID YOU COME MERELY TO FEED OFF ITS BLOATED CORPUS?
WHAT IS IN YOUR DEAD HEAD?
THE TECHNOLOGY OF THIS ERA IS, I HAVE OFTEN FELT, TOO ADVANCED.
DID YOU BRING IT WITH YOU? HOW MUCH REMAINS IN VAULTS, WAITING TO BE RE-LEASED?
YOU HAVE TOUCHED ME WHERE I AM MOST VULNER-ABLE, AVATARR. MY INTELLECT.
YOU PERVERTED MY PERCEPTION OF THE WORLD. YOU STOLE MY CONTROL FROM ME.
AND, EVEN IN DEATH, YOU CRIPPLE ME WITH QUESTIONS.
DID YOU HAVE AN AMERICAN DREAM?


COLD CHEMICAL RAIN FALLS DOWN ON THE WHITE HOUSE LIKE GUNFIRE.
THERE IS THE FAINT HINT OF SCREAMS AMONG THE MARTIAL DRUMROLLS OF THUNDER.
SOMETHING IS COMING UNDER COVER OF THE STORM.
"Every dream is a piece of suffering torn out of us by other beings."
—Antonin Artaud

DOOM
2099

MARVEL COMICS
2099
32
AUG
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DOOM
2099 A.D.

IN THE AUTUMN OF 2099, THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION EXPLODED.

THE FRACTURED STATES OF AMERICA, RULED BY THE U.S. **MEGACORPS**, WERE A BERSERK, POLLUTED DANGER TO THE ENTIRE PLANET — A RABID DOG IN HUNGRY PURSUIT OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE.

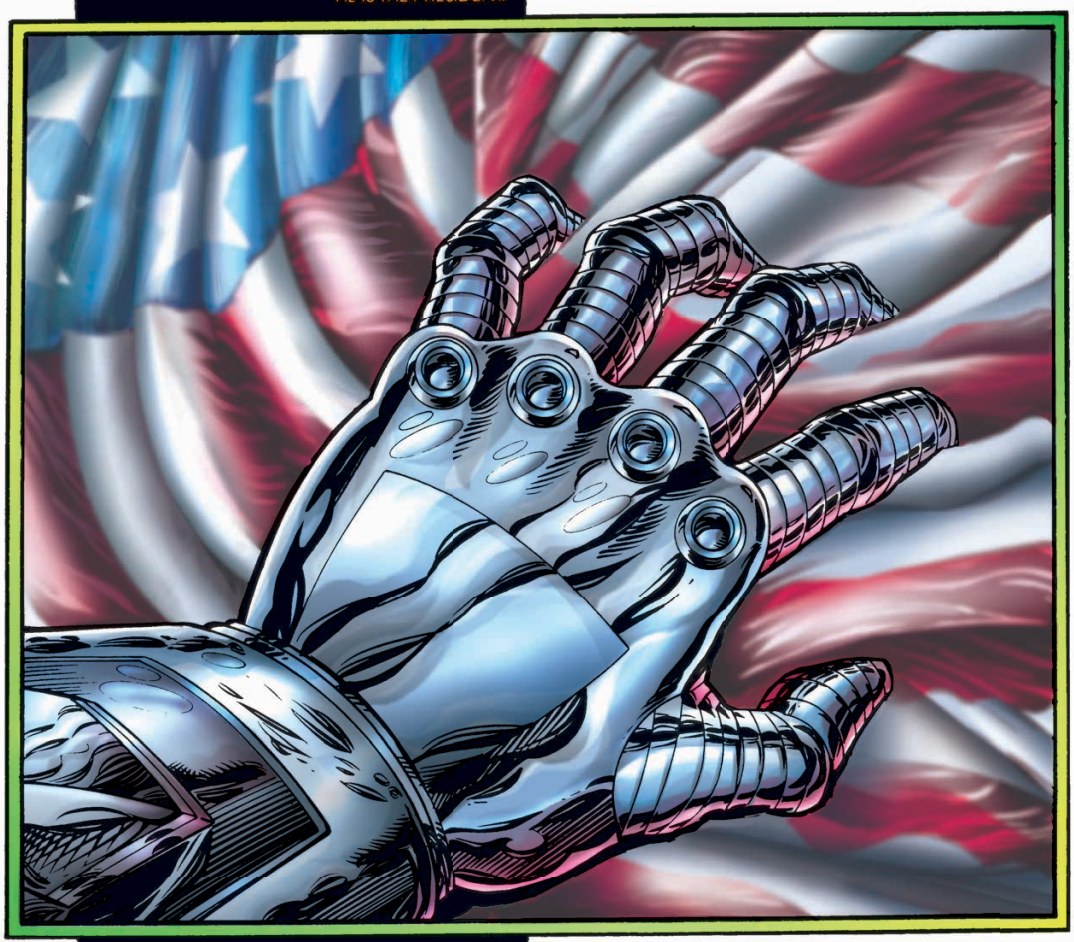
DOOM, RULER OF THE EUROPEAN STATE OF **LATVERIA**, WAS FORCED TO THE CONCLUSION THAT, IN HIS CONTINUING BID TO SAVE HIS HOME, HE MUST FIRST SAVE AMERICA — FROM ITSELF.

SO HE TOOK OVER AMERICA.

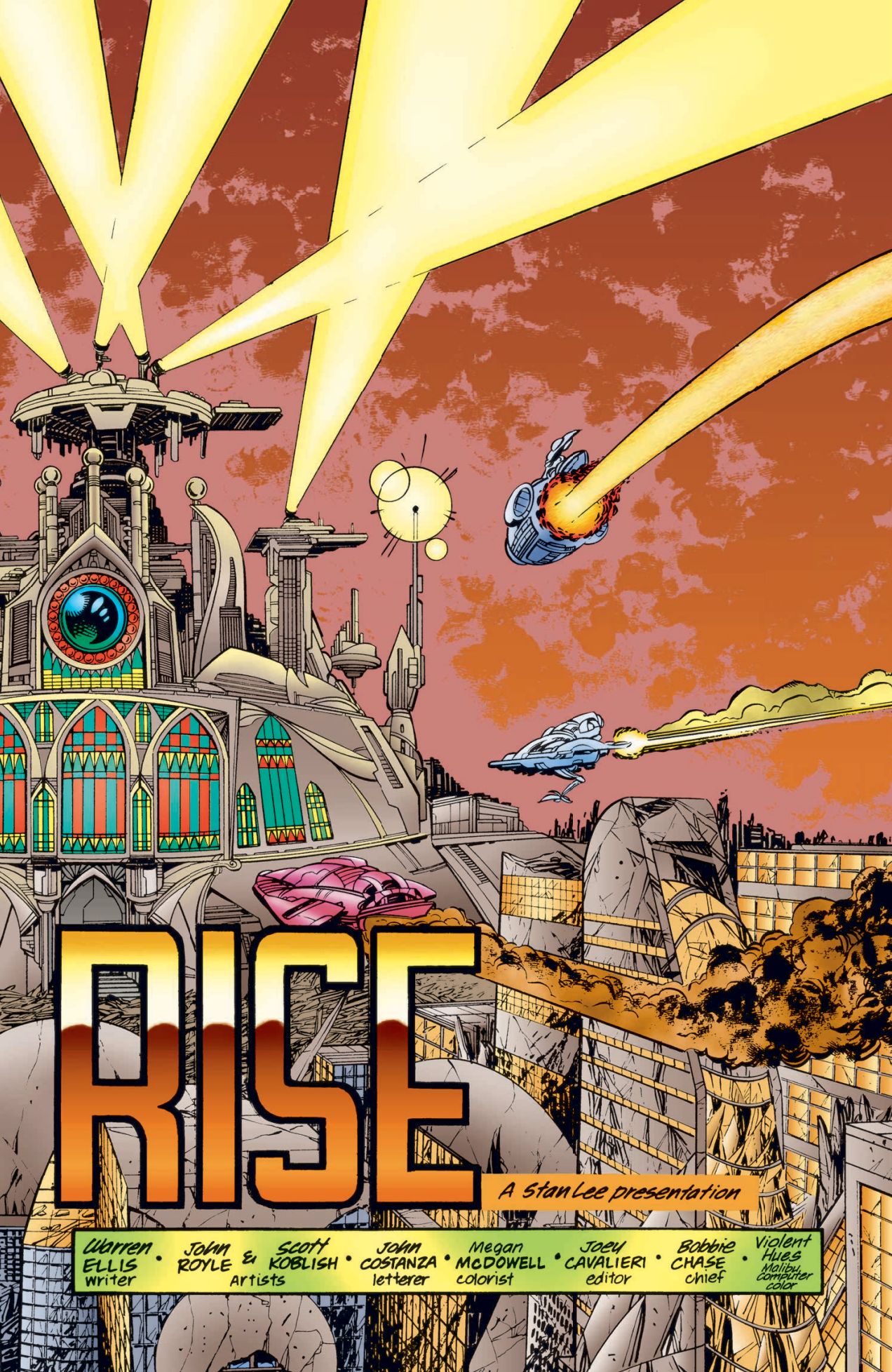
CLAIMING THE PRESIDENCY BY RIGHT OF REVOLUTION, DOOM HAS COWED THE MEGACORPS, FORCING THEM TO USE THEIR MONEY TO REBUILD THE COUNTRY THEY HAVE ALMOST RUINED.

THERE HAVE BEEN SETBACKS; A DISASTROUS TELEVISED ADDRESS WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HALLUCINOGENS HAS DESTROYED HIS IMAGE IN THE EYES OF AN ALREADY FEARFUL AMERICAN PUBLIC. AND DOOM'S CALLOUS DESTRUCTION OF THE TOXIC BLIGHT CALLED HELLROCK (AND ITS "RULER", PAUL-PHILIP RAVAGE) DID NOT HELP.

BUT DOOM IS IN CONTROL.
HE HAS DONE GOOD THINGS.
HE IS THE PRESIDENT.

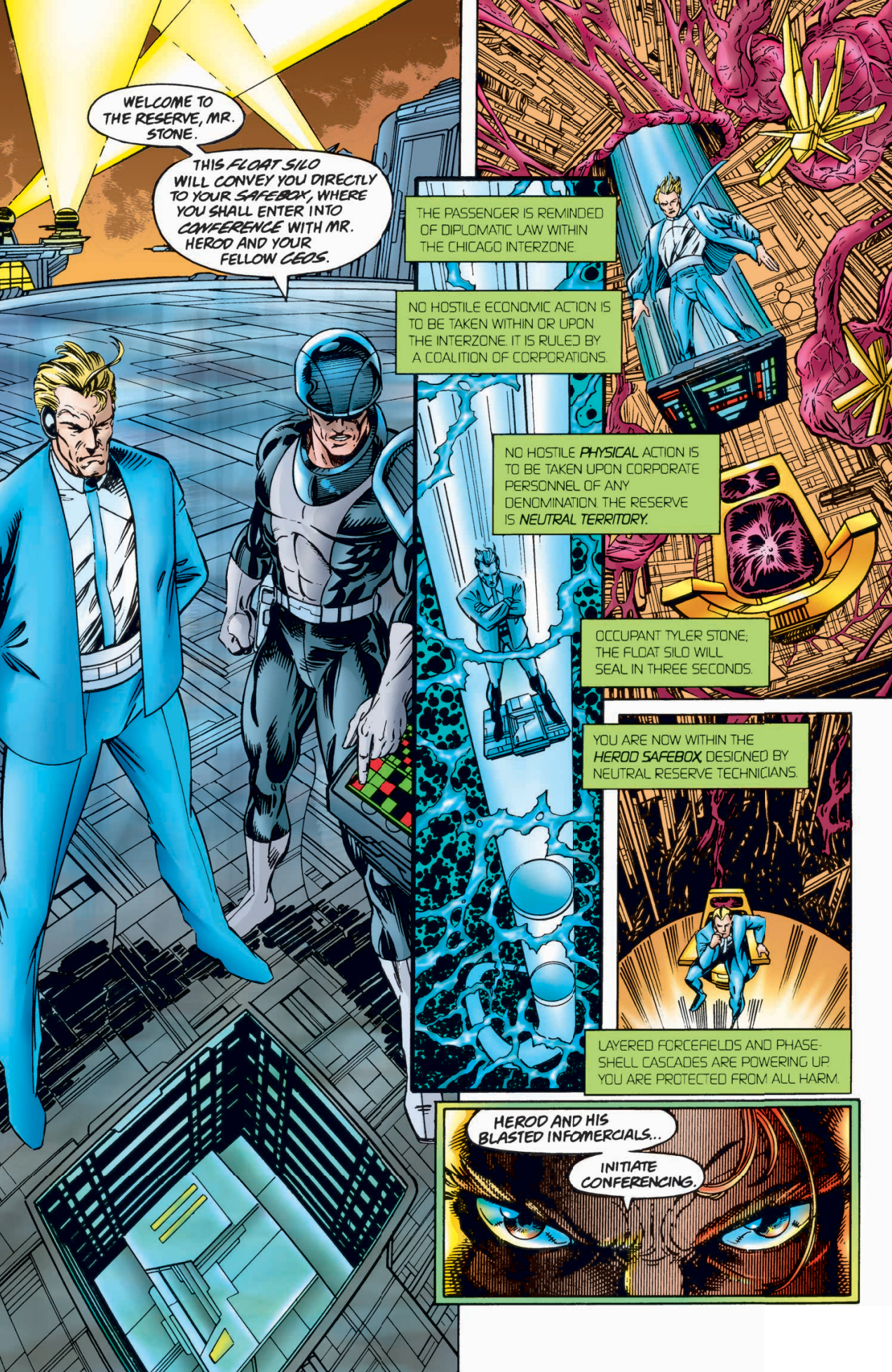


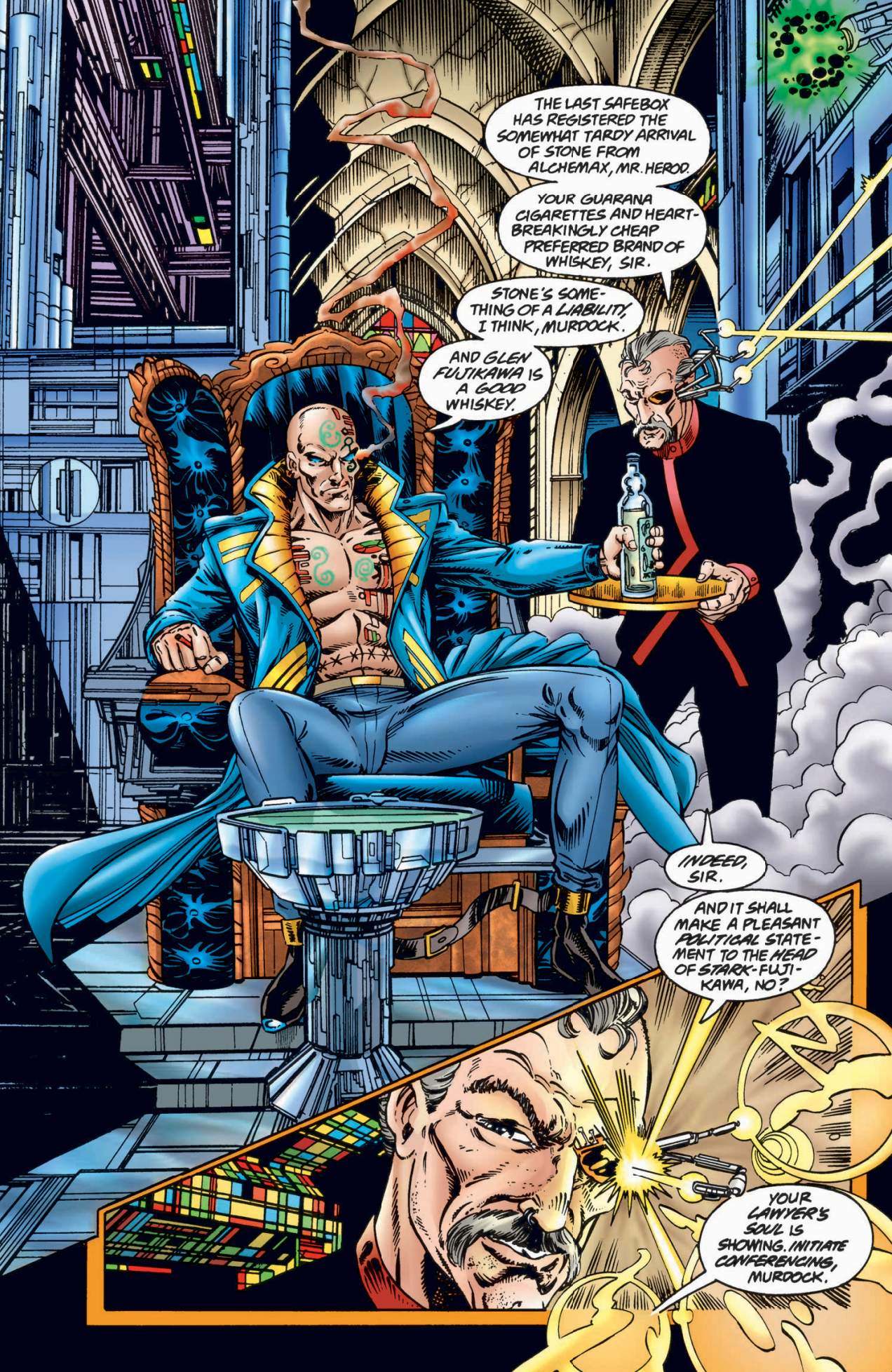
THE SUN DOESN'T RISE OVER CHICAGO.


RISE
A Stan Lee presentation
Warren ELLIS writer
John ROYLE & Scott KOBLISH Artists
John COSTANZA letterer
Megan McDOWELL colorist
Joey CAVALIERI editor
Bobbie CHASE chief
Violent Hues Malibu computer color

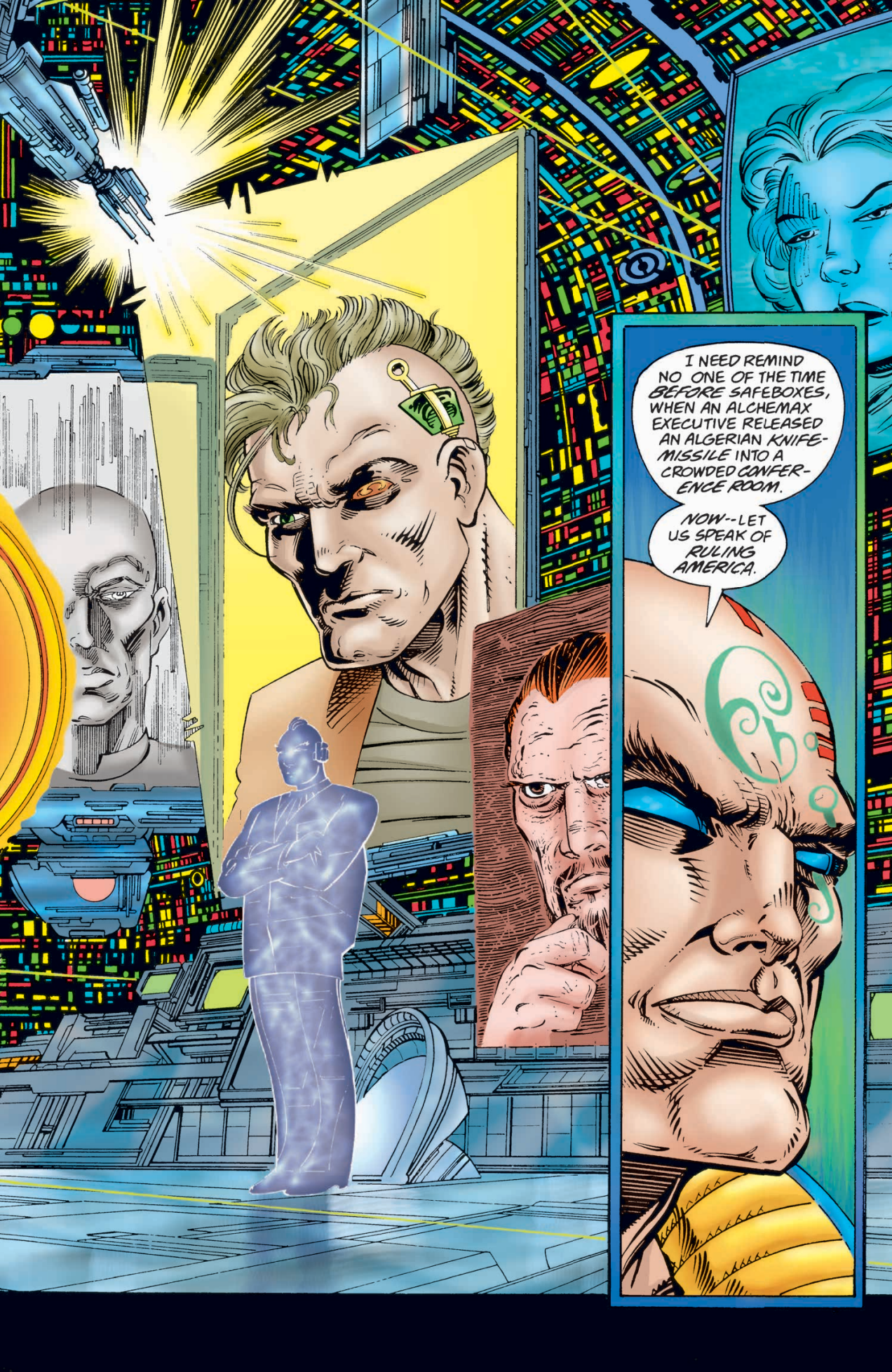
DOOM
2099

FLIGHT AMX TO RESERVE, CONFIRMING FINAL APPROACH--
--AND MY PASSENGER WANTS ANOTHER CONFIRMATION THAT CHICAGO INTER-ZONE DIPLOMATIC LAW IS IN FORCE.
PLEASE ASSURE HIM THAT, DESPITE THE CURRENT SITUATION--
--THE RESERVE IS STILL OWNED BY THE COALITION OF MEGACORPS, AND MR. HEROD HAS PERSONALLY ASSURED HIS SAFETY.
SHOCKIN' WELL BETTER HAVE DONE-- THE RUN TO THE RESERVE WAS ENOUGH OF A RISK IN THE OLD DAYS...
...THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS USED TO LET SOMEONE ELSE DO IT...
YOUR IDENTIFICATION, SIR?
NAME: TYLER STOVE. TRIGGER-PHRASE: STEP ON SPIDERS.
AND HERE'S MY SAFEBOX LOCKING SEQUENCER, RIGHT WHERE HEROD IMPLANTED IT.
CAN WE GET ON WITH IT NOW?


WELCOME TO THE RESERVE, MR. STONE.
THIS FLOAT SILO WILL CONVEY YOU DIRECTLY TO YOUR SAFEBOX, WHERE YOU SHALL ENTER INTO CONFERENCE WITH MR. HEROD AND YOUR FELLOW CEOS.
THE PASSENGER IS REMINDED OF DIPLOMATIC LAW WITHIN THE CHICAGO INTERZONE.
NO HOSTILE ECONOMIC ACTION IS TO BE TAKEN WITHIN OR UPON THE INTERZONE. IT IS RULED BY A COALITION OF CORPORATIONS.
NO HOSTILE PHYSICAL ACTION IS TO BE TAKEN UPON CORPORATE PERSONNEL OF ANY DENOMINATION. THE RESERVE IS NEUTRAL TERRITORY.
OCCUPANT TYLER STONE; THE FLOAT SILO WILL SEAL IN THREE SECONDS.
YOU ARE NOW WITHIN THE HEROD SAFEBOX, DESIGNED BY NEUTRAL RESERVE TECHNICIANS.
LAYERED FORCEFIELDS AND PHASE-SHELL CASCADES ARE POWERING UP. YOU ARE PROTECTED FROM ALL HARM.
HEROD AND HIS BLASTED INFOMERCIALS...
INITIATE CONFERENCING.

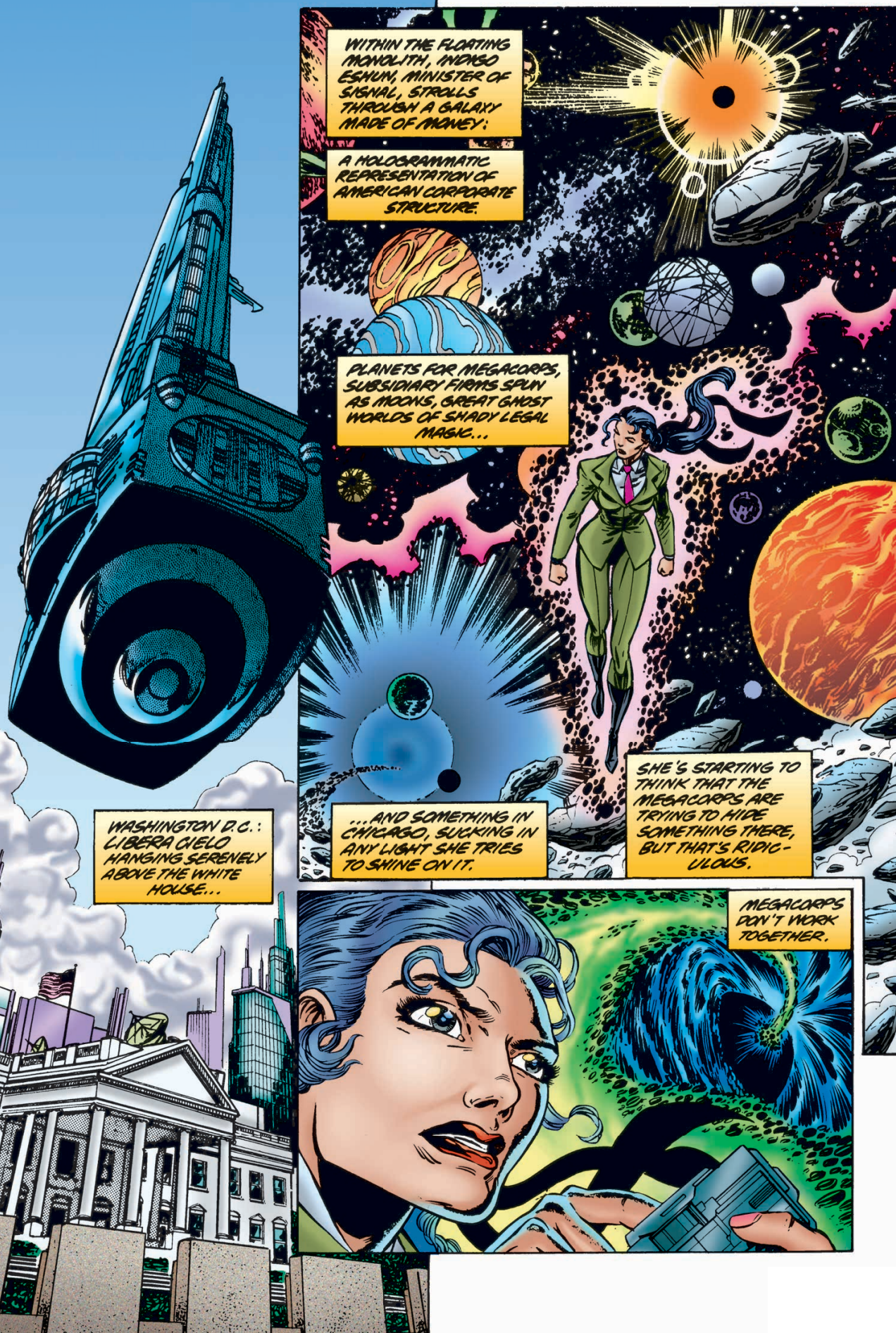

THE LAST SAFEBOX HAS REGISTERED THE SOMEWHAT TARDY ARRIVAL OF STONE FROM ALCHEMAX, MR. HEROD.
YOUR GUARANA CIGARETTES AND HEART-BREAKINGLY CHEAP PREFERRED BRAND OF WHISKEY, SIR.
STONE'S SOMETHING OF A LIABILITY, I THINK, MURDOCK.
AND GLEN FUJIKAWA IS A GOOD WHISKEY.
INDEED, SIR.
AND IT SHALL MAKE A PLEASANT POLITICAL STATEMENT TO THE HEAD OF STARK-FUJIKAWA, NO?
YOUR LAWYER'S SOUL IS SHOWING. INITIATE CONFERENCING, MURDOCK.

GOOD EVENING.
I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS CONFERENCE'S RATHER PATCHWORK NATURE. YOUR SAFEBOXES' PHASE SHELL CASCADES EACH HAVE A DIFFERENT FREQUENCY, EACH OF WHICH UNFORTUNATELY INTERFERES WITH A CERTAIN BROADCAST MEDIUM.
HOWEVER, IT IS STILL SAFER THAN MEETING FACE-TO-FACE.


I NEED REMIND NO ONE OF THE TIME BEFORE SAFEBOXES, WHEN AN ALCHEMAX EXECUTIVE RELEASED AN ALGERIAN KNIFE-MISSILE INTO A CROWDED CONFERENCE ROOM.
NOW--LET US SPEAK OF RULING AMERICA.

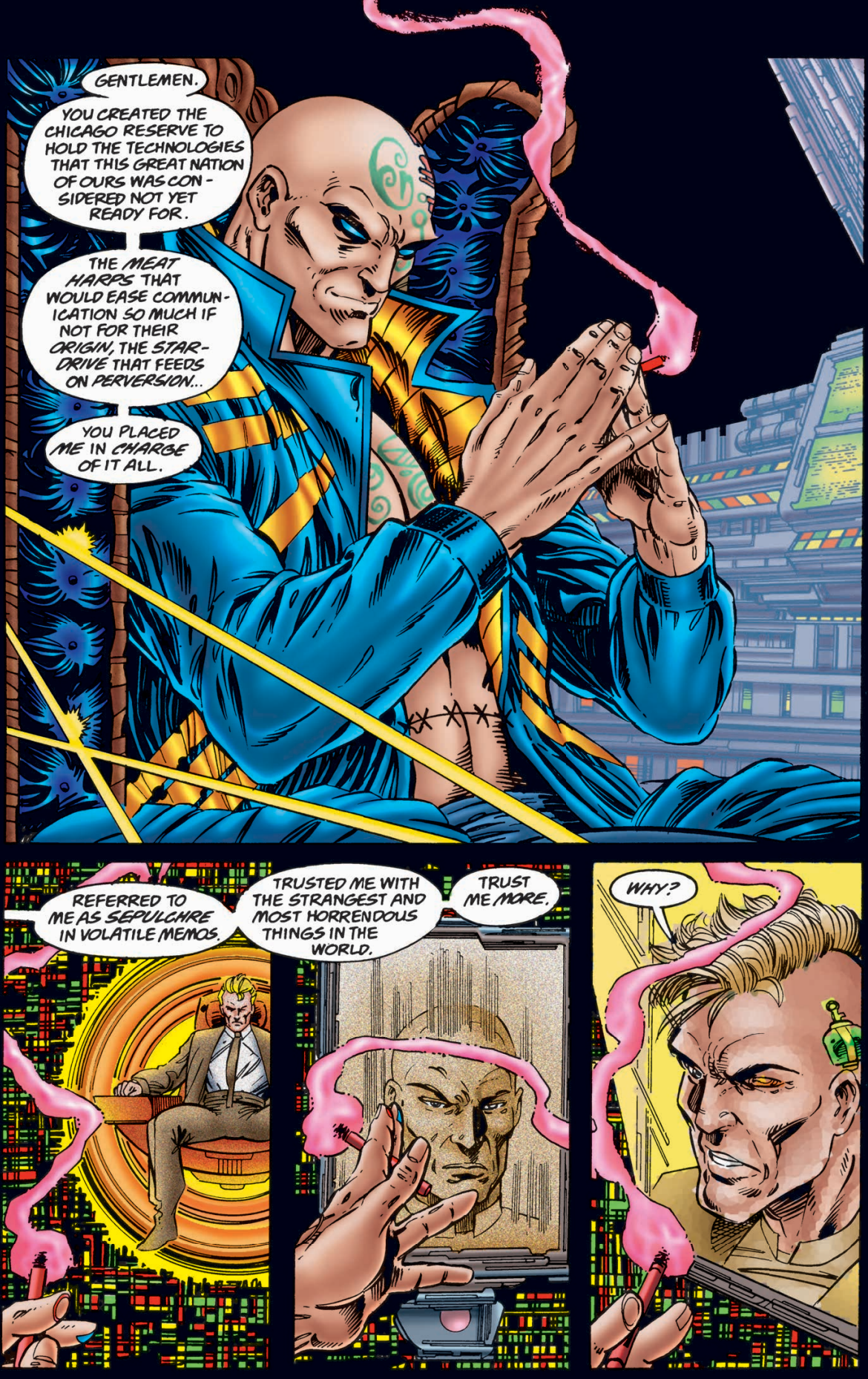
LATVERIA:
THEY'VE NEVER KNOWN THINGS SO QUIET.
IN THE TIME DOOM'S BEEN GONE, LIFE'S SETTLED INTO A SWEET EASY RHYTHM UNKNOWN SINCE THE 19TH CENTURY.
IN DOOM'S ABSENCE, FORTUNE, HEAD OF THE INDIGENOUS GYPSY CLAN ZEFIRO, IS RUNNING LATVERIA.
DECODE AND RELEASE THE REMOTE COMMUNICATION.
THIS IS THE RECLAMATION TEAM, CALLING IN FROM MAKHELASTAN...
IT'S FORTUNE, JOSEF. DON'T YOU HAVE VISUAL ON YOUR END?

NONE OF THE ELECTRONICS ARE WORKING PROPERLY HERE. KRESKI THINKS IT'S EITHER RELEASED MOISTURE OR A HIGHER SKIN CELL CONTENT IN THE AIR.
HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING? ANY SURVIVORS, ANY ATTEMPTS TO, YOU KNOW, HARVEST...
WELL, LIGNO WENT MAD UPON EXITING THE FLYER, AND ATE SEVERAL MOUTH-FULS OF THE REMAINS BEFORE WE COULD RESTRAIN HIM...
MAXIM FOUND AN UNVENTED DELIVERY SYSTEM, WHICH TRIGGERED, AND SHE'S LOST BOTH LEGS...
...AND, IN SUMMARY, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT ALIVE IN MAKHELASTAN.
THE NECROTOXIFICATION ERADICATED EVERYONE.
THERE'S NOTHING TO RECLAIM HERE, FORTUNE.


WITHIN THE FLOATING MONOLITH, INDOSO ESHUN, MINISTER OF SIGNAL, STROLLS THROUGH A GALAXY MADE OF MONEY:
A HOLOGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION OF AMERICAN CORPORATE STRUCTURE.
PLANETS FOR MEGACORPS, SUBSIDIARY FIRMS SPUN AS MOONS, GREAT GHOST WORLDS OF SHADY LEGAL MAGIC...
...AND SOMETHING IN CHICAGO, SUCKING IN ANY LIGHT SHE TRIES TO SHINE ON IT.
SHE'S STARTING TO THINK THAT THE MEGACORPS ARE TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING THERE, BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS.
WASHINGTON D.C.: LIBERA CIELO HANGING SERENELY ABOVE THE WHITE HOUSE...
MEGACORPS DON'T WORK TOGETHER.

IN THE OVAL OFFICE;
QUITE FASCINATING.
I SEE ONLY THE HOLO OF A MAN IN BEDROOM ATTIRE, MY EMPLOYER.
STAR-SPANGLED-- AN ALLMEDIA NOVEL BY JACK KING, PUBLISHED BY THE CHICAGO ARTS LAB...
SYNOPSIS VERSION SELECTED --RUNNING--
THAT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT AMERICAN, NKRUMAH.
THIS IS CAPTAIN AMERICA, ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING PLAYERS IN THE HEROIC AGE.
IT SEEMS THAT, IN AMERICA'S SEARCH TO COPE WITH MY PRESIDENCY, THEY ARE LOOKING FOR PURE AMERICAN ICONS.

THE PEOPLE'S CA
FOR PRESIDENT!
THIS, THE LIFE STORY OF THE CAPTAIN, IS CURRENTLY THE MOST POPULAR NOVEL IN AMERICA. I THOUGHT IT WORTH STUDY.
AND?
FULL OF MISTAKES, THOUGH I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT HE WAS A CONTEMPORARY OF YOUR PANTHER KING OF THAT ERA, T'CHALLA.
I DO NOT RECALL THIS, EITHER -- THE CAPTAIN ARMED AND ON THE STREET, FIGHTING THE NEW YORK LANGUAGE RIOTS OF THE EARLY 2000's.
BECAUSE IT NEVER HAPPENED.
WHY PLACE SUCH AN OBVIOUS LIE IN A BI-OGRAPHY, THEN?
BECAUSE, UNLIKE YOU WAKANDANS, AMERICANS HAVE NO RESPECT FOR HISTORY.
QUITE SIMPLY-- THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S A LIE.
THEY HAVE RECAST THE CAPTAIN AS A PATRIOT SOLDIER, A CONSERVATIVE ICON OF WAR AND CULTURAL STASIS.
A COMFORTABLE LITTLE FABLE FOR CONSERVATIVE LITTLE PEOPLE IN CHAOTIC TIMES.
I SHOULD ALLOW THEM THEIR FAIRY STORIES.


GENTLEMEN.
YOU CREATED THE CHICAGO RESERVE TO HOLD THE TECHNOLOGIES THAT THIS GREAT NATION OF OURS WAS CONSIDERED NOT YET READY FOR.
THE MEAT HARPS THAT WOULD EASE COMMUNICATION SO MUCH IF NOT FOR THEIR ORIGIN, THE STAR-DRIVE THAT FEEDS ON PERVERSION...
YOU PLACED ME IN CHARGE OF IT ALL.
REFERRED TO ME AS SEPULCHRE IN VOLATILE MEMOS.
TRUSTED ME WITH THE STRANGEST AND MOST HORRENDOUS THINGS IN THE WORLD.
TRUST ME MORE.
WHY?

BECAUSE DOOM HAS YET TO LOCATE AND DIVINE THE TRUE NATURE OF THE RESERVE. HE HAS NOT YET HEARD OF MR. HEROD.
MR. HEROD PLANNED FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY, SIR, INCLUDING AN INVASION.
MURDOCK. PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HAND FROM WITHIN OUR GUEST.
AS WE WERE SAYING... DOOM IS INTELLIGENT AND INTREPID. SO WE SURELY HAVE BUT A LITTLE TIME BEFORE I AM FOUND OUT.
OF ALL OF US, I AM THE ONLY ONE IN A POSITION TO ACT AGAINST DOOM'S REGIME.
HOWEVER THERE IS A PRICE FOR MY REMOVAL OF DOOM FROM THE STAGE.
I WANT TO RULE AMERICA MYSELF.
IN THIS BARGAIN, I COST YOU THE UNCONDITIONAL PRESIDENCY.
CAPITALISM IN ACTION.

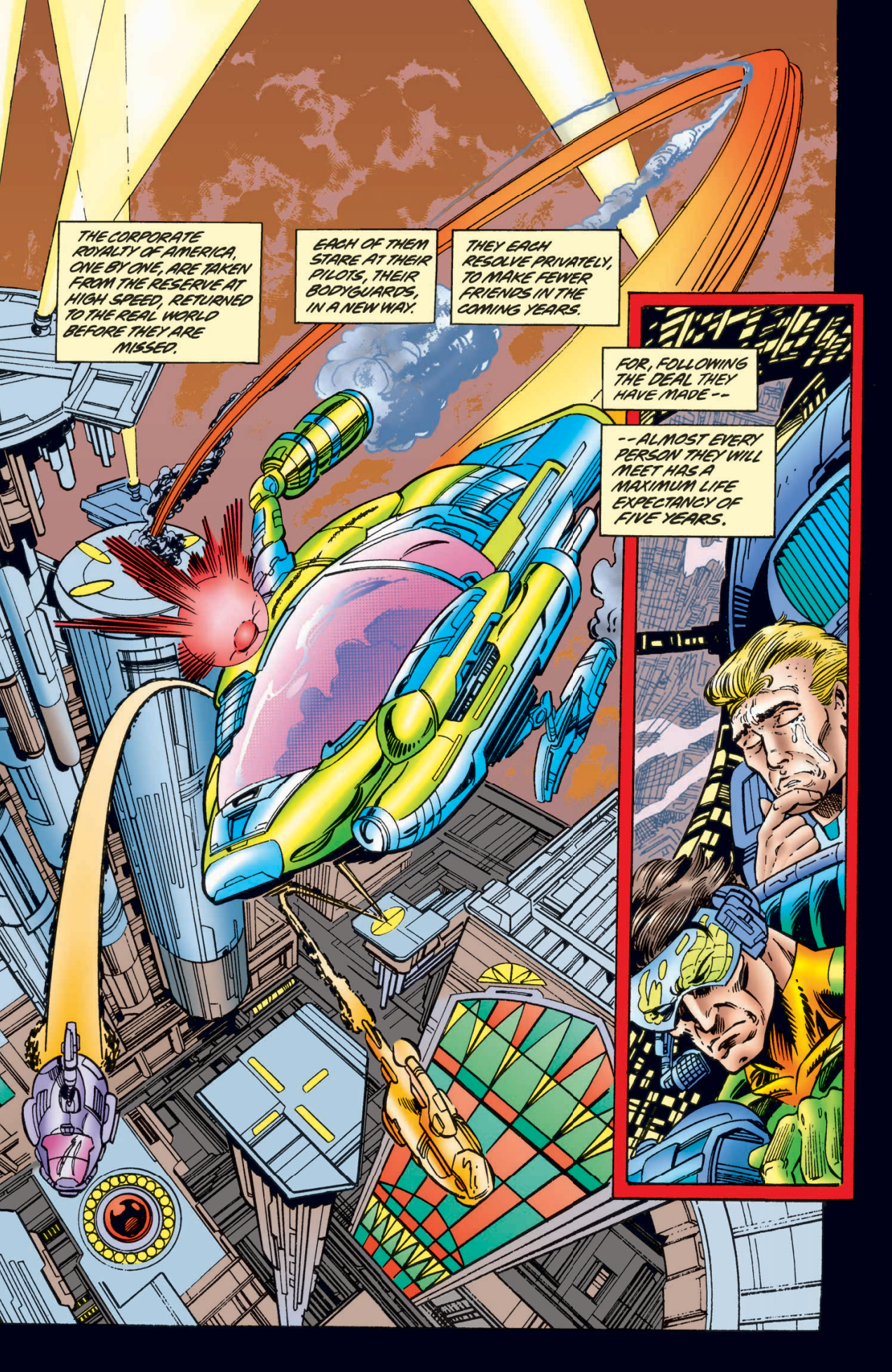
I HAVE AN AMERICAN DREAM.
I WANT TO BLEED THIS GREAT NATION DRY. MAYBE EVEN THE WORLD.
IT'S WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO, GENTLEMEN. WE ARE HERE TO TAKE EVERYTHING FROM OUR MOTHER WORLD AND START AGAIN ELSEWHERE.
I PROPOSE TO TAKE OUR CORPORATE ETHOS TO ITS NATURAL EXTREME--ASSET-STRIP OUR PLANET AND RELOCATE TO MARS.
A WONDROUS RETIREMENT IN FINE COLONIES BUILT WITH EARTH'S BLOOD. REARING STRONG CHILDREN TO TAKE THE ETHOS TO NEW TERRITORIES.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
IT'LL TAKE LESS THAN FIVE YEARS TO ACHIEVE.
ACTIVITIES NOT GENERATING DIRECT PROFIT WILL BE CURTAILED OR REMOVED. THIS INCLUDES CIVIC SERVICES.
THE WORKFORCE WILL REDUCE, TRUE, BUT EVEN WHEN THE CITIES ARE HUSKS AND THE AIR IS THICK AND BROWN--
WELL, SHOCK, EVEN IF WE KILL SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT OF THEM, WE FIGURE WE'RE OKAY.

A ACROSS THE NATION.
IN NEW YORK, THE EMP NET OVERHEAD HAS WORKED HARD.
THE AIR CAN BE BREATHED UN-PROTECTED FOR OVER TEN HOURS AT A TIME NOW.
SHIELD PROVIDES POLICE PROTECTION TO EVERYONE, REGARDLESS OF FINANCIAL STATUS.
CYNEX BODYWORK STORES ARE GIVING CHEAP AND EASY CYBERINTERFACE IMPLANTS FREE TO ALLCOMERS.
DIVE BOOTHS ARE BUSY; INFORMATION IS FREE.
A TV CHANNEL HAS BEEN GIVEN OVER TO A 24-HOUR VIGIL ON THE PLANTLIFE SPRINGING UP ACROSS AMERICAN CITIES...
ORGANLEGGERS, WHOSE MOST LUCRATIVE PREY WERE THE CREDIT-LESS, ARE JUST THE FIRST STRATA OF CRIMINAL LIFE TO FEEL THE PINCH.

WIRE?
WIRE, IT'S SHARP BLUE. INDIGO SAYS YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF HERE IN DAYS, AND...
WIRE, COME ON...
OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY IT IS...
LIGHTS.

YOU ARE COMPLETELY MAD.
I'M A VISIONARY.
I'M OFFERING ALL OF YOU A LIFE OF WONDER, UNDER MY GUIDANCE...
... OR A LONG DULL EXISTENCE WITH YOUR MOST PRECIOUS BITS IN DOOM'S HAND.
I CAN TAKE DOOM OUT FOR YOU. TAKE OUR NATION AS A CRUCIBLE FOR A NEW WORLD--
-- BUT YOU MUST AGREE NOW, UNANIMOUSLY, FOR WE HAVE LITTLE TIME AND MUCH TO DO.
YOU WILL NOT QUESTION MY METHODS, NOR HINDER ME IN MY APPOINTED TASKS. THAT IS ALL I ASK.
WELL? WHAT'S IT TO BE?
WHAT IF WE REFUSE?

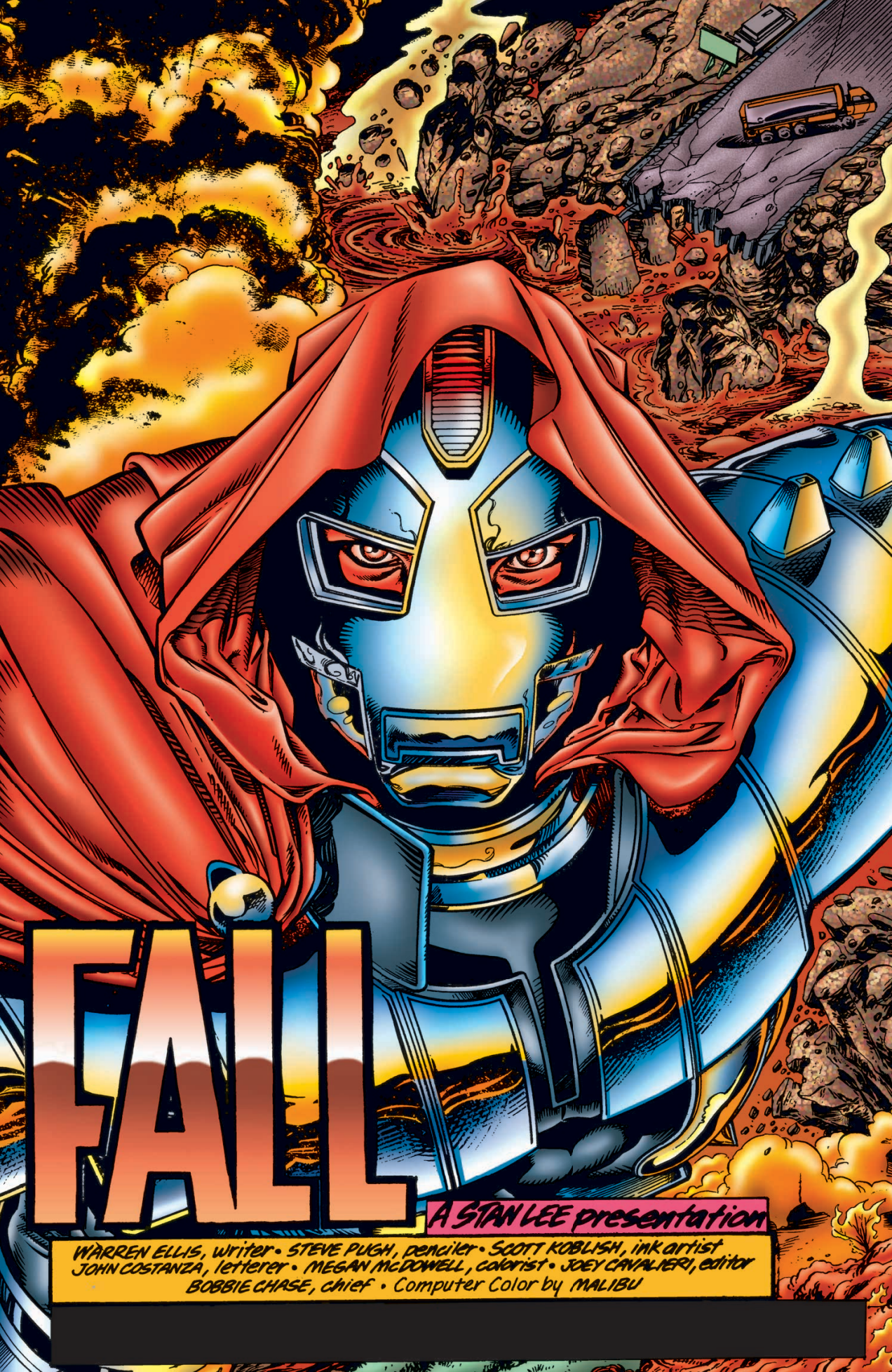
WELL, UNDER INTERZONE LAW, YOU ARE ALL SAFE FROM PHYSICAL HARM.
WE CANNOT TAKE ANY RETRIBUTION. THAT WOULD VIOLATE EVERY DIPLOMATIC TENET.
BUT WE VOIDED THE CODING ON YOUR LOCKING SEQUENCERS ANYWAY.
WE CAN OPEN YOUR SAFEBOXES ANY TIME WE LIKE.
I COULD ASSASSINATE THE LOT OF YOU. THAT'D CREATE MORE THAN ENOUGH TURMOIL FOR ME TO BEGIN MY TASK.
BUT I OWED YOU A CHANCE TO ENTER THE NEW ORDER ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
ONE CHANCE.

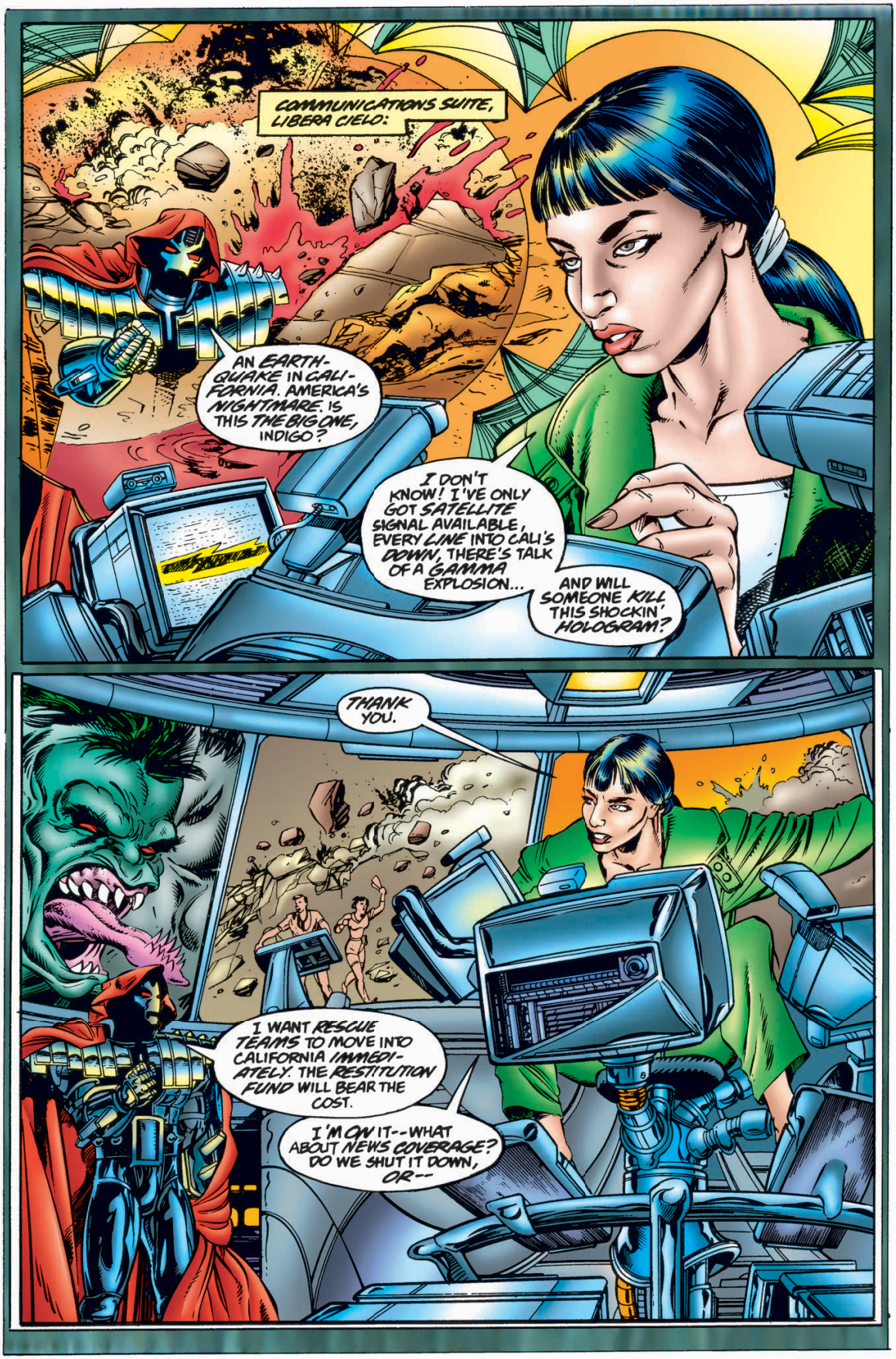

THE CORPORATE ROYALTY OF AMERICA, ONE BY ONE, ARE TAKEN FROM THE RESERVE AT HIGH SPEED, RETURNED TO THE REAL WORLD BEFORE THEY ARE MISSED.
EACH OF THEM STARE AT THEIR PILOTS, THEIR BODYGUARDS, IN A NEW WAY.
THEY EACH RESOLVE PRIVATELY, TO MAKE FEWER FRIENDS IN THE COMING YEARS.
FOR, FOLLOWING THE DEAL THEY HAVE MADE --
--ALMOST EVERY PERSON THEY WILL MEET HAS A MAXIMUM LIFE EXPECTANCY OF FIVE YEARS.

"The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity."

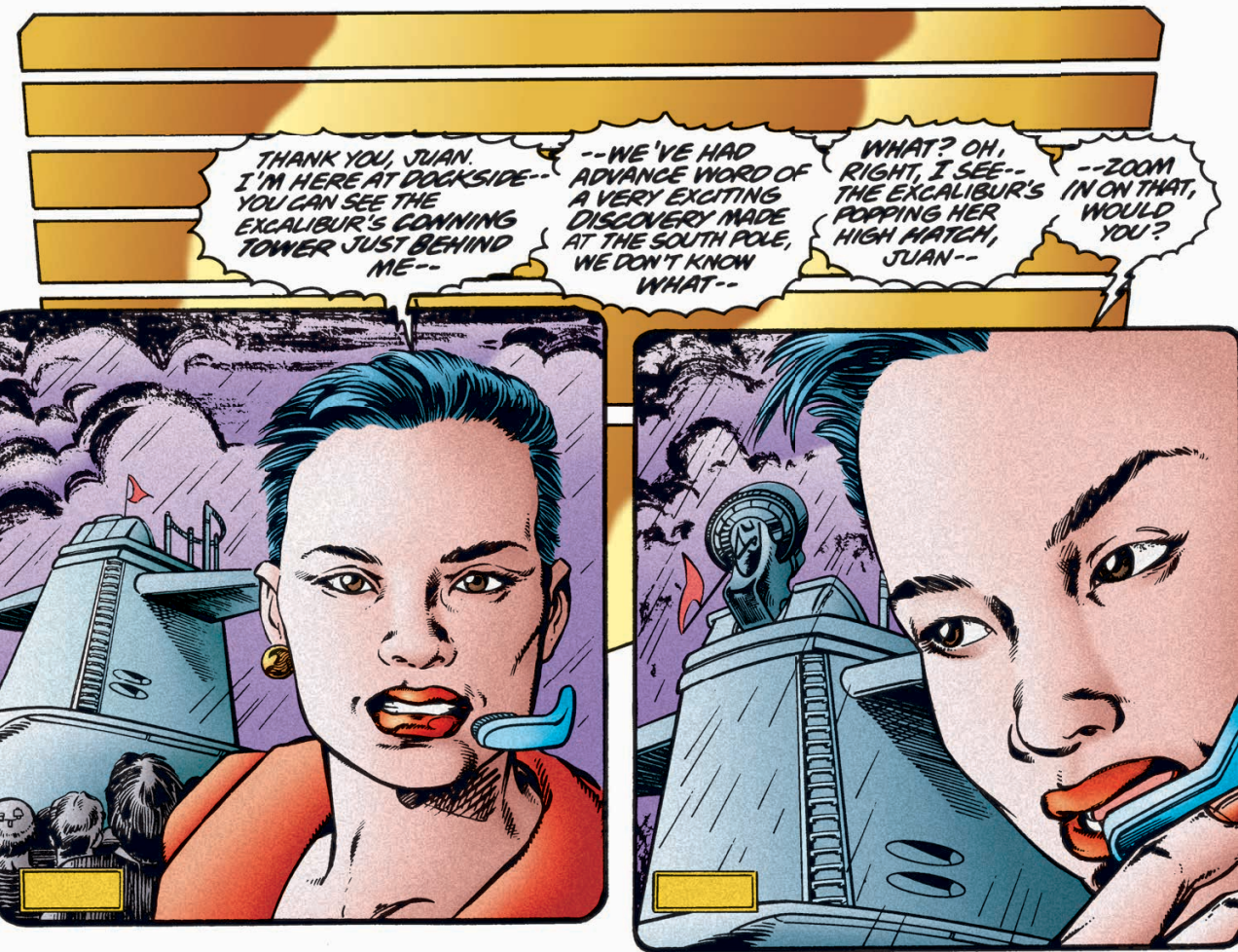
—William Butler Yeats

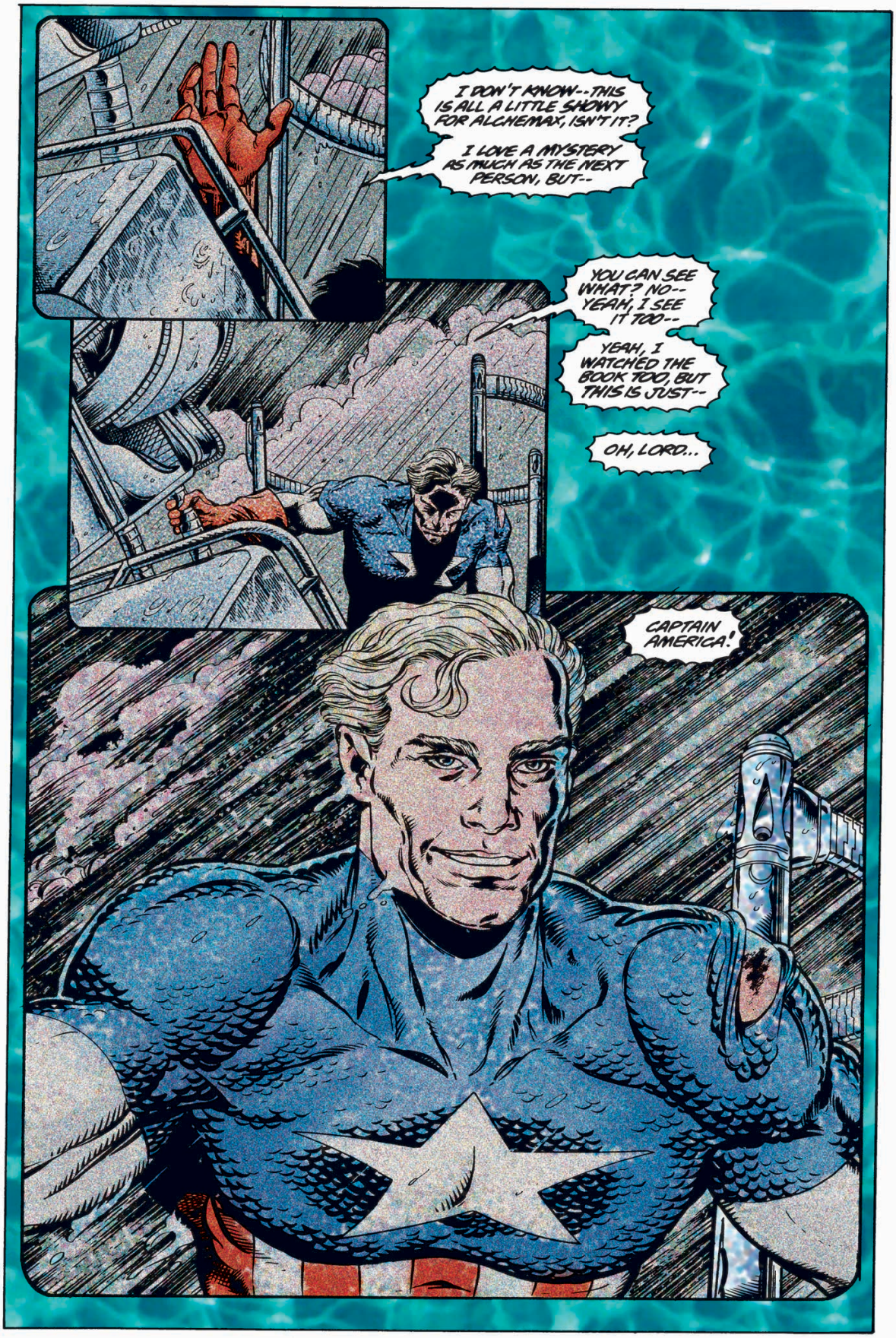
MARVEL COMICS
2099
33
SEP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ONE NATION UNDER DOOM
Doom 2099 A.D.
LO, THERE SHALL COME AN AVENGER

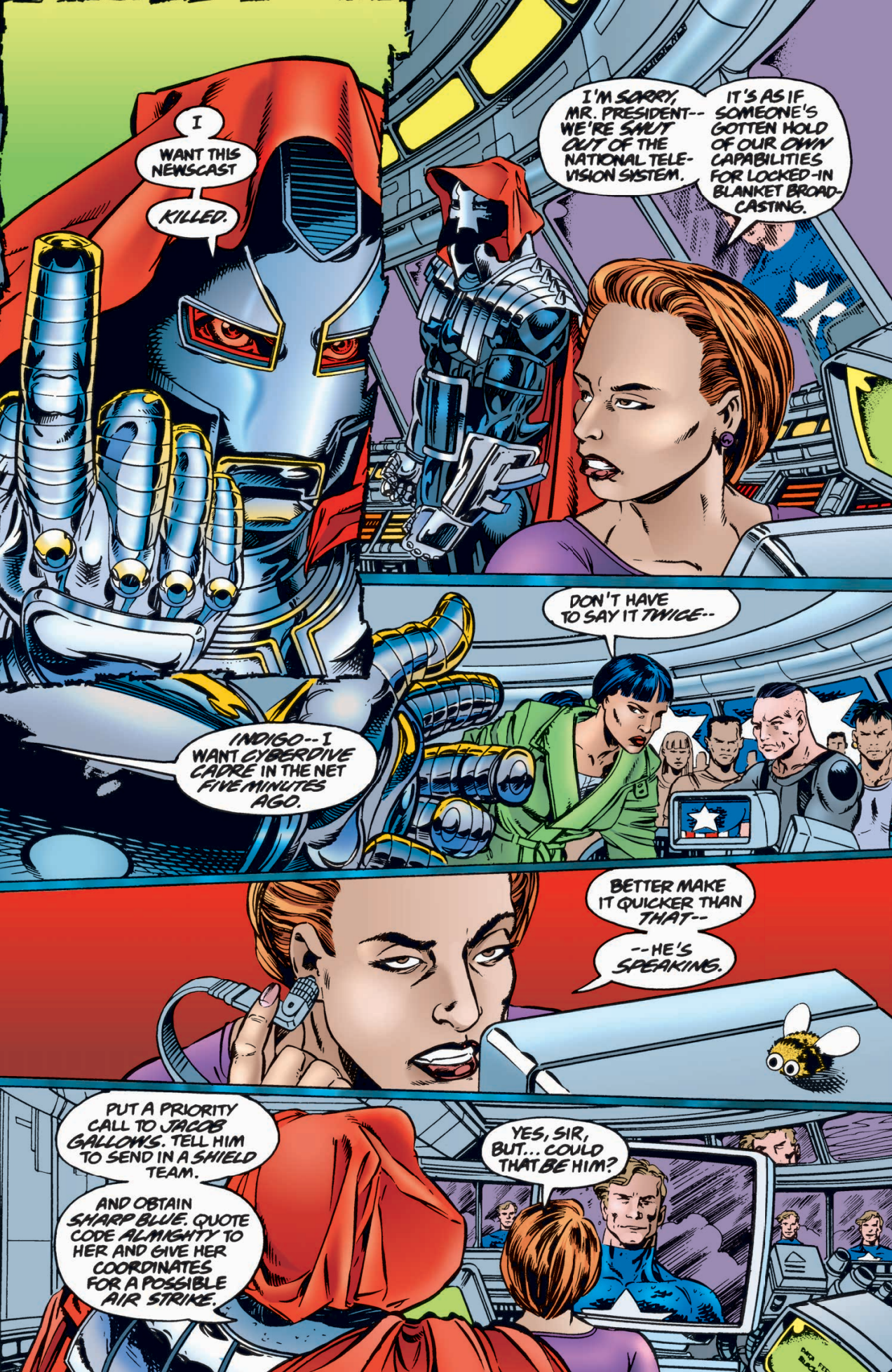

FALL
A STAN LEE presentation
WARREN ELLIS, writer • STEVE PUGH, penciler • SCOTT KOBLISH, ink artist
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer • MEGAN McDONNELL, colorist • JOEY CAVALIERI, editor
BOBBIE CHASE, chief • Computer Color by MALIBU


COMMUNICATIONS SUITE, LIBERA CIELO:
AN EARTH-QUAKE IN CALI-FORNIA. AMERICA'S NIGHTMARE. IS THIS THE BIG ONE, INDIGO?
I DON'T KNOW! I'VE ONLY GOT SATELLITE SIGNAL AVAILABLE, EVERY LINE INTO CALI'S DOWN. THERE'S TALK OF A GAMMA EXPLOSION...
AND WILL SOMEONE KILL THIS SHOCKIN' HOLOGRAM?
THANK YOU.
I WANT RESCUE TEAMS TO MOVE INTO CALIFORNIA IMMEDI-ATELY. THE RESTITUTION FUND WILL BEAR THE COST.
I'M ON IT--WHAT ABOUT NEWS COVERAGE? DO WE SHUT IT DOWN, OR--

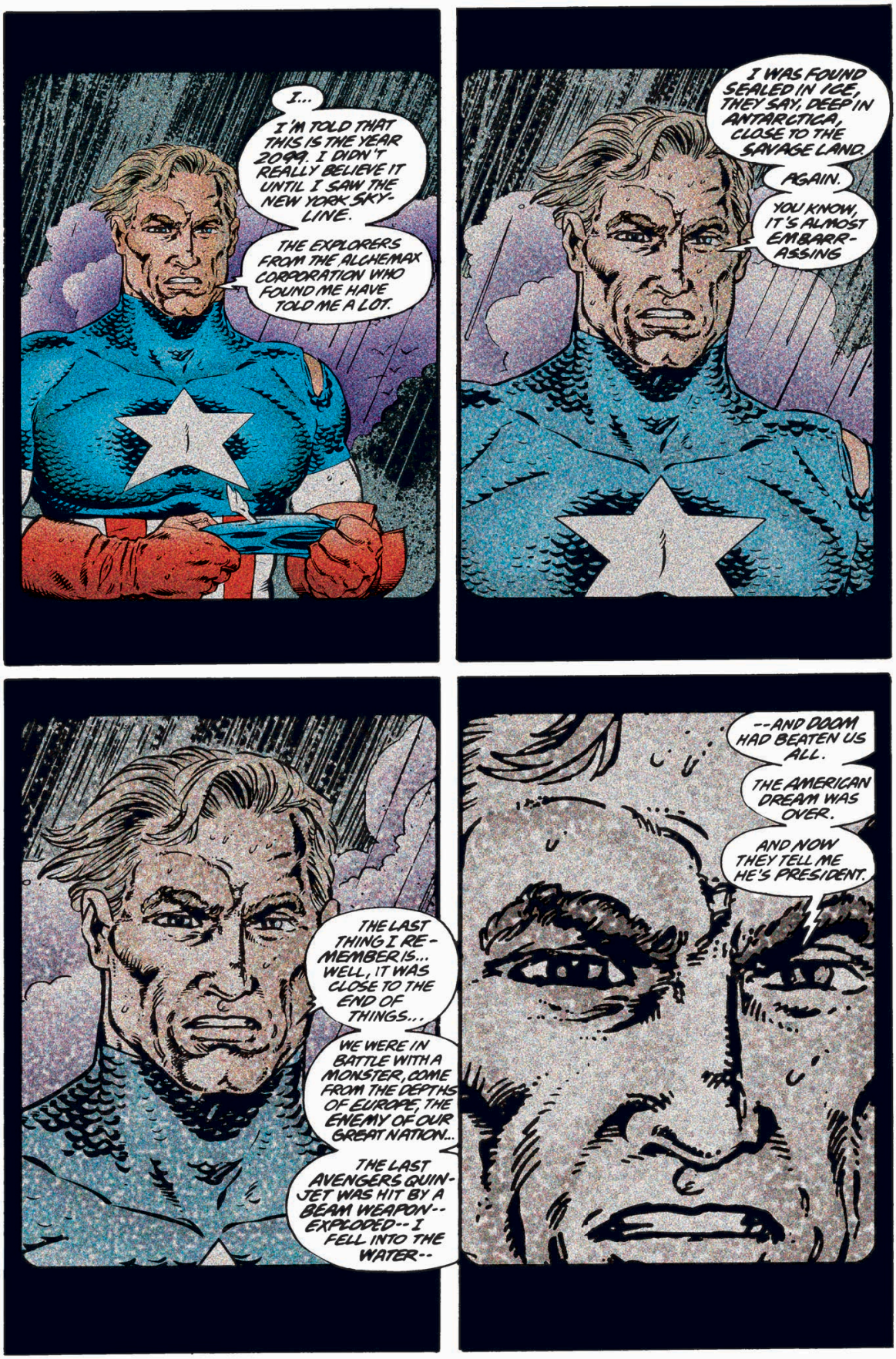
--HUH?
SOME KIND OF NEWS ITEM, BEEN GIVEN BLANKET COVERAGE--
--CAN SOMEONE GET THIS UP ON A BIG SCREEN? WE'VE GOT AN ALL-CHANNELS NEWSCAST HERE.
AND IT'S NOT FROM CALIFORNIA.
--NEW YORK HARBOR WHERE THE ALCHEMAX R&D DEEP SEA VEHICLE, EXCALIBUR IS PUTTING IN, FRESH FROM ANTARCTICA, WITH A MYSTERY CARGO.
KISARO?


THANK YOU, JUAN. I'M HERE AT DOCKSIDE-- YOU CAN SEE THE EXCALIBUR'S CONNING TOWER JUST BEHIND ME--
--WE'VE HAD ADVANCE WORD OF A VERY EXCITING DISCOVERY MADE AT THE SOUTH POLE, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT--
WHAT? OH, RIGHT, I SEE-- THE EXCALIBUR'S POPPING HER HIGH HATCH, JUAN--
--ZOOM IN ON THAT, WOULD YOU?

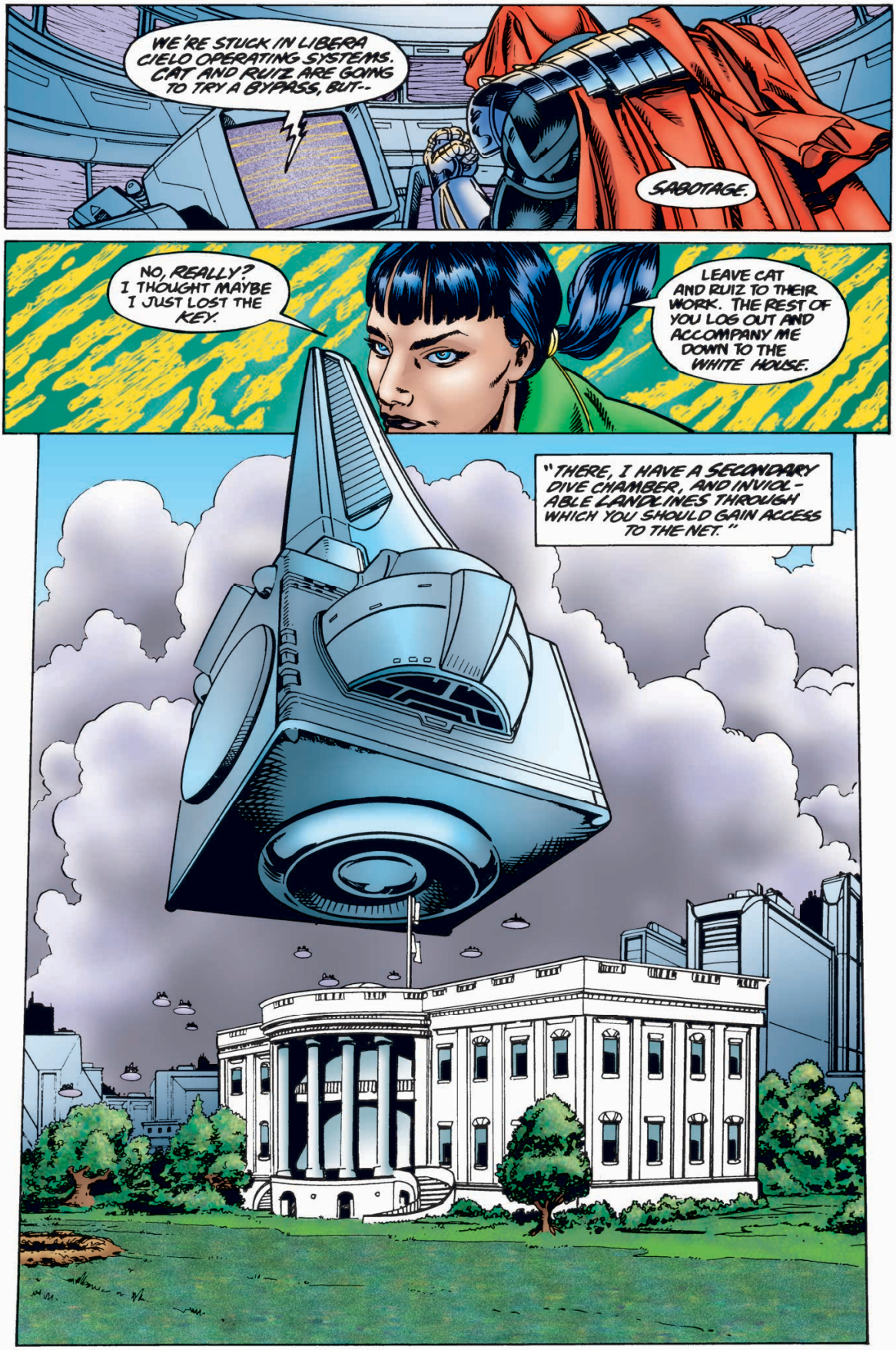

I DON'T KNOW--THIS IS ALL A LITTLE SHOWY FOR ALCHEMAX, ISN'T IT?
I LOVE A MYSTERY AS MUCH AS THE NEXT PERSON, BUT--
YOU CAN SEE WHAT? NO-- YEAH, I SEE IT TOO--
YEAH, I WATCHED THE BOOK TOO, BUT THIS IS JUST--
OH, LORD...
CAPTAIN AMERICA!

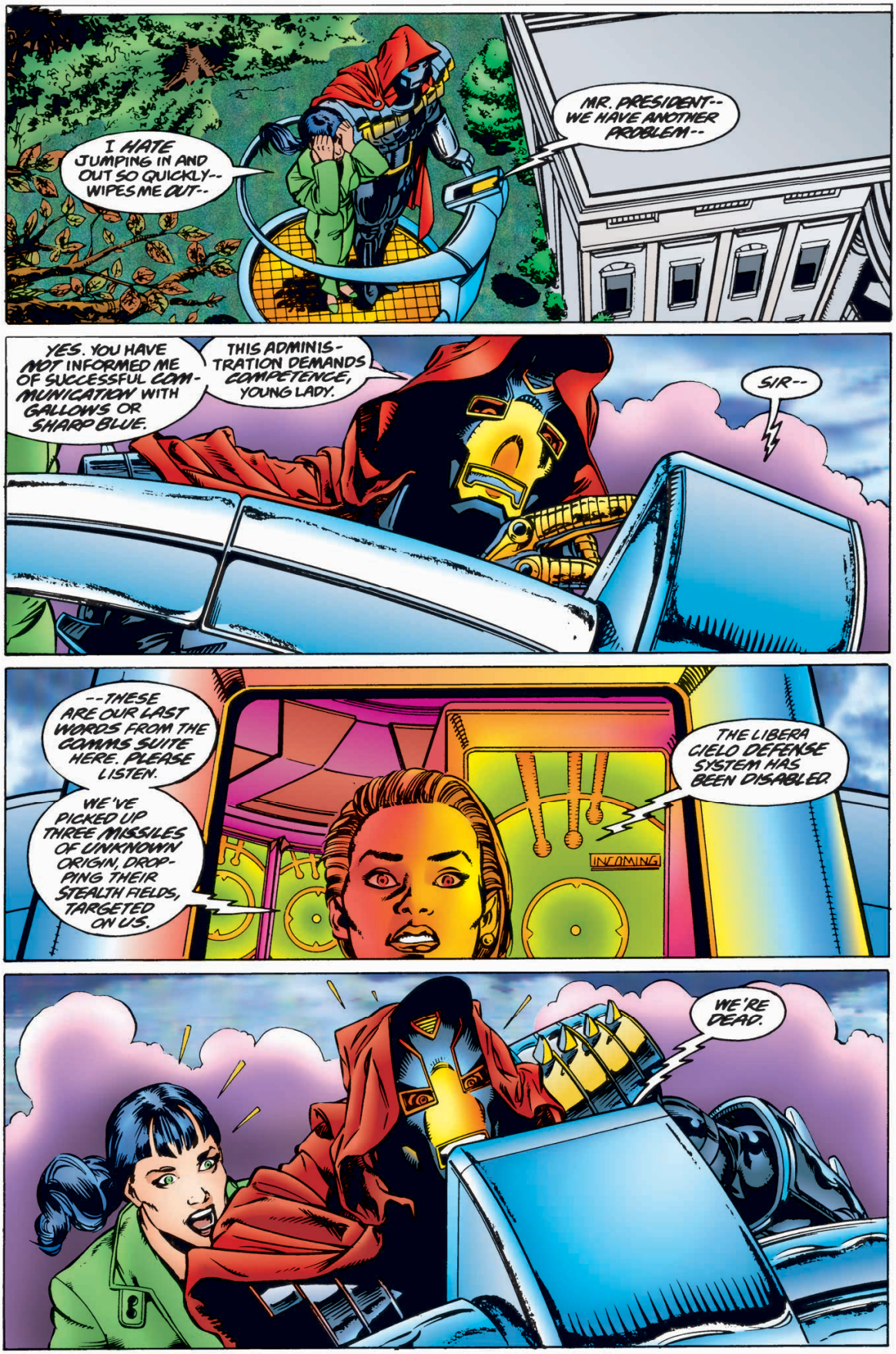

I WANT THIS NEWSCAST KILLED.
I'M SORRY, MR. PRESIDENT-- WE'RE SHUT OUT OF THE NATIONAL TELE-VISION SYSTEM.
IT'S AS IF SOMEONE'S GOTTEN HOLD OF OUR OWN CAPABILITIES FOR LOCKED-IN BLANKET BROAD-CASTING.
INDIGO-- I WANT CYBERDIVE CADRE IN THE NET FIVE MINUTES AGO.
DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT TWICE--
BETTER MAKE IT QUICKER THAN THAT--
--HE'S SPEAKING.
PUT A PRIORITY CALL TO JACOB GALLOWS. TELL HIM TO SEND IN A SHIELD TEAM.
AND OBTAIN SHARP BLUE. QUOTE CODE ALMIGHTY TO HER AND GIVE HER COORDINATES FOR A POSSIBLE AIR STRIKE.
YES, SIR, BUT... COULD THAT BE HIM?

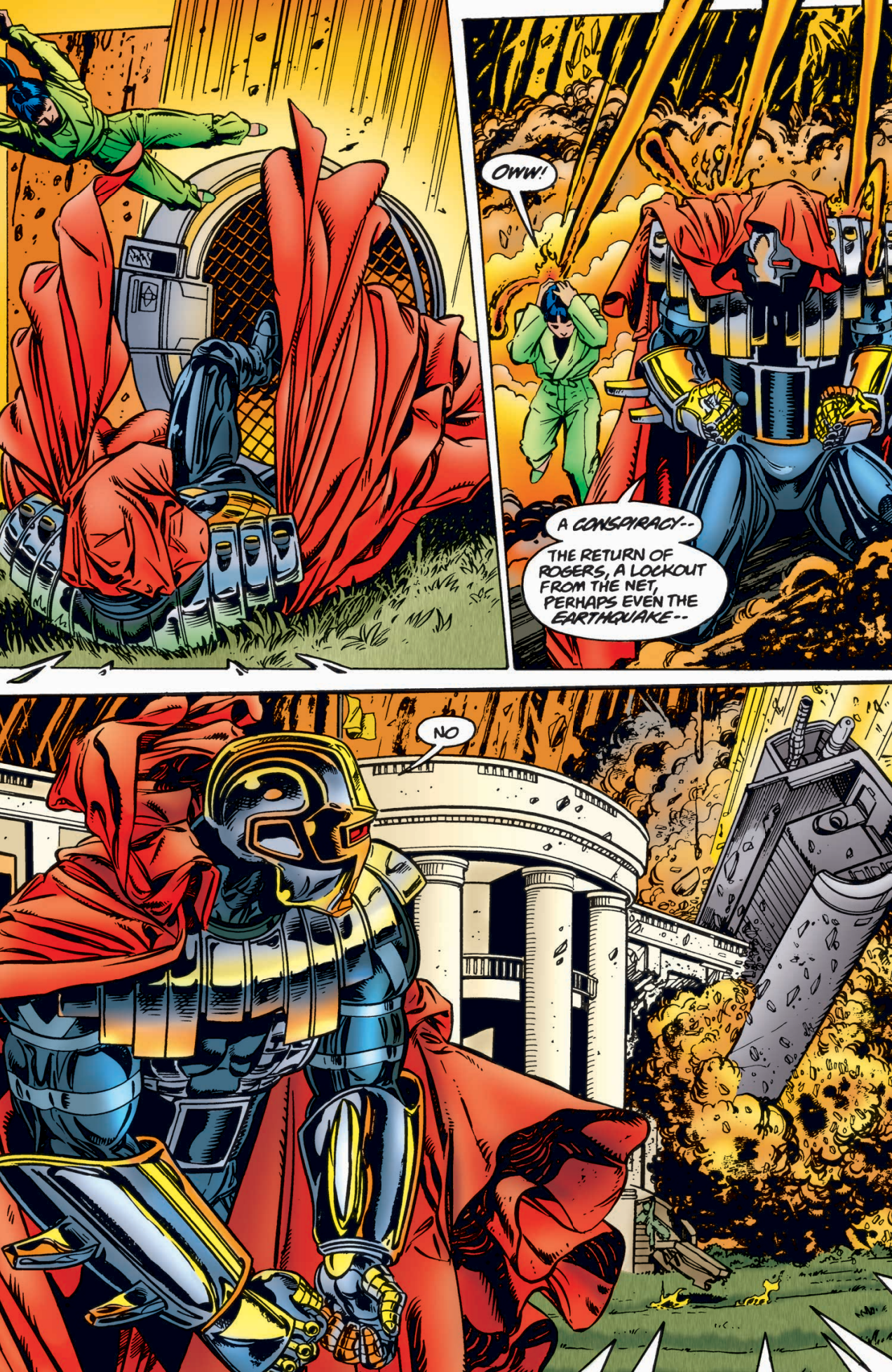
CYBERDIVE CHAMBER, LIBERA CIELO;
MOVE YOUR UNWASHED BACKSIDES!
I WANT FAST CLEARANCES, A CLEAN DIVE TO THE NATIONAL TV NEXUS POINTS--
--AND THEN SERIOUS PROPERTY DAMAGE UNTIL WE STOP THAT BLANKET BROADCAST!
AND WHILE WE'RE OUT, PEOPLE--
--THERE'S SOMETHING CALLED THE CHICAGO ARTS LABS I WANT TO SNIFF AROUND.
JUST PRETEND IT'S THE INVASION ALL OVER AGAIN.
CYBERDIVE CADRE CLEARANCES OK
UNLOCK UNLOCK
DIVE DIVE DIVE

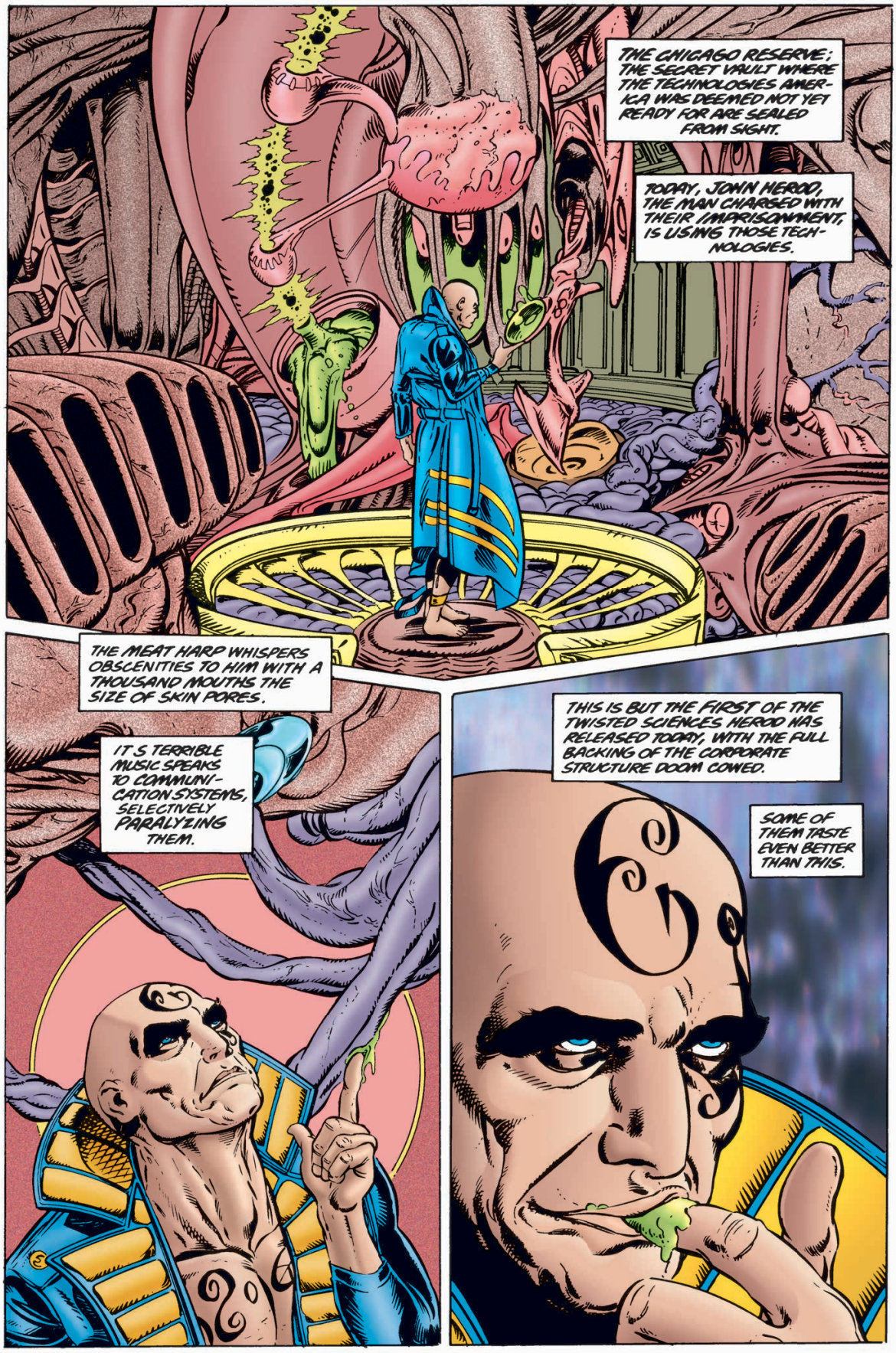

I...
I'M TOLD THAT THIS IS THE YEAR 2099. I DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE IT UNTIL I SAW THE NEW YORK SKY-LINE.
THE EXPLORERS FROM THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION WHO FOUND ME HAVE TOLD ME A LOT.
I WAS FOUND SEALED IN ICE, THEY SAY, DEEP IN ANTARCTICA, CLOSE TO THE SAVAGE LAND.
AGAIN.
YOU KNOW, IT'S ALMOST EMBARR-ASSING
THE LAST THING I RE-MEMBER IS... WELL, IT WAS CLOSE TO THE END OF THINGS...
WE WERE IN BATTLE WITH A MONSTER, COME FROM THE DEPTHS OF EUROPE, THE ENEMY OF OUR GREAT NATION...
THE LAST AVENGERS QUIN-JET WAS HIT BY A BEAM WEAPON-- EXPLODED-- I FELL INTO THE WATER--
--AND DOOM HAD BEATEN US ALL.
THE AMERICAN DREAM WAS OVER.
AND NOW THEY TELL ME HE'S PRESIDENT.

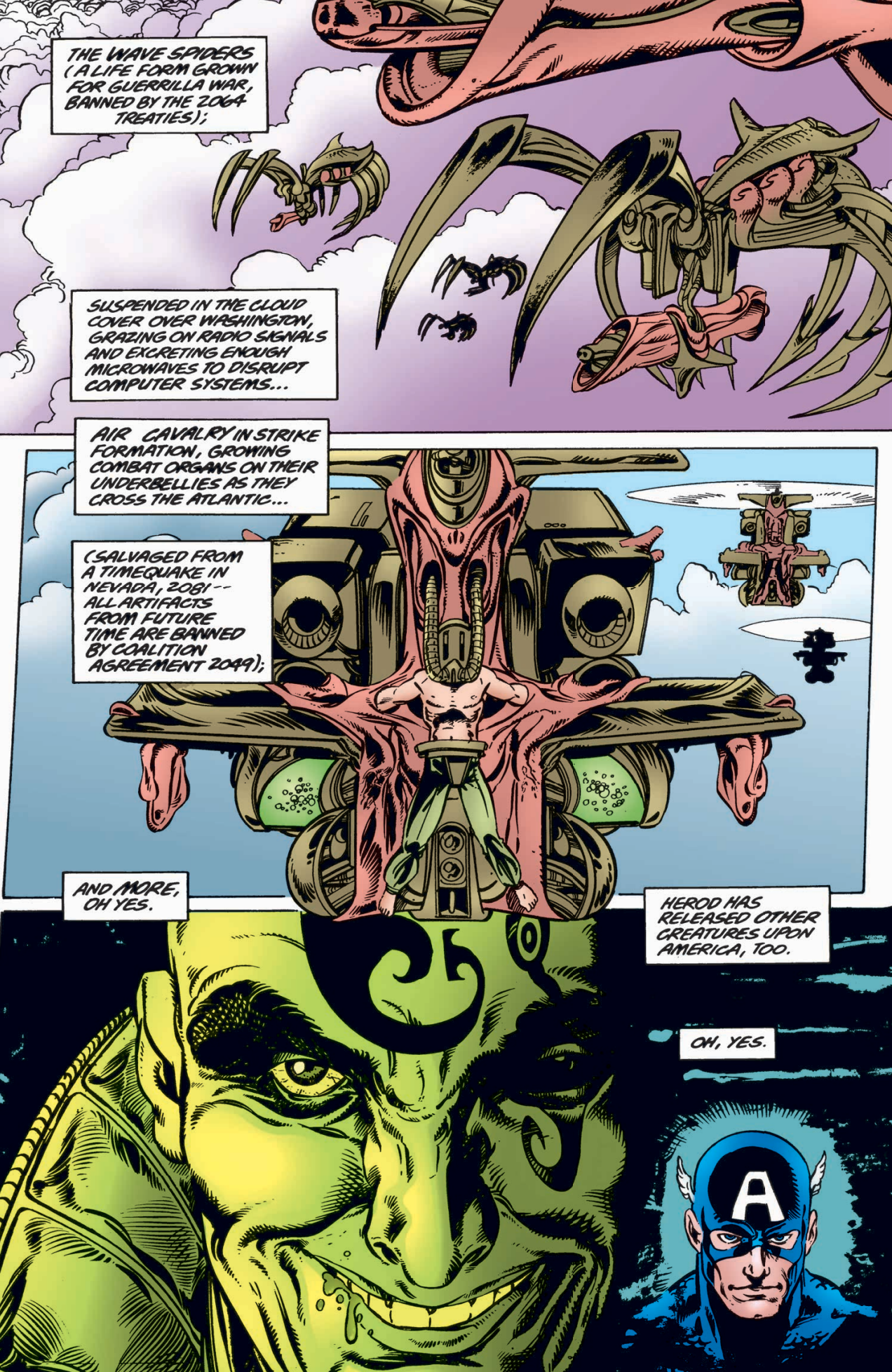
THAT'S A LIE.
THERE WAS NEVER SUCH A BATTLE.
THAT CANNOT BE STEVEN ROGERS.
OUT OF MY WAY-- I WILL ATTEND TO THIS--
COMPUTER, GIVE ME AUDIO CYBERINTER FACE-
INDIGO? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
-CRITZ-
YEAH
SOMEONE'S LOCKED US OUT OF THE NET.

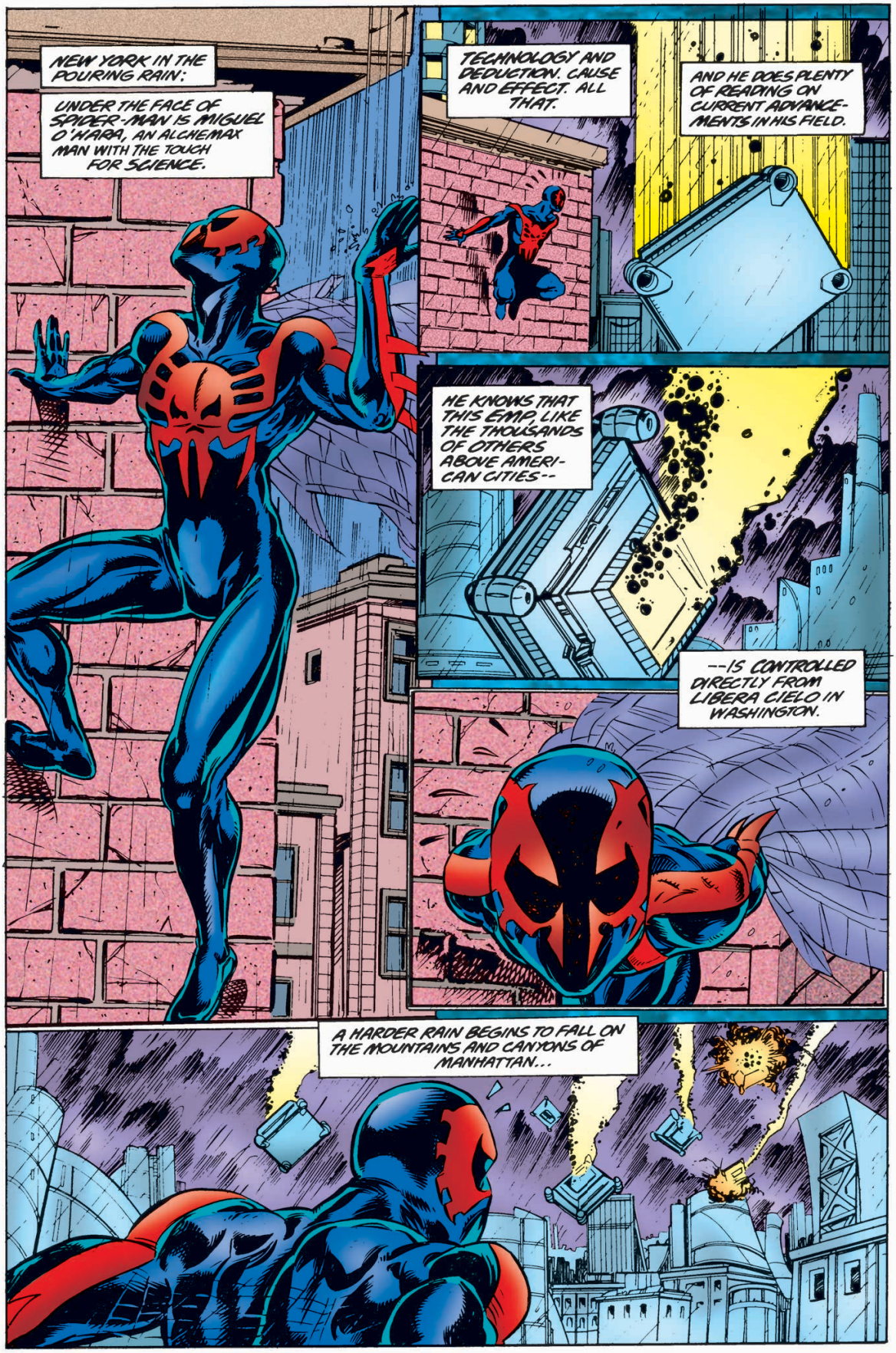

WE'RE STUCK IN LIBERA CIELO OPERATING SYSTEMS. CAT AND RUIZ ARE GOING TO TRY A BYPASS, BUT--
SABOTAGE.
NO, REALLY? I THOUGHT MAYBE I JUST LOST THE KEY.
LEAVE CAT AND RUIZ TO THEIR WORK. THE REST OF YOU LOG OUT AND ACCOMPANY ME DOWN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
"THERE, I HAVE A SECONDARY DIVE CHAMBER, AND INVIOLABLE LANDLINES THROUGH WHICH YOU SHOULD GAIN ACCESS TO THE NET."


I HATE JUMPING IN AND OUT SO QUICKLY-- WIPES ME OUT--
MR. PRESIDENT-- WE HAVE ANOTHER PROBLEM--
YES. YOU HAVE NOT INFORMED ME OF SUCCESSFUL COMMUNICATION WITH GALLOWS OR SHARP BLUE.
THIS ADMINISTRATION DEMANDS COMPETENCE, YOUNG LADY.
SIR--
--THESE ARE OUR LAST WORDS FROM THE COMMS SUITE HERE. PLEASE LISTEN.
WE'VE PICKED UP THREE MISSILES OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN, DROPPING THEIR STEALTH FIELDS, TARGETED ON US.
THE LIBERA CIELO DEFENSE SYSTEM HAS BEEN DISABLED.
INCOMING
WE'RE DEAD.

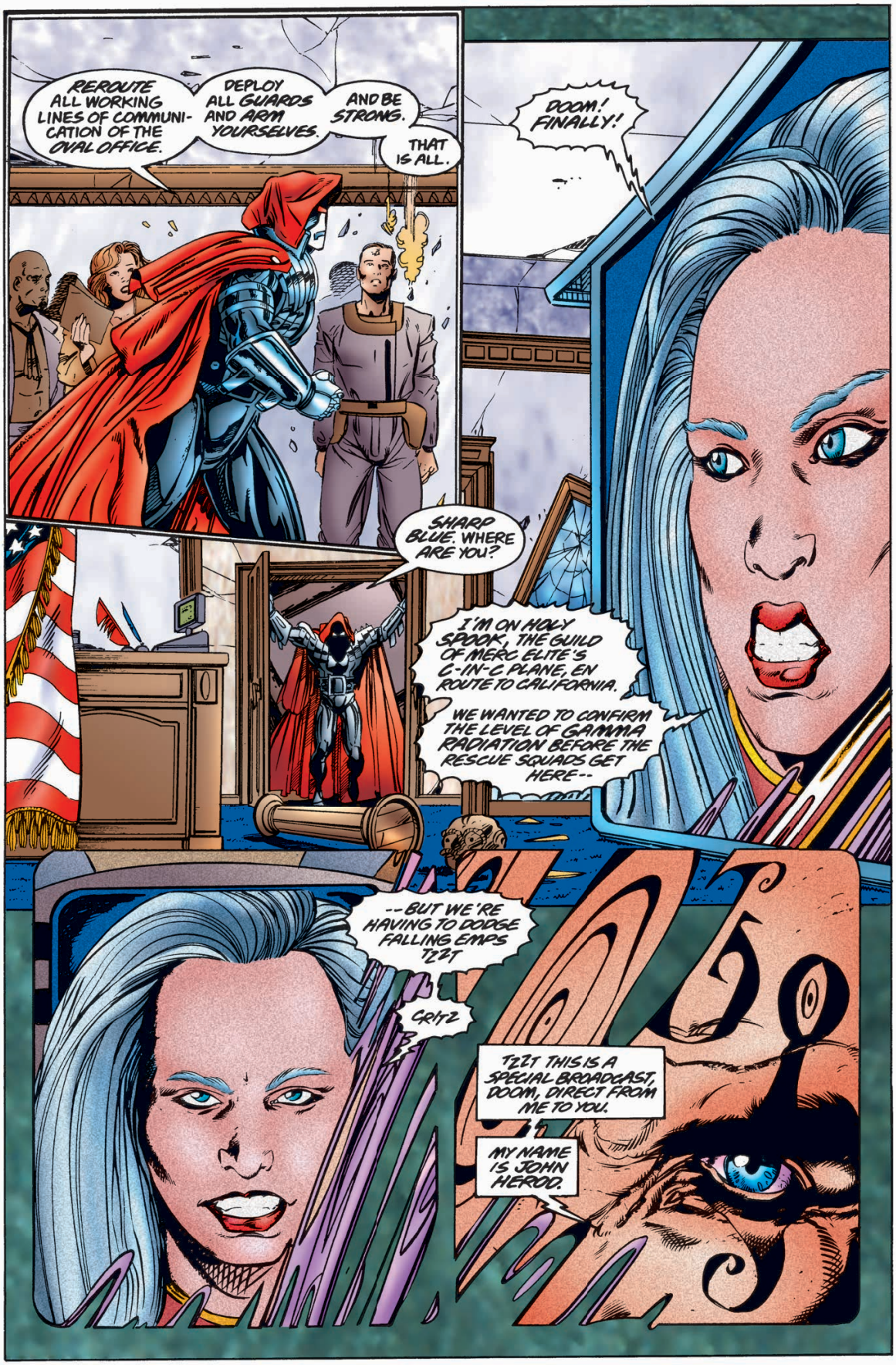

OWW!
A CONSPIRACY--
THE RETURN OF ROGERS, A LOCKOUT FROM THE NET, PERHAPS EVEN THE EARTHQUAKE--
NO

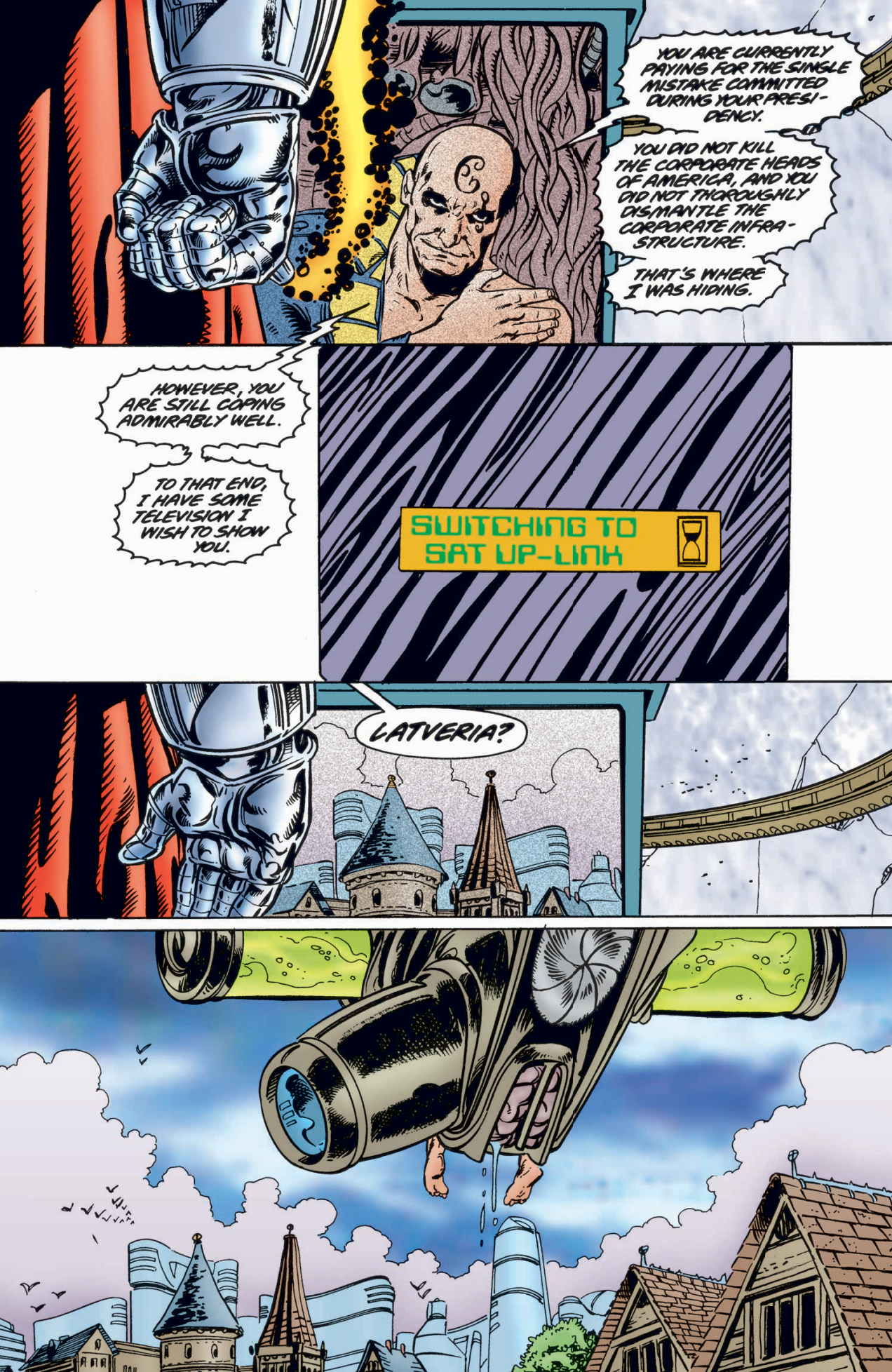

THE CHICAGO RESERVE; THE SECRET VAULT WHERE THE TECHNOLOGIES AMERICA WAS DEEMED NOT YET READY FOR ARE SEALED FROM SIGHT.
TODAY, JOHN HEROD, THE MAN CHARGED WITH THEIR IMPRISONMENT, IS USING THOSE TECHNOLOGIES.
THE MEAT HARP WHISPERS OBSCENITIES TO HIM WITH A THOUSAND MOUTHS THE SIZE OF SKIN PORES.
IT'S TERRIBLE MUSIC SPEAKS TO COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS, SELECTIVELY PARALYZING THEM.
THIS IS BUT THE FIRST OF THE TWISTED SCIENCES HEROD HAS RELEASED TODAY, WITH THE FULL BACKING OF THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE DOOM COWED.
SOME OF THEM TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN THIS.

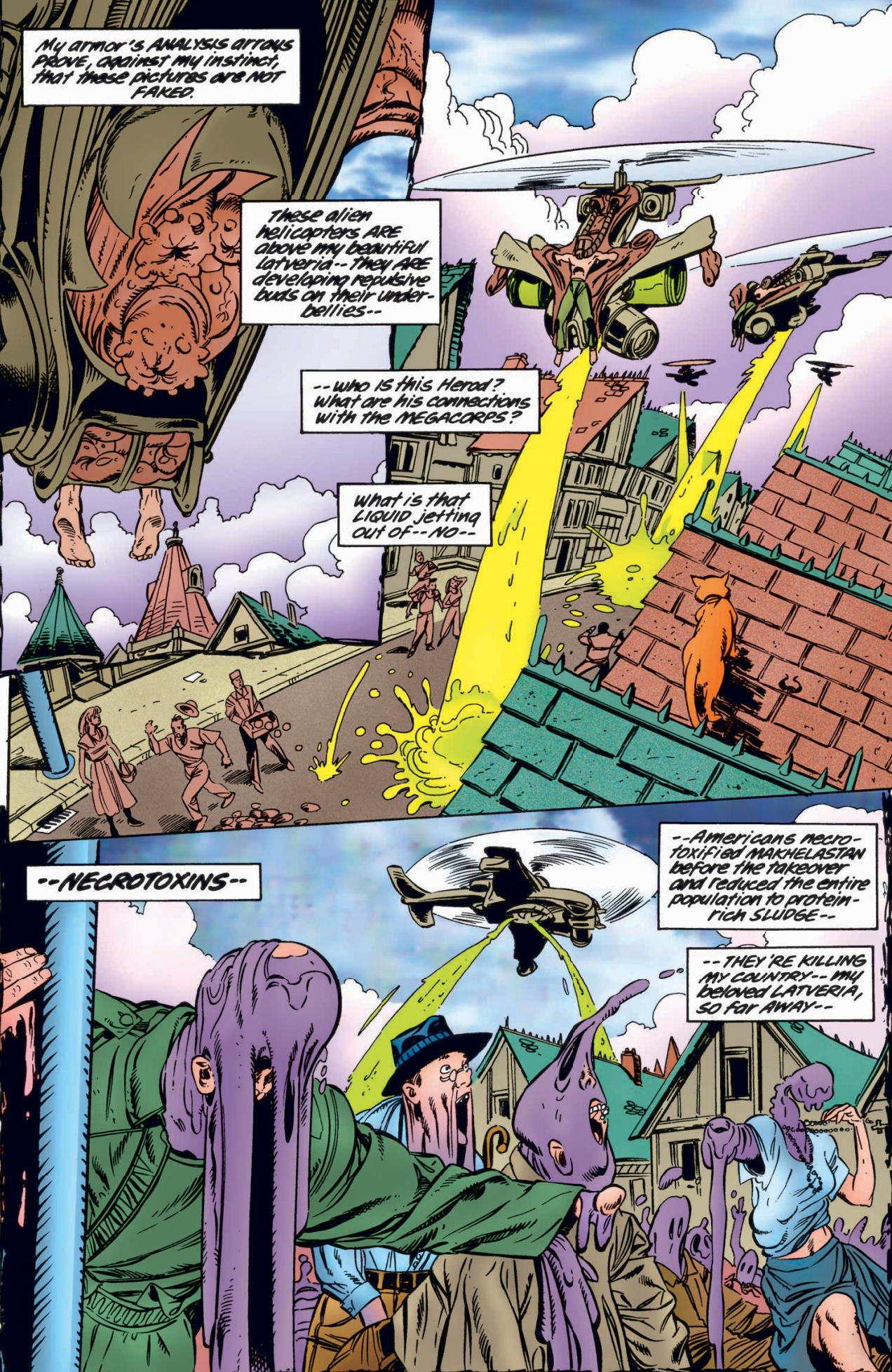

THE WAVE SPIDERS (A LIFE FORM GROWN FOR GUERRILLA WAR, BANNED BY THE 2064 TREATIES);
SUSPENDED IN THE CLOUD COVER OVER WASHINGTON, GRAZING ON RADIO SIGNALS AND EXCRETING ENOUGH MICROWAVES TO DISRUPT COMPUTER SYSTEMS...
AIR CAVALRY IN STRIKE FORMATION, GROWING COMBAT ORGANS ON THEIR UNDERBELLIES AS THEY CROSS THE ATLANTIC...
(SALVAGED FROM A TIMEQUAKE IN NEVADA, 2081 -- ALL ARTIFACTS FROM FUTURE TIME ARE BANNED BY COALITION AGREEMENT 2049);
AND MORE, OH YES.
HEROD HAS RELEASED OTHER CREATURES UPON AMERICA, TOO.
OH, YES.
A

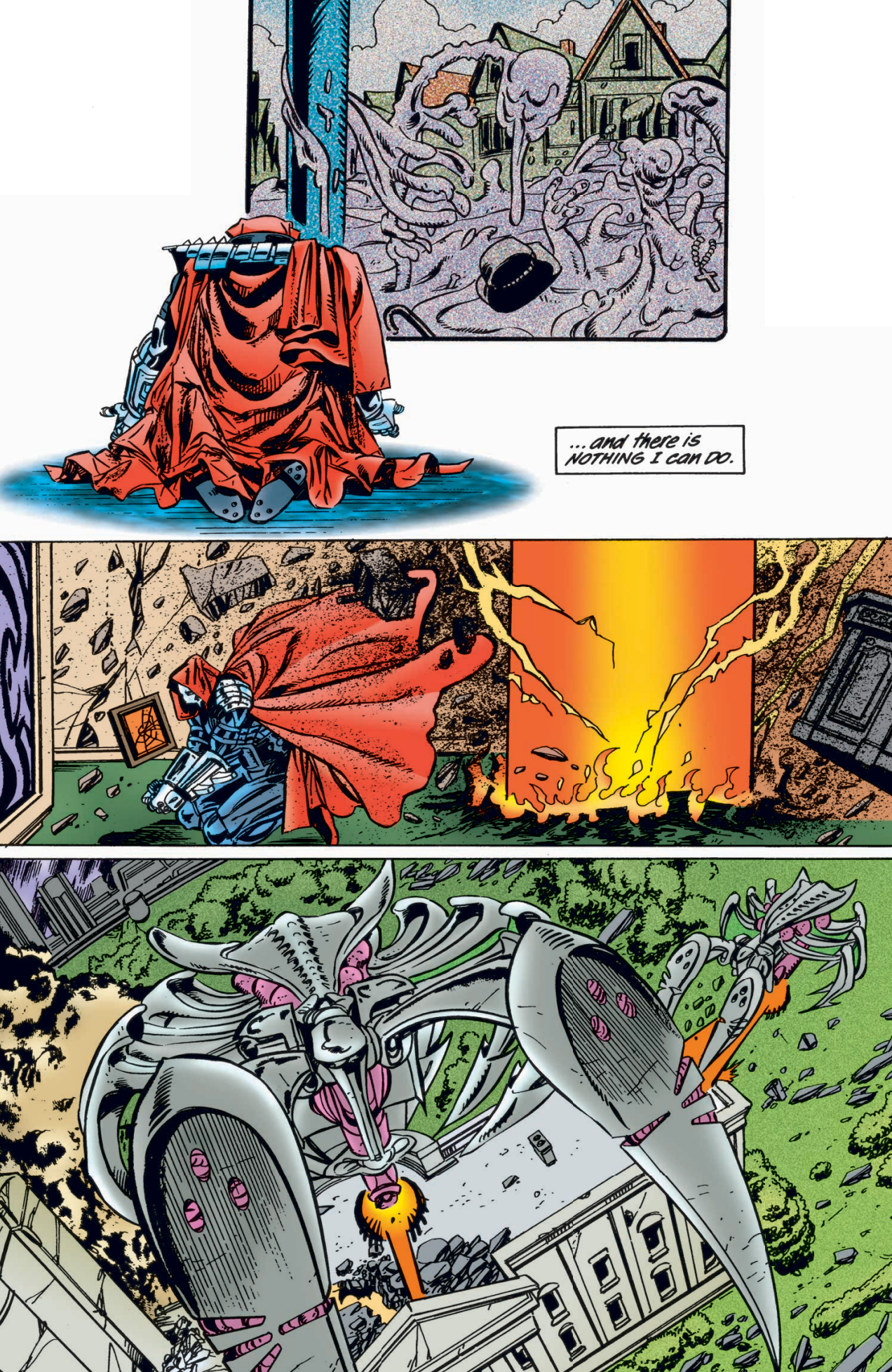

NEW YORK IN THE POURING RAIN:
UNDER THE FACE OF SPIDER-MAN IS MIGUEL O'HARA, AN ALCHEMAX MAN WITH THE TOUCH FOR SCIENCE.
TECHNOLOGY AND DEDUCTION. CAUSE AND EFFECT. ALL THAT.
AND HE DOES PLENTY OF READING ON CURRENT ADVANCEMENTS IN HIS FIELD.
HE KNOWS THAT THIS EMP, LIKE THE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ABOVE AMERICAN CITIES--
--IS CONTROLLED DIRECTLY FROM LIBERA CIELO IN WASHINGTON.
A HARDER RAIN BEGINS TO FALL ON THE MOUNTAINS AND CANYONS OF MANHATTAN...

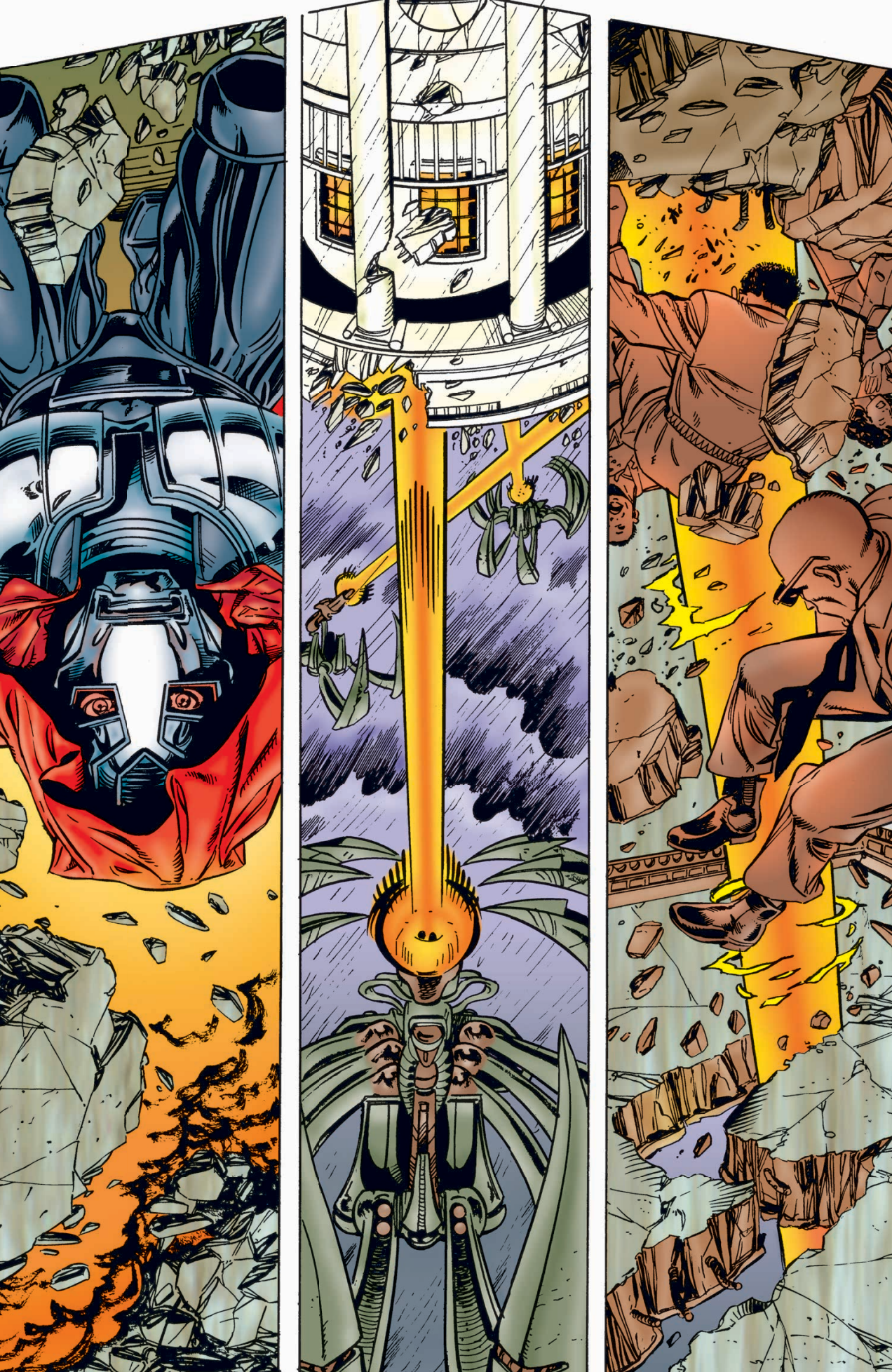
I am Doom.
My world is burning at the edges.
My armor's onboard systems shiver with static -- the NANO-PROCESSORS in my blood struggling to cope with a DISRUPTION FIELD.
The White House's machines, like Libera Cielo's defense system, are coping LESS well.
My STAFF IS STRONGER, for the moment.
But they jabber about LIBERA CIELO, and FIRE, and RADIOACTIVE CLOUDS over CALIFORNIA and compromised PHONE lines and DEATH and TREACHERY...
SILENCE!

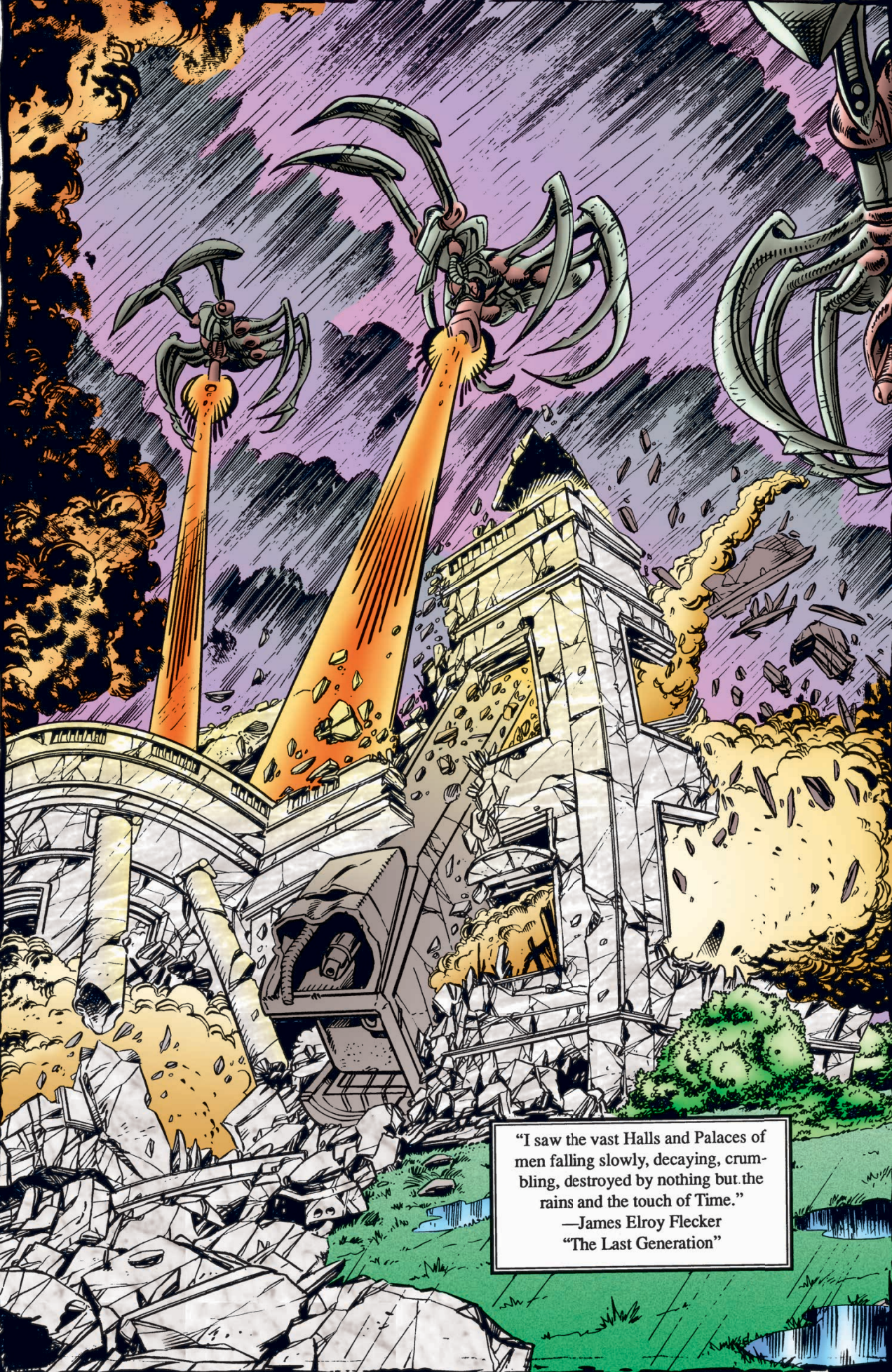

REROUTE ALL WORKING LINES OF COMMUNI-CATION OF THE OVAL OFFICE.
DEPLOY ALL GUARDS AND ARM YOURSELVES.
AND BE STRONG.
THAT IS ALL.
DOOM! FINALLY!
SHARP BLUE. WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M ON HOLY SPOOK, THE GUILD OF MERC ELITE'S C-IN-C PLANE, EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.
WE WANTED TO CONFIRM THE LEVEL OF GAMMA RADIATION BEFORE THE RESCUE SQUADS GET HERE--
--BUT WE'RE HAVING TO DODGE FALLING EMPS TZZT
CRITZ
TZZT THIS IS A SPECIAL BROADCAST, DOOM, DIRECT FROM ME TO YOU.
MY NAME IS JOHN HEROD.


YOU ARE CURRENTLY PAYING FOR THE SINGLE MISTAKE COMMITTED DURING YOUR PRESIDENCY.
YOU DID NOT KILL THE CORPORATE HEADS OF AMERICA, AND YOU DID NOT THOROUGHLY DISMANTLE THE CORPORATE INFRASTRUCTURE.
THAT'S WHERE I WAS HIDING.
HOWEVER, YOU ARE STILL COPING ADMIRABLY WELL.
TO THAT END, I HAVE SOME TELEVISION I WISH TO SHOW YOU.
SWITCHING TO SAT UP-LINK
LATVERIA?


My armor's ANALYSIS arrays PROVE, against my instinct, that these pictures are NOT FAKED.
These alien helicopters ARE above my beautiful Latveria -- they ARE developing repulsive buds on their under-bellies --
-- who is this Herod? What are his connections with the MEGACORPS?
What is that LIQUID jetting out of -- NO --
--NECROTOXINS--
-- Americans necro-toxified MARKHELASTAN before the takeover and reduced the entire population to protein-rich SLUDGE --
-- THEY 'RE KILLING MY COUNTRY -- MY beloved LATVERIA, SO far AWAY --

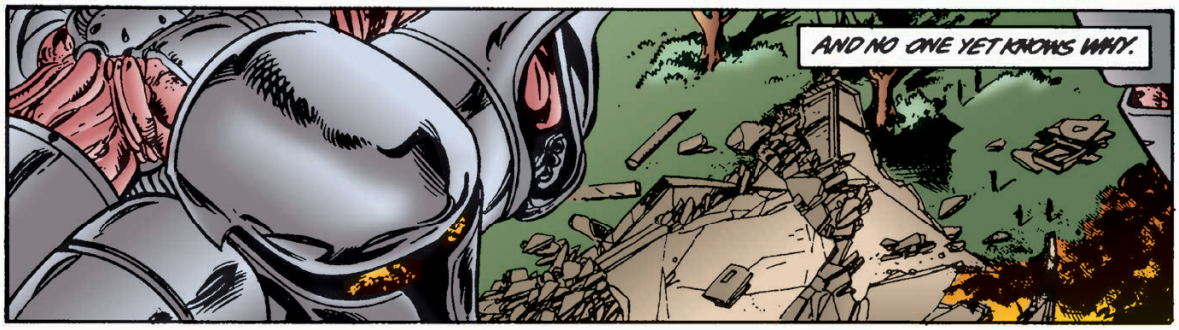

...and there is NOTHING I can DO.



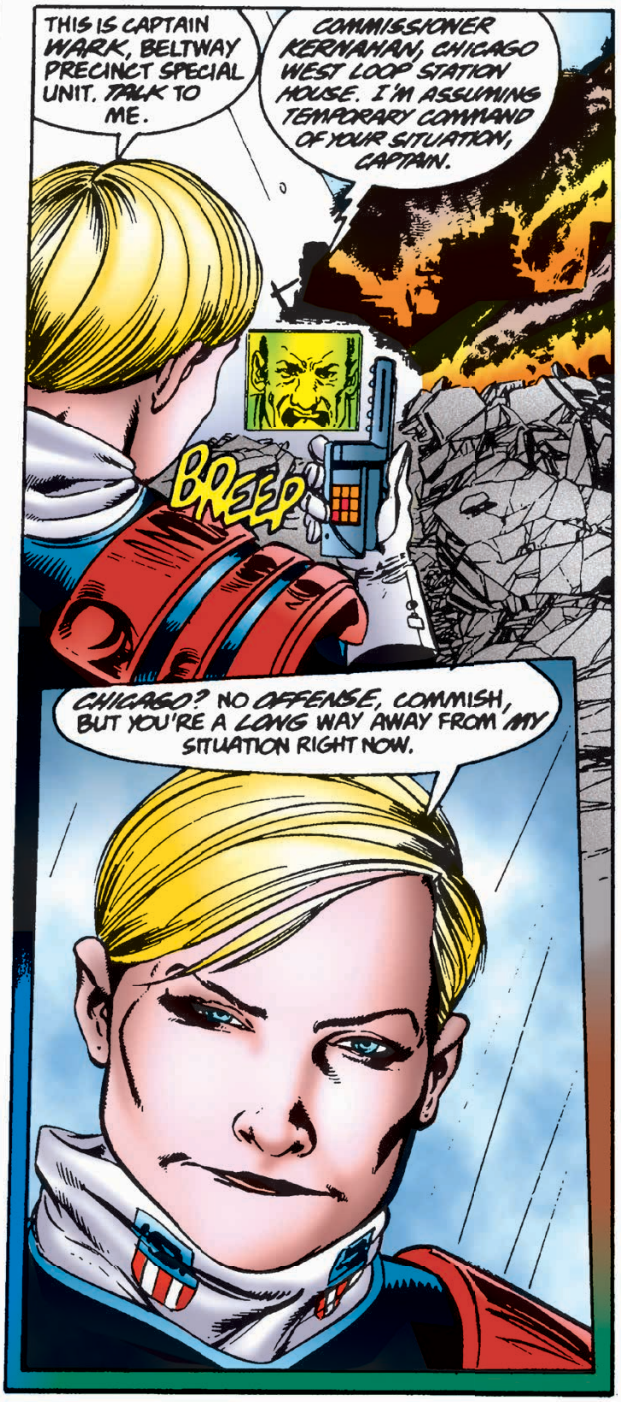

"I saw the vast Halls and Palaces of men falling slowly, decaying, crumbling, destroyed by nothing but the rains and the touch of Time."
—James Elroy Flecker
"The Last Generation"

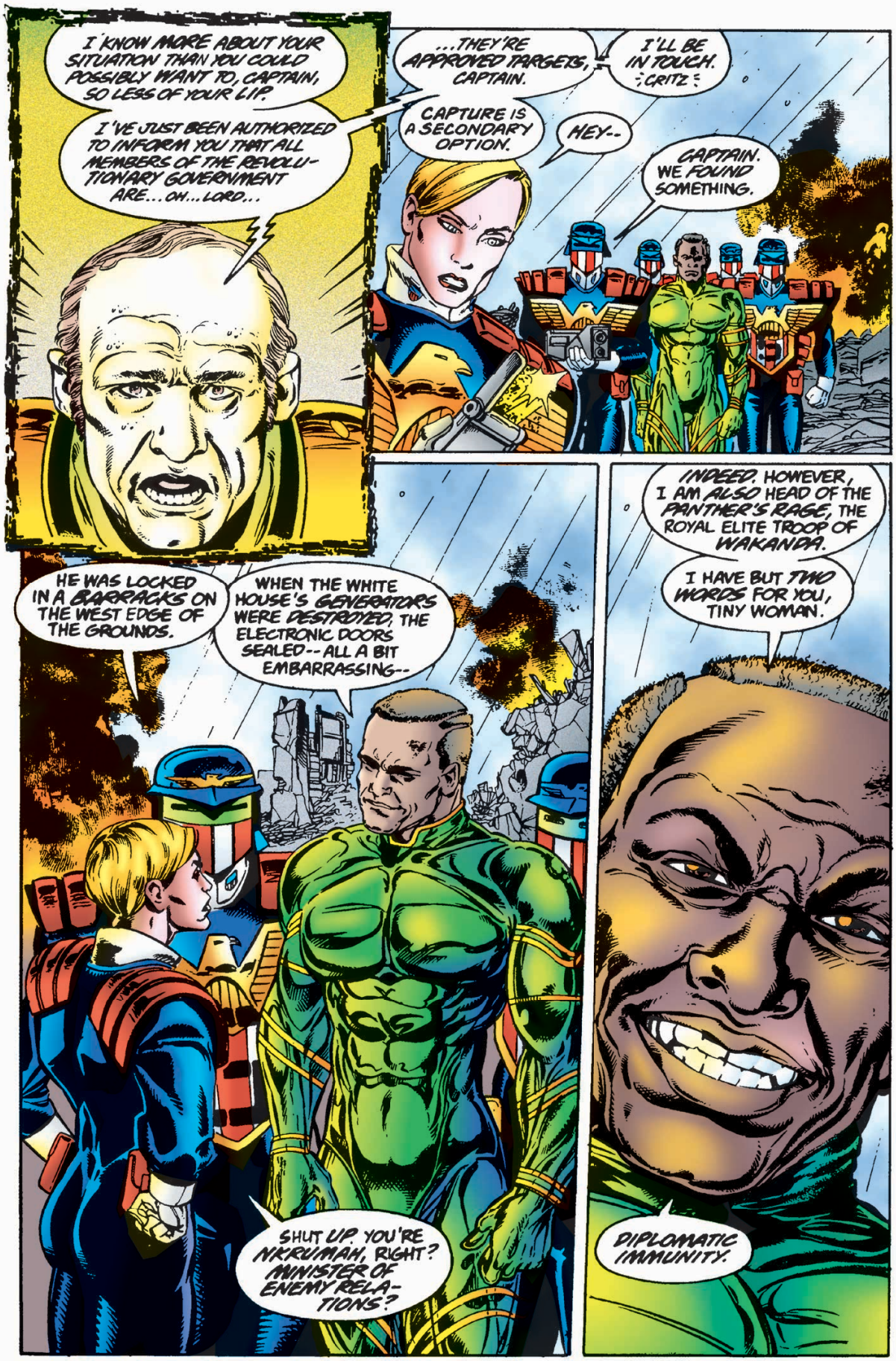
MARVEL COMICS
2099
34
OCT
DOOM 2099 A.D.
OUR LEADER

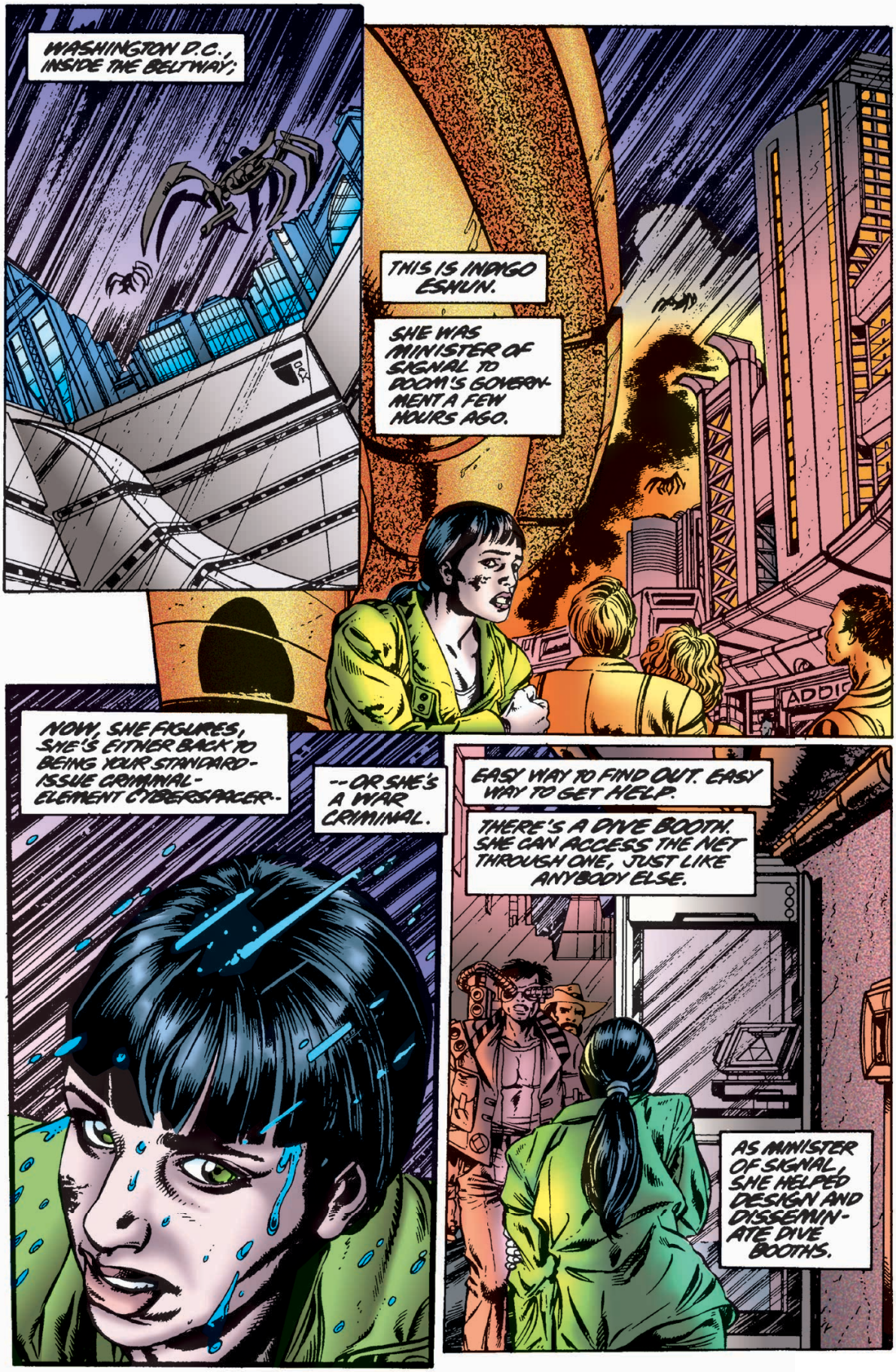
AN HOUR HAS PASSED.
THE BALANCE OF POWER HAS CHANGED.
THE WHITE HOUSE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO BLOOD-STAINED RUBBLE. THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT HAS FALLEN.
DOOM IS GONE.
TO BEGIN THE WORLD AGAIN
WARREN ELLIS-writer
STEVE PUGH-pencil artist
SCOTT KOBLISH-ink artist
MEGAN McDOWELL-colorist
JOHN COSTANZA-letterer
JOEY CAVALIERI-editor
BOBBIE CHASE-chief
MALIBU-computer color

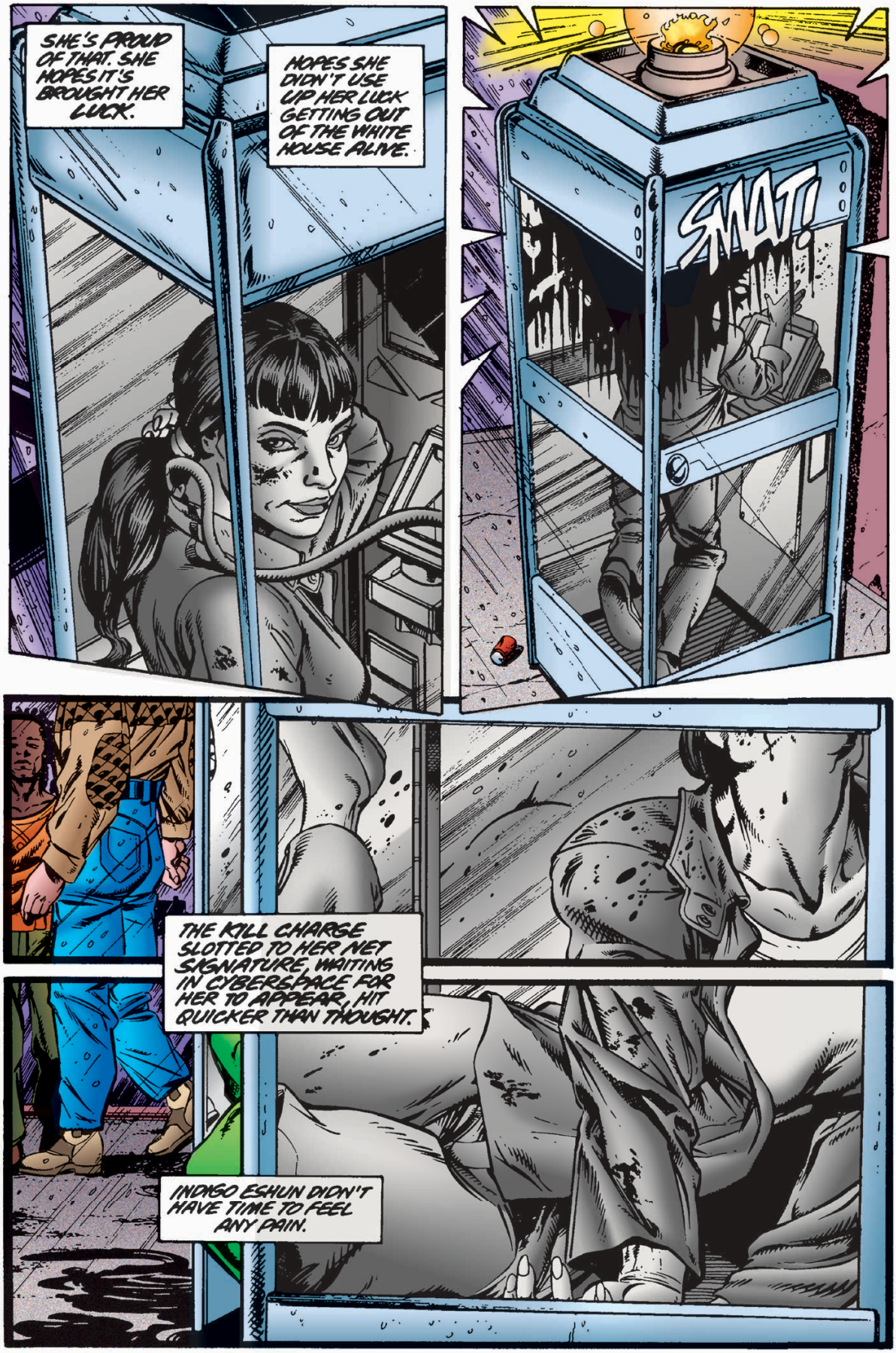

AND NO ONE YET KNOWS WHY.

WISH I KNEW WHAT THOSE THINGS WERE.
BUT IF SHIELD CENTRAL SAYS I IGNORE THEM, THEN I IGNORE 'EM, I GUESS.
BREEP
COMMUNICATOR.
IS SOMEONE ACTUALLY GOING TO TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HALLELUJAH.

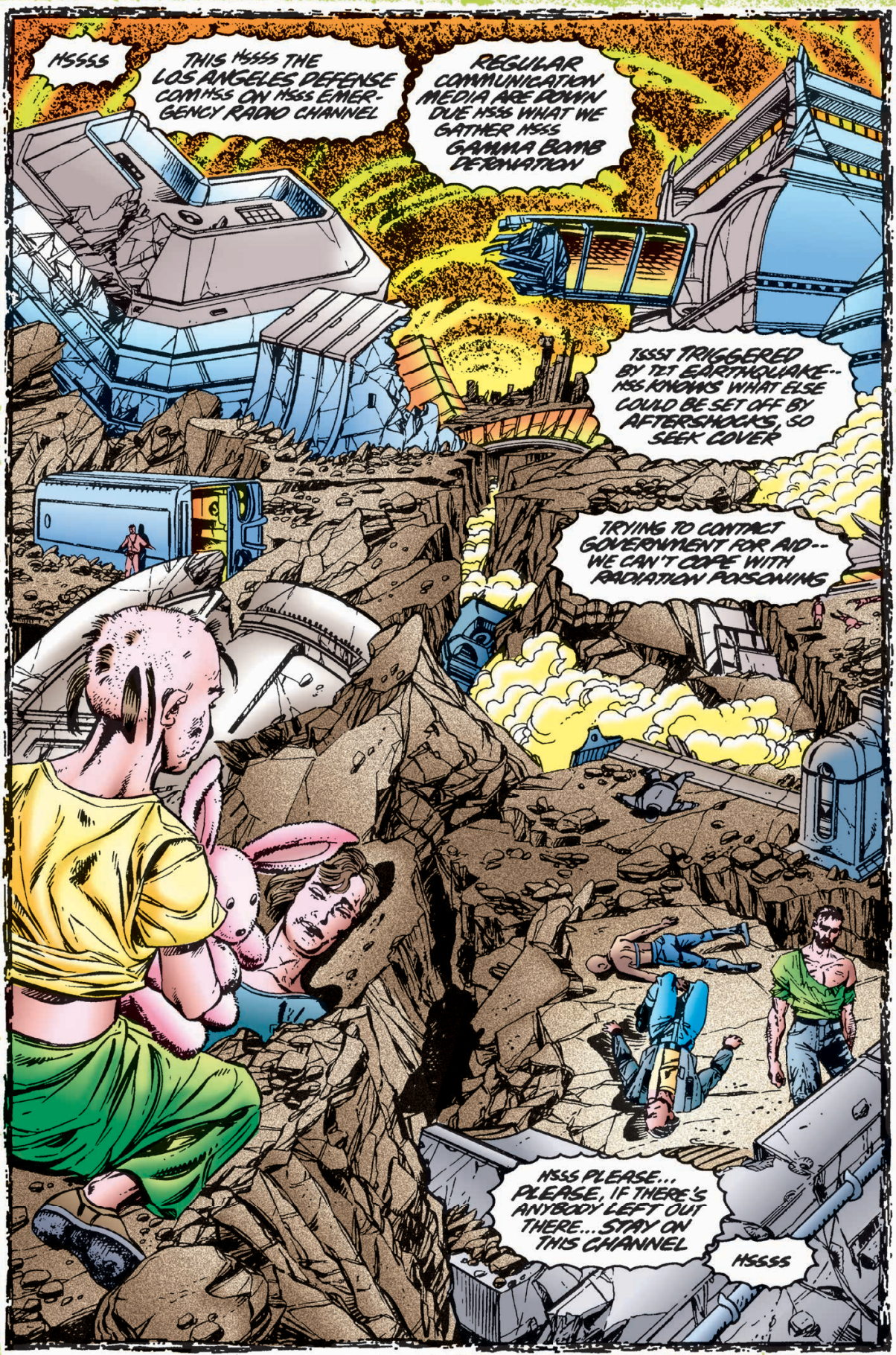

THIS IS CAPTAIN WARK, BELTWAY PRECINCT SPECIAL UNIT. TALK TO ME.
COMMISSIONER KERNAHAN, CHICAGO WEST LOOP STATION HOUSE. I'M ASSUMING TEMPORARY COMMAND OF YOUR SITUATION, CAPTAIN.
BREEP
CHICAGO? NO OFFENSE, COMMISH, BUT YOU'RE A LONG WAY AWAY FROM MY SITUATION RIGHT NOW.

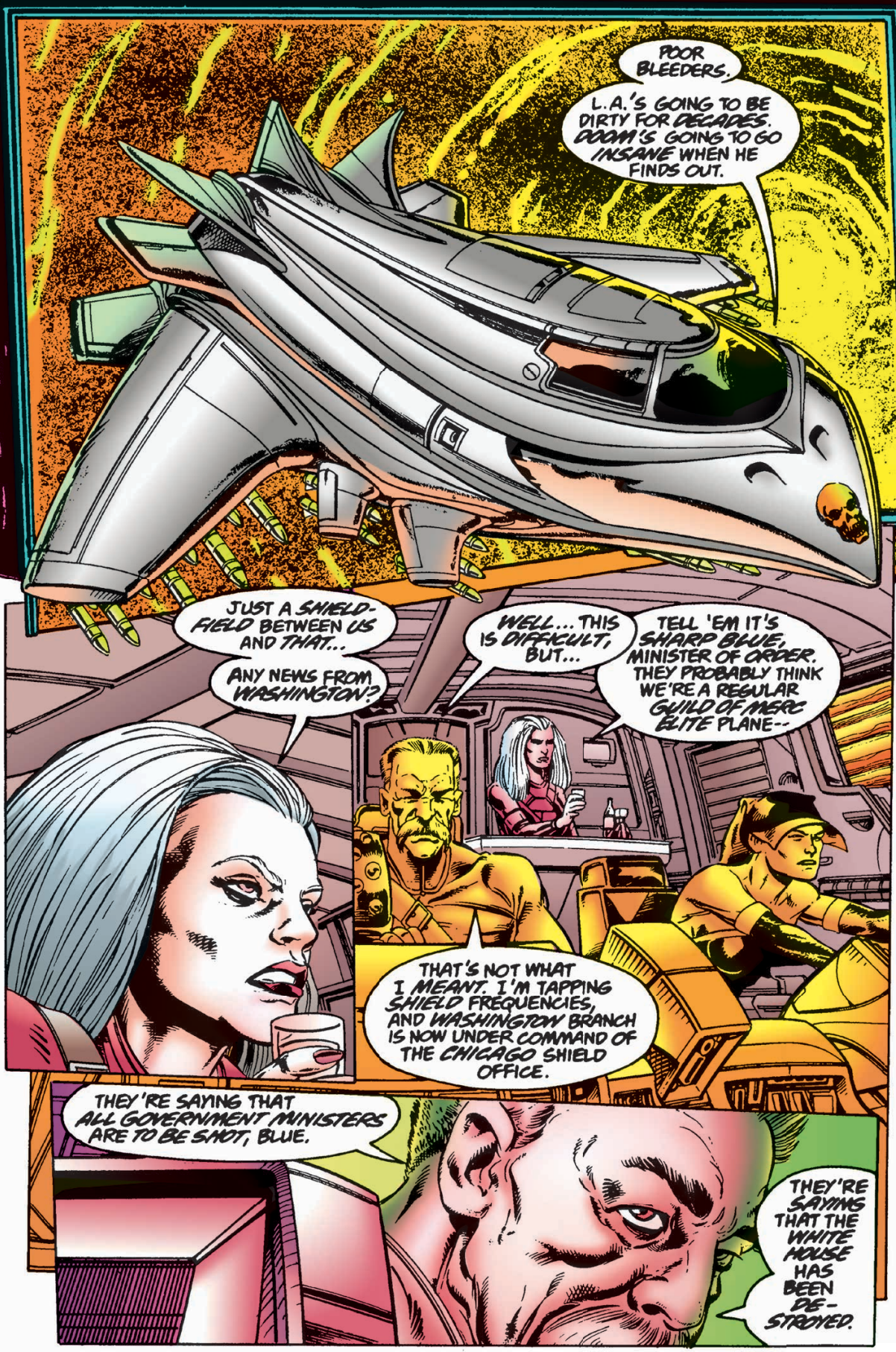

I KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR SITUATION THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY WANT TO, CAPTAIN, SO LESS OF YOUR LIP.
I'VE JUST BEEN AUTHORIZED TO INFORM YOU THAT ALL MEMBERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT ARE... OH... LORD...
...THEY'RE APPROVED TARGETS, CAPTAIN.
I'LL BE IN TOUCH. -CRITZ-
CAPTURE IS A SECONDARY OPTION.
HEY--
CAPTAIN. WE FOUND SOMETHING.
HE WAS LOCKED IN A BARRACKS ON THE WEST EDGE OF THE GROUNDS.
WHEN THE WHITE HOUSE'S GENERATORS WERE DESTROYED, THE ELECTRONIC DOORS SEALED-- ALL A BIT EMBARRASSING--
SHUT UP. YOU'RE NKRUMAH, RIGHT? MINISTER OF ENEMY RELATIONS?
INDEED. HOWEVER, I AM ALSO HEAD OF THE PANTHER'S RAGE, THE ROYAL ELITE TROOP OF WAKANDA.
I HAVE BUT TWO WORDS FOR YOU, TINY WOMAN.
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.

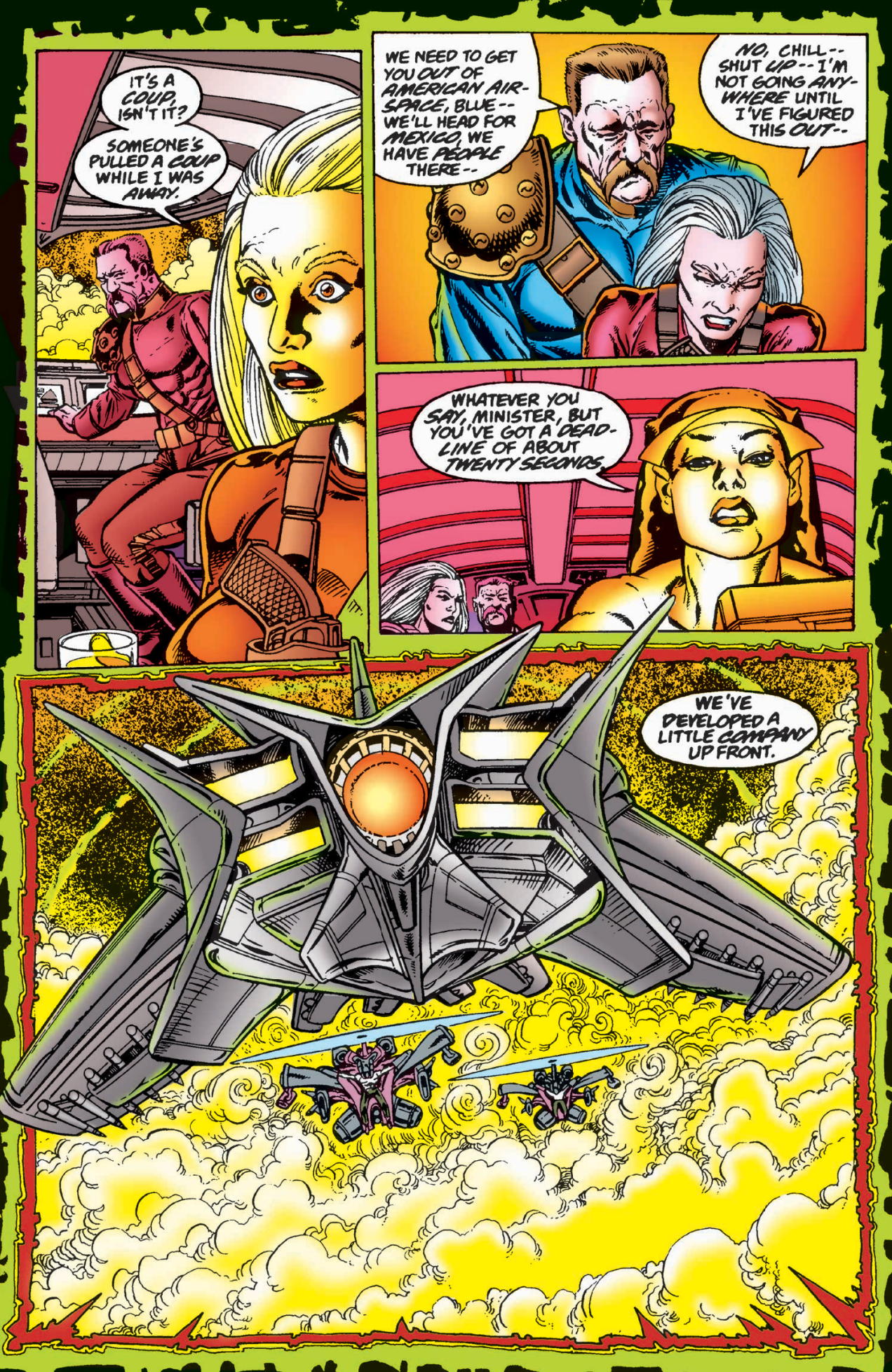

WASHINGTON D.C., INSIDE THE BELTWAY;
THIS IS INDIGO ESHUN.
SHE WAS MINISTER OF SIGNAL TO DOOM'S GOVERNMENT A FEW HOURS AGO.
NOW, SHE FIGURES, SHE'S EITHER BACK TO BEING YOUR STANDARD-ISSUE CRIMINAL-ELEMENT CYBERSPACER--
--OR SHE'S A WAR CRIMINAL.
EASY WAY TO FIND OUT. EASY WAY TO GET HELP.
THERE'S A DIVE BOOTH. SHE CAN ACCESS THE NET THROUGH ONE, JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE.
AS MINISTER OF SIGNAL, SHE HELPED DESIGN AND DISSEMINATE DIVE BOOTHS.

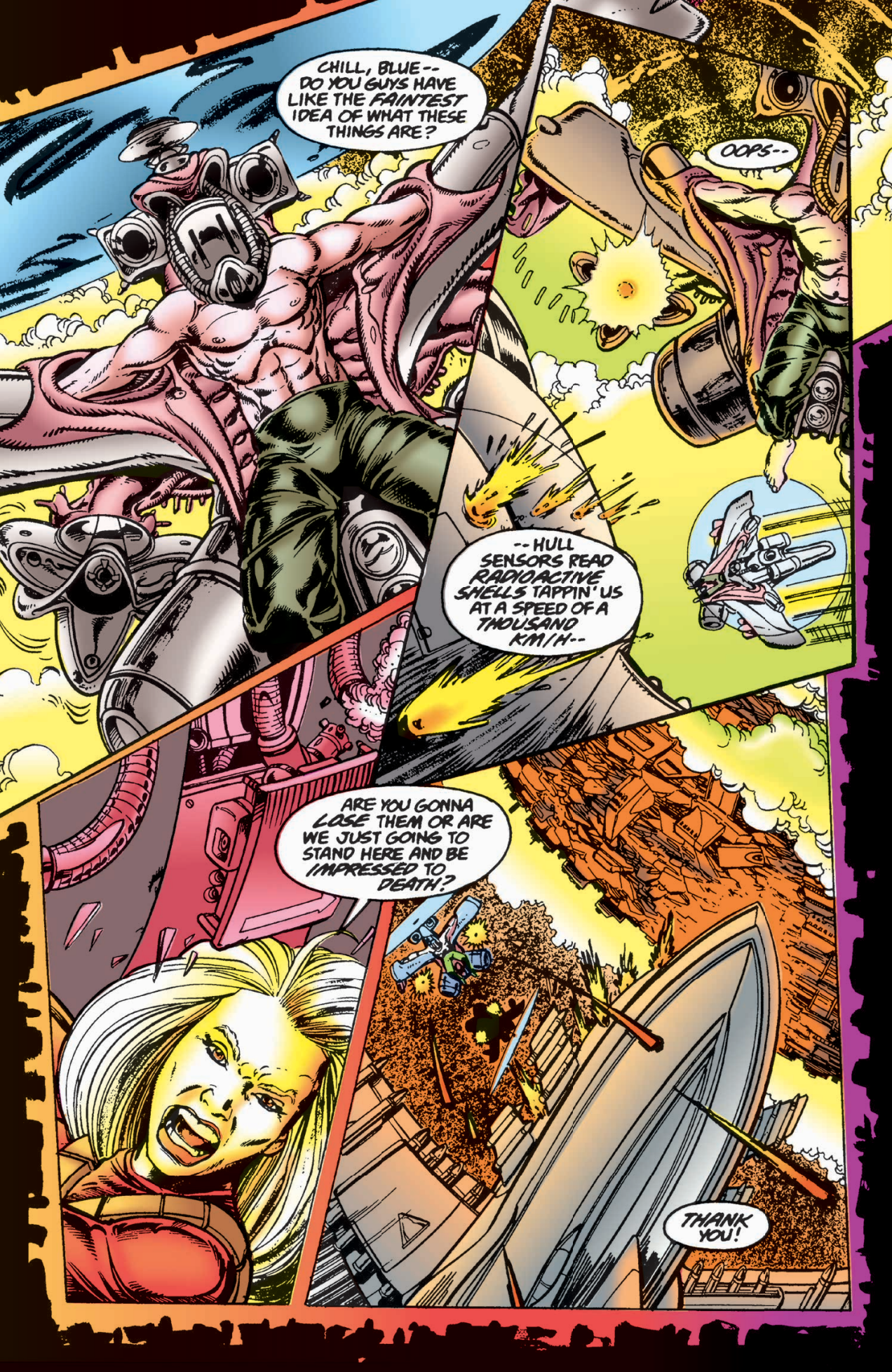

SHE'S PROUD OF THAT. SHE HOPES IT'S BROUGHT HER LUCK.
HOPES SHE DIDN'T USE UP HER LUCK GETTING OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE ALIVE.
SMAT!
THE KILL CHARGE SLOTTED TO HER NET SIGNATURE, WAITING IN CYBERSPACE FOR HER TO APPEAR, HIT QUICKER THAN THOUGHT.
INDIGO ESHUN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FEEL ANY PAIN.

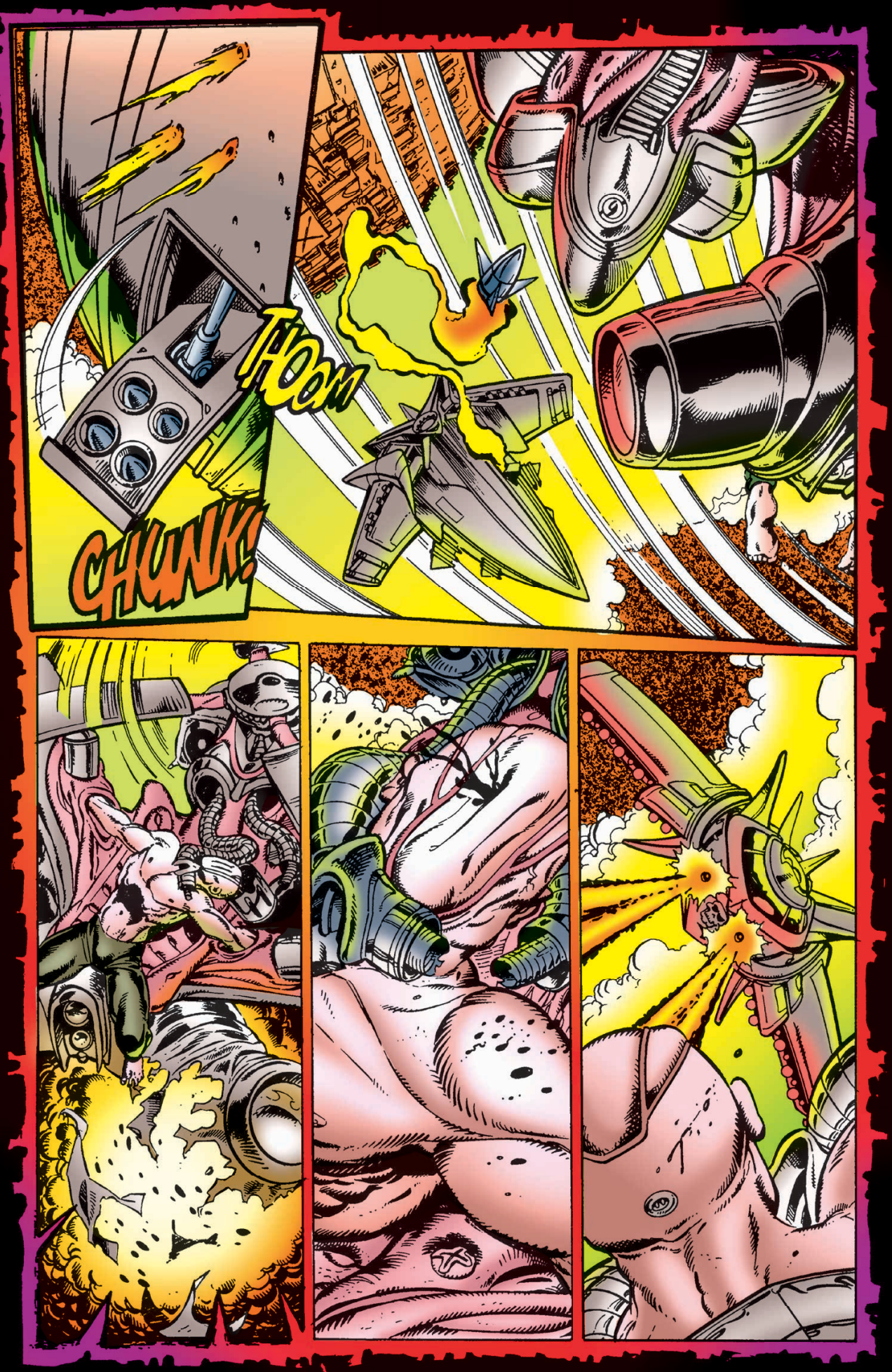
STEVEN ROGERS, THE HEROIC AGE SUPERSOLDIER HISTORY CALLED CAPTAIN AMERICA, HAS RETURNED.
IN A BIZARRE REPEAT OF THE FLUKE CRYONIC PHENOMENON THAT FLUNG HIM FROM MIDDLE TO END OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY--
--HE HAS BEEN RECOVERED FROM THE ANTARCTIC BY THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION.
AN HOUR AGO, HE WAS WHISKED FROM MANHATTAN BY A FLIGHT OF ALCHEMAX EDGE-RUNNERS, DESTINATION UNKNOWN.
THIS FOLLOWED A CONTROVERSIAL SPEECH BY ROGERS, NAMING PRESIDENT DOOM AS THE ARCHITECT OF THE HEROIC AGE'S END.
ALCHEMAX APPEARS TO BE PROTECTING ROGERS FROM POSSIBLE WHITE HOUSE RETRIBUTION.
WE SPOKE BRIEFLY WITH JAKE GALLOWS, HEAD OF SHIELD'S PUNISHMENT POLICE, WHO PROCLAIMED HIS INTENTION TO "CUT ROGERS'S SKIN OFF."
THIS IS NYFAX, NEWS FOR MANHATTAN. STAY WITH US.

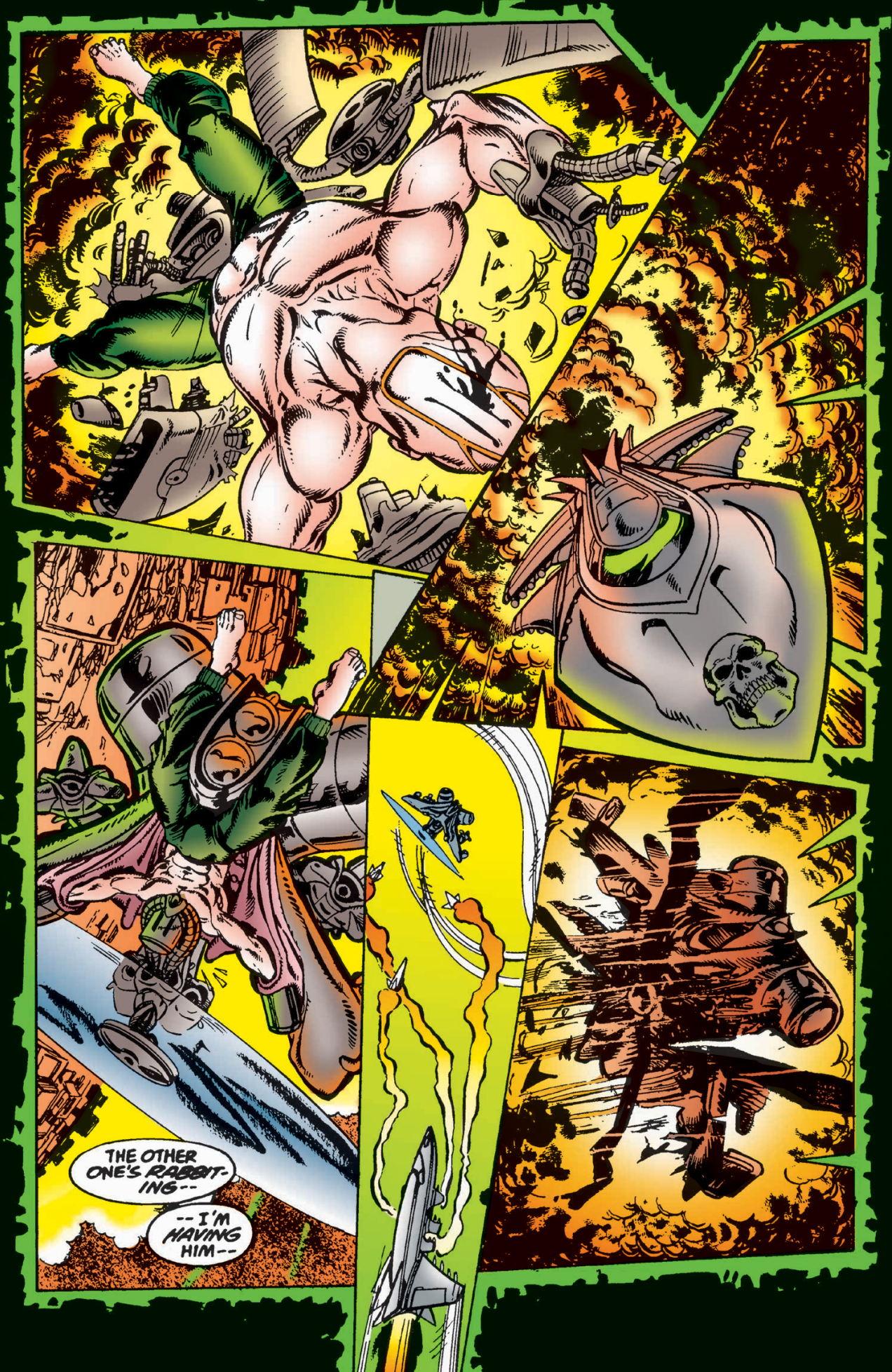

HSSSS
THIS HSSSS THE LOS ANGELES DEFENSE COMHSS ON HSSS EMERGENCY RADIO CHANNEL
REGULAR COMMUNICATION MEDIA ARE DOWN DUE HSSS WHAT WE GATHER HSSS GAMMA BOMB DETONATION
TSSSI TRIGGERED BY TXT EARTHQUAKE-- HSS KNOWS WHAT ELSE COULD BE SET OFF BY AFTERSHOCKS, SO SEEK COVER
TRYING TO CONTACT GOVERNMENT FOR AID-- WE CAN'T COPE WITH RADIATION POISONING
NSSS PLEASE... PLEASE, IF THERE'S ANYBODY LEFT OUT THERE...STAY ON THIS CHANNEL
HSSSS


POOR BLEEDERS.
L.A.'S GOING TO BE DIRTY FOR DECADES. DOOM'S GOING TO GO INSANE WHEN HE FINDS OUT.
JUST A SHIELD-FIELD BETWEEN US AND THAT...
ANY NEWS FROM WASHINGTON?
WELL... THIS IS DIFFICULT, BUT...
TELL 'EM IT'S SHARP BLUE, MINISTER OF ORDER. THEY PROBABLY THINK WE'RE A REGULAR GUILD OF MERC ELITE PLANE--
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT. I'M TAPPING SHIELD FREQUENCIES, AND WASHINGTON BRANCH IS NOW UNDER COMMAND OF THE CHICAGO SHIELD OFFICE.
THEY'RE SAYING THAT ALL GOVERNMENT MINISTERS ARE TO BE SHOT, BLUE.
THEY'RE SAYING THAT THE WHITE HOUSE HAS BEEN DE-STROYED.

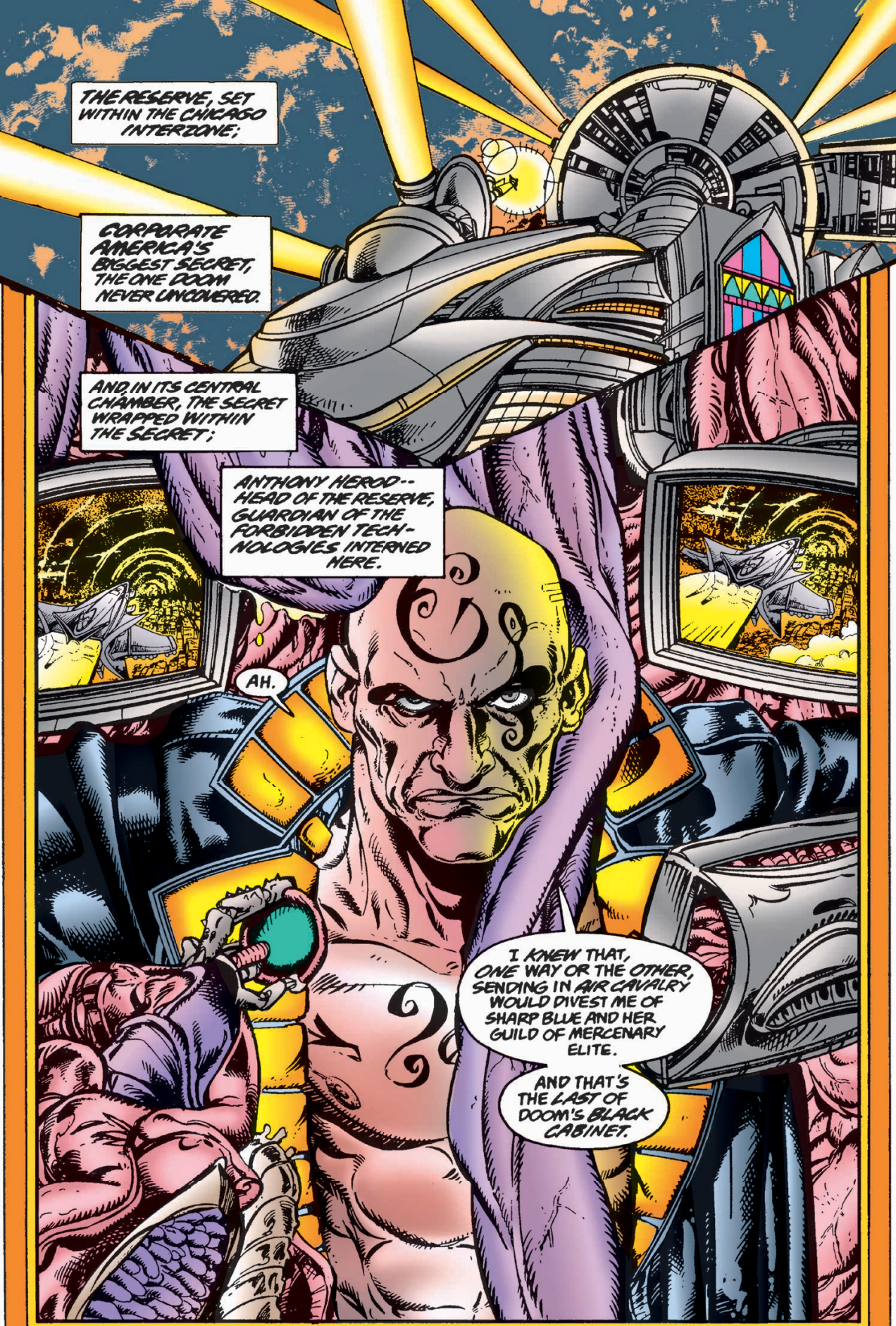

IT'S A COUP, ISN'T IT?
SOMEONE'S PULLED A COUP WHILE I WAS AWAY.
WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF AMERICAN AIR-SPACE, BLUE -- WE'LL HEAD FOR MEXICO, WE HAVE PEOPLE THERE --
NO, CHILL -- SHUT UP -- I'M NOT GOING ANY-WHERE UNTIL I'VE FIGURED THIS OUT --
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MINISTER, BUT YOU'VE GOT A DEAD-LINE OF ABOUT TWENTY SECONDS.
WE'VE DEVELOPED A LITTLE COMPANY UP FRONT.


CHILL, BLUE-- DO YOU GUYS HAVE LIKE THE FAINTEST IDEA OF WHAT THESE THINGS ARE?
OOPS--
--HULL SENSORS READ RADIOACTIVE SHELLS TAPPIN' US AT A SPEED OF A THOUSAND KM/H--
ARE YOU GONNA LOSE THEM OR ARE WE JUST GOING TO STAND HERE AND BE IMPRESSED TO DEATH?
THANK YOU!

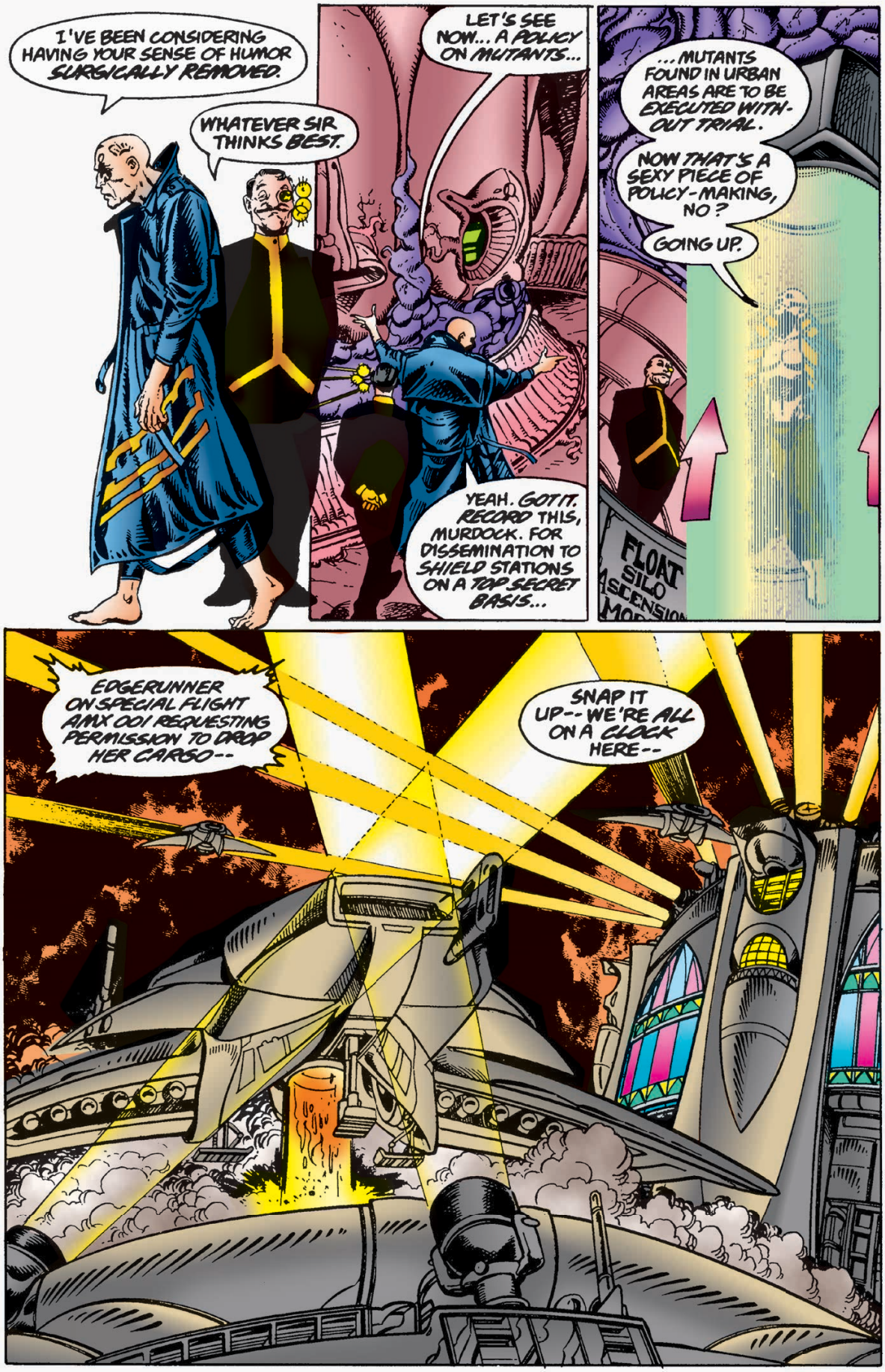

THOOM
CHUNK!

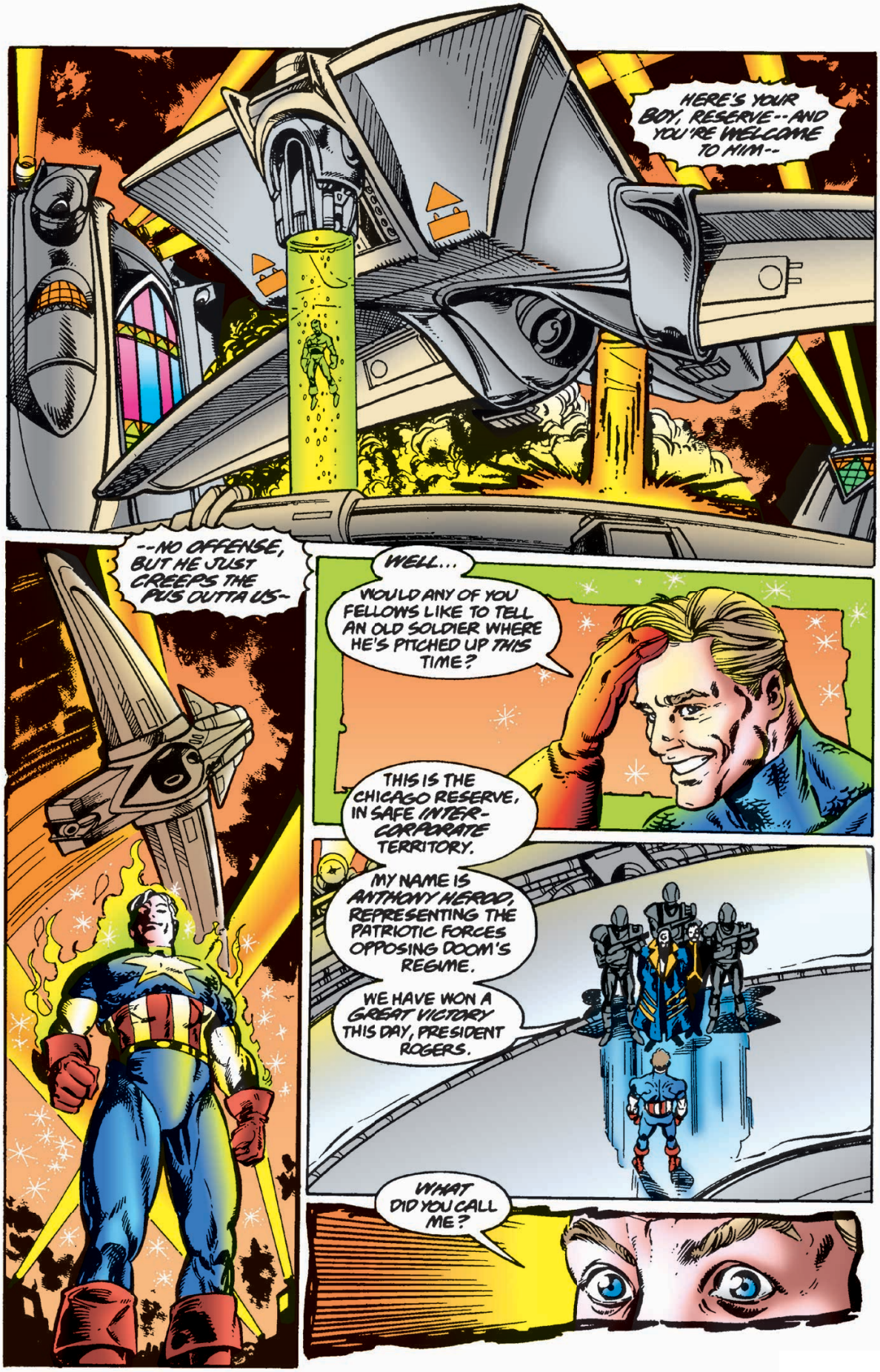

THE OTHER ONE'S RABBIT-ING--
--I'M HAVING HIM--

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE. DID WE HAVE THE GUNCAMERA ON?
YEP.
THEN WE'LL EXAMINE THE FILM... IN MEXICO.
ABOUT TIME. LAY IN A COURSE FOR ATZLAN, THE PAINTED SKY CORP'S SECURE AIRSHIP-- WE HAVE CREDIT WITH THEM.
I WANT THE WORM OUT OF OUR FIRST BOTTLE OF TEQUILA, OKAY?
NKRUMAH, INDIGO, MORPHINE, WHEREVER THE SHOCK YOU ARE... AND DOOM.
I WON'T FORGET ANY OF YOU.
"NOT ANY OF YOU."
"NOT EVER."

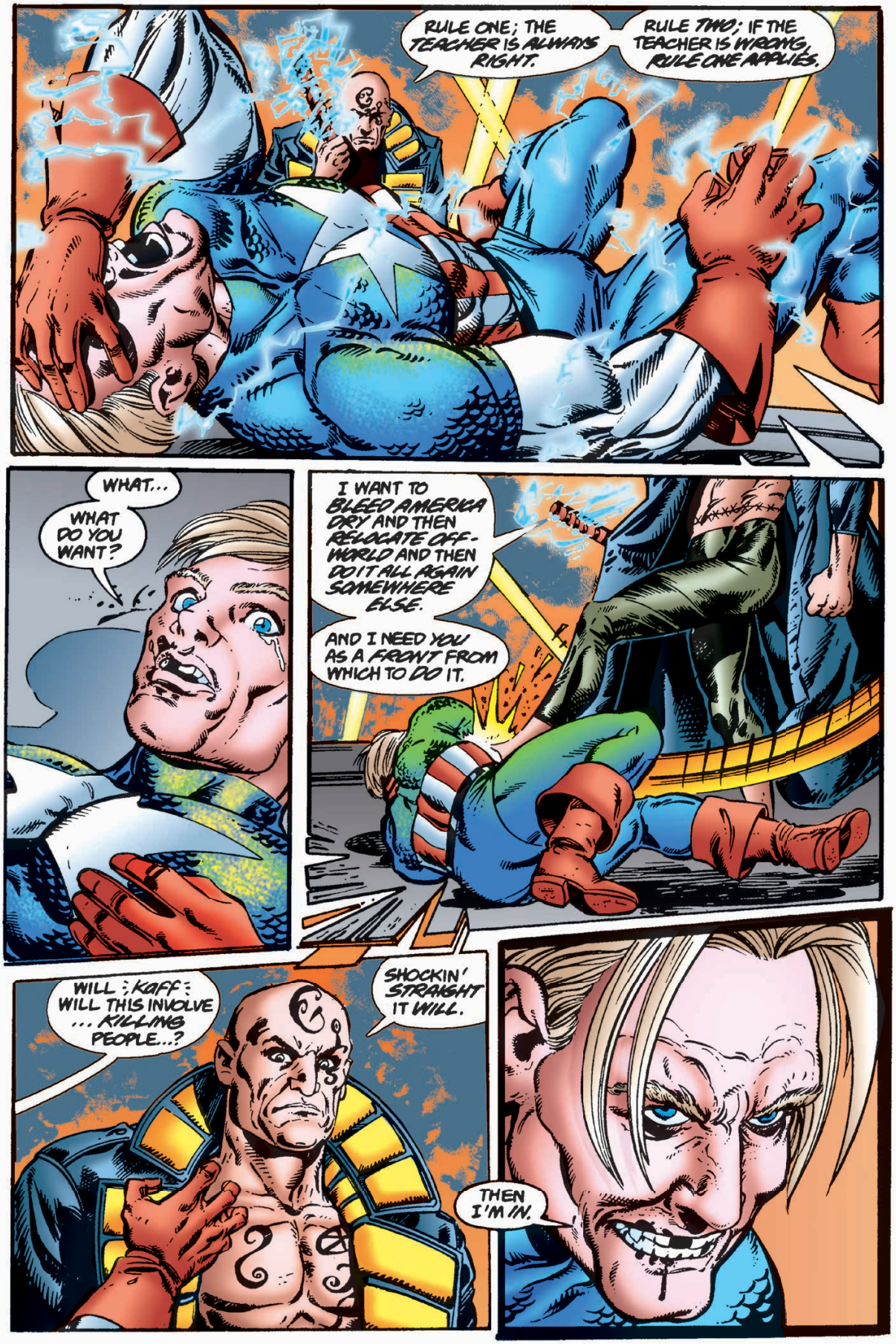

THE RESERVE, SET WITHIN THE CHICAGO INTERZONE;
CORPORATE AMERICA'S BIGGEST SECRET, THE ONE DOOM NEVER UNCOVERED.
AND, IN ITS CENTRAL CHAMBER, THE SECRET WRAPPED WITHIN THE SECRET;
ANTHONY HEROD--HEAD OF THE RESERVE, GUARDIAN OF THE FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGIES INTERNED HERE.
AH.
I KNEW THAT, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, SENDING IN AIR CAVALRY WOULD DIVEST ME OF SHARP BLUE AND HER GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE.
AND THAT'S THE LAST OF DOOM'S BLACK CABINET.

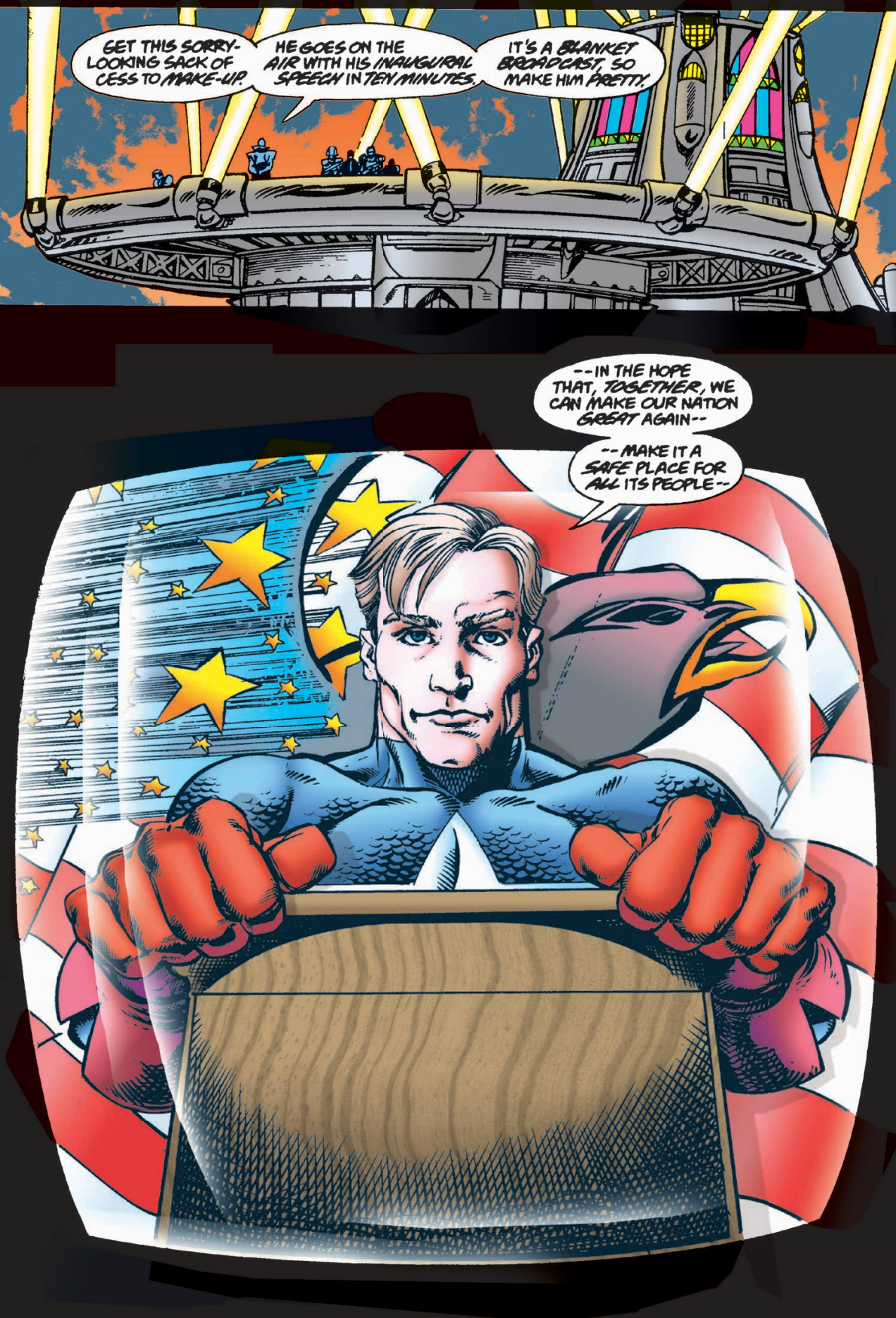
NOT ALL OF THEM, SIR. MORPHINE SOMERS IS STILL MISSING...
YOU'RE A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE, MURDOCK. YOU KNOW THAT?
THE "MINISTER OF HUMANITY" HAS DOUBTLESS GONE TO GROUND WITH THE X-MEN IN THE MIDWEST.
WITHOUT DOOM, SOMERS ISN'T WORTH WORRYING ABOUT.
AT LEAST UNTIL YOU FORMULATE A POLICY REGARDING MUTANTS. AND I'VE BEEN HEARING STRANGE THINGS FROM THOSE PARTS.
ANYWAY-- ALCHEMAX INFORMS US THAT THE CAPTAIN WILL ARRIVE IN A FEW MINUTES.
AND THE LOCAL SHIELD COMMISSIONER HAS BEEN APPRISED OF HIS NEW WORKING CONDITIONS.
HOW MUCH DID YOU TELL HIM?
THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT HAS FALLEN, AN INTERCORPORATE TEAM HERE HAS FORMED A TRANSITION TEAM... DID YOU THINK I'D TELL HIM THAT YOU DID IT ALL?


I'VE BEEN CONSIDERING HAVING YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR SURGICALLY REMOVED.
WHATEVER SIR THINKS BEST.
LET'S SEE NOW... A POLICY ON MUTANTS...
YEAH. GOT IT. RECORD THIS, MURDOCK. FOR DISSEMINATION TO SHIELD STATIONS ON A TOP SECRET BASIS...
...MUTANTS FOUND IN URBAN AREAS ARE TO BE EXECUTED WITHOUT TRIAL.
NOW THAT'S A SEXY PIECE OF POLICY-MAKING, NO?
GOING UP.
FLOAT
SILO
EDGERUNNER ON SPECIAL FLIGHT AMX 001 REQUESTING PERMISSION TO DROP HER CARGO--
SNAP IT UP-- WE'RE ALL ON A CLOCK HERE--

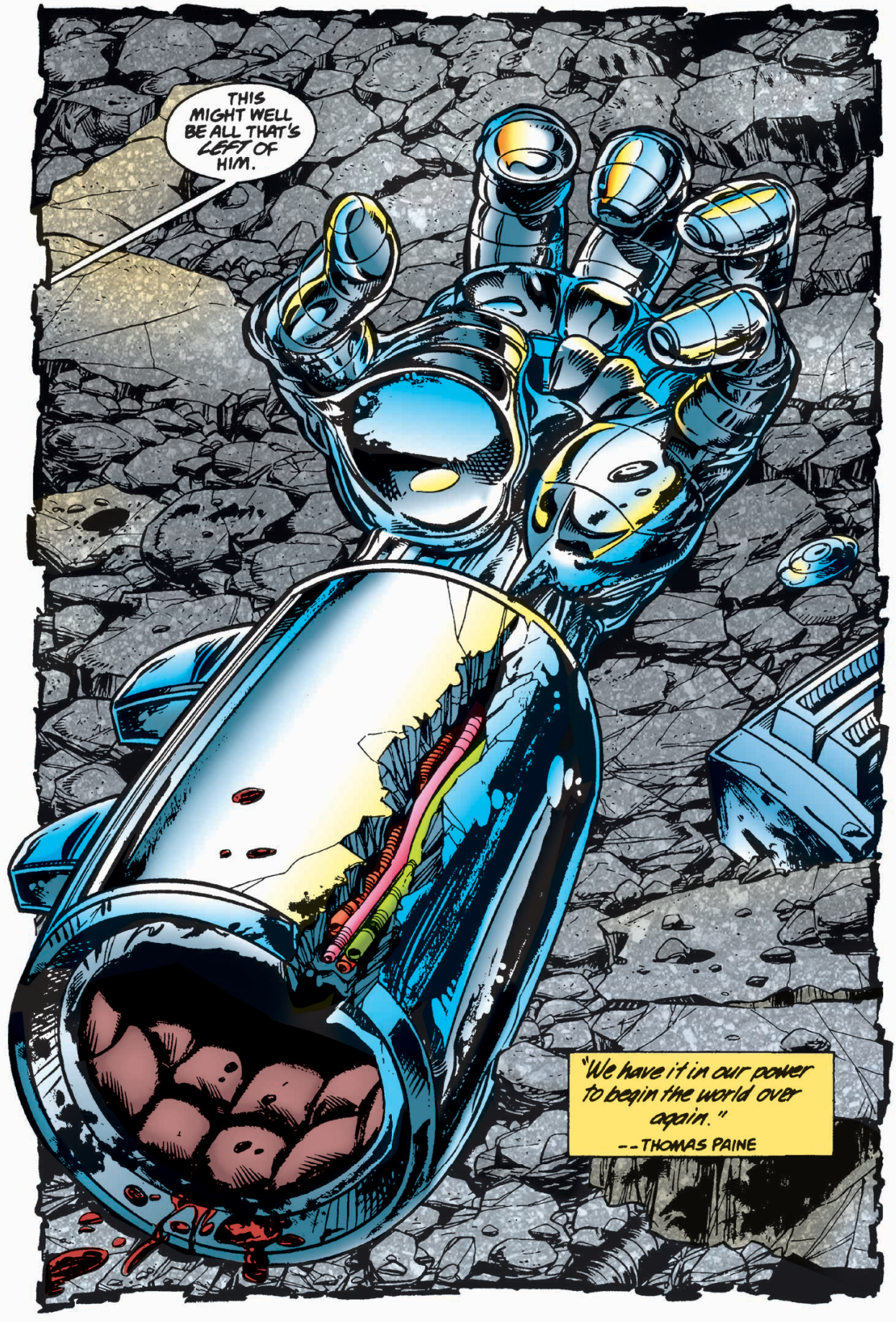

HERE'S YOUR BOY, RESERVE--AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM--
--NO OFFENSE, BUT HE JUST CREEPS THE PUS OUTTA US--
WELL...
WOULD ANY OF YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO TELL AN OLD SOLDIER WHERE HE'S PITCHED UP THIS TIME?
THIS IS THE CHICAGO RESERVE, IN SAFE INTER-CORPORATE TERRITORY.
MY NAME IS ANTHONY HERODD, REPRESENTING THE PATRIOTIC FORCES OPPOSING DOOM'S REGIME.
WE HAVE WON A GREAT VICTORY THIS DAY, PRESIDENT ROGERS.
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?

THE CORPORATE COALITION THAT NOW IS AMERICA, CAPTAIN, HAS CHOSEN A PRESIDENT TO LEAD US THROUGH THESE TRYING TIMES.
WHO BETTER TO LEAD US INTO THE NEXT CENTURY BUT THE VERY EMBODIMENT OF AMERICA?
YOU.
PRESIDENT.. BUT THERE WAS NO VOTE, NO DEMOCRACY--
DEMOCRACY SUCKS. STAND BACK AND LET THE BIG DOG EAT, THAT'S WHAT I SAY, MR. PRESIDENT.
YOU'LL MAKE A FINE EMBLEM. YOU WON'T ACTUALLY HAVE TO DO MUCH, MIND--
--YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY, GET OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET AS I RUN THE SHOW FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN, AS IT WERE.
EXCUSE ME?
NO. IT'S WRONG.


RULE ONE; THE TEACHER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.
RULE TWO; IF THE TEACHER IS WRONG, RULE ONE APPLIES.
WHAT...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT TO BLEED AMERICA DRY AND THEN RELOCATE OFF-WORLD AND THEN DO IT ALL AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE.
AND I NEED YOU AS A FRONT FROM WHICH TO DO IT.
WILL ;KAFF; WILL THIS INVOLVE ... KILLING PEOPLE...?
SHOCKIN' STRAIGHT IT WILL.
THEN I'M IN.


GET THIS SORRY-LOOKING SACK OF CESS TO MAKE-UP.
HE GOES ON THE AIR WITH HIS INAUGURAL SPEECH IN TEN MINUTES.
IT'S A BLANKET BROADCAST, SO MAKE HIM PRETTY.
--IN THE HOPE THAT, TOGETHER, WE CAN MAKE OUR NATION GREAT AGAIN--
--MAKE IT A SAFE PLACE FOR ALL ITS PEOPLE--

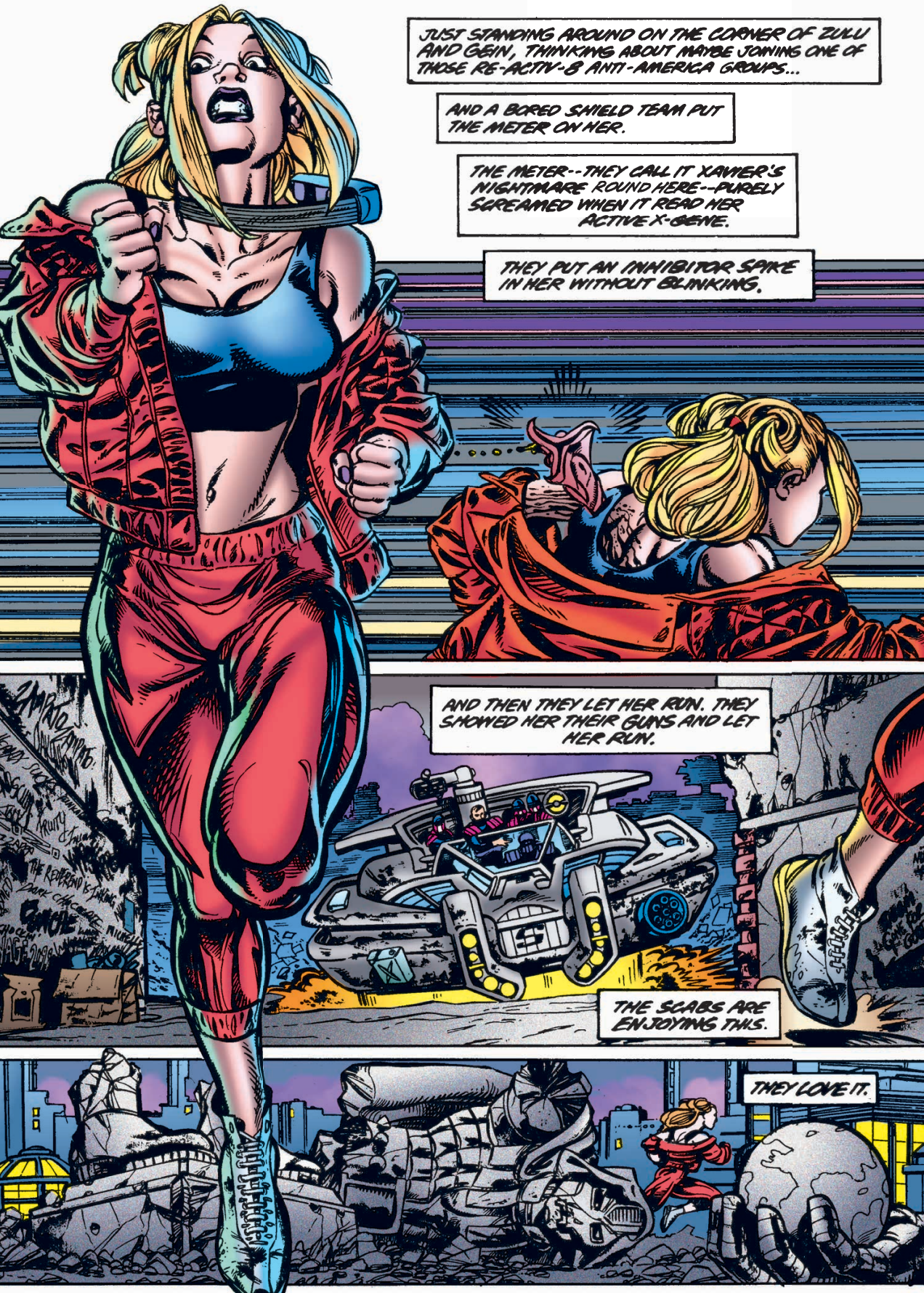
SO THOSE THINGS ARE CALLED WAVE SPIDERS, AND THEY'RE TIED DIRECTLY INTO SHIELD COMPUTERS...?
EITHER THAT COMMISSIONER WHASSNAME WAS FULL OF IT, OR HE'S PUTTING ME ON... OR THE WORLD JUST GOT WEIRDER WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED...
BOSS! WE GOT SOMETHING!
WELL, DON'T GIVE IT TO ME...
LOT OF DRIED BLOOD AROUND-- WHAT WAS THIS, THE KITCHEN? YOU FIGURE DOOM LIKED HIS RED MEAT OR WHAT?
SEAL
THIS WAS THE OVAL OFFICE, BOSS.
HEAT RECORDS SHOW THERE WAS ENOUGH TEMPERATURE IN HERE TO CUT THROUGH ADAMANTIUM.

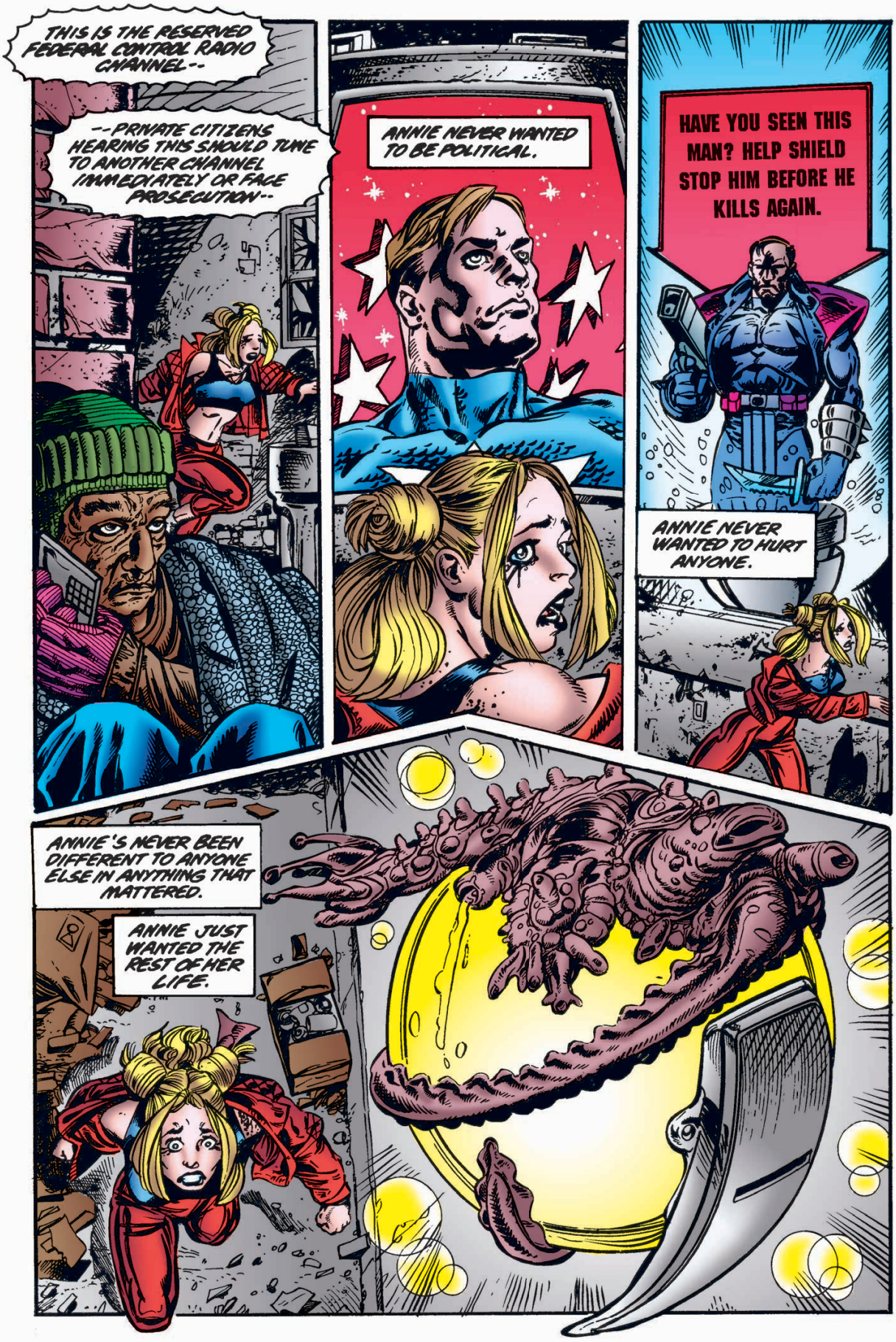

THIS MIGHT WELL BE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM.
"We have it in our power to begin the world over again."
--THOMAS PAINE

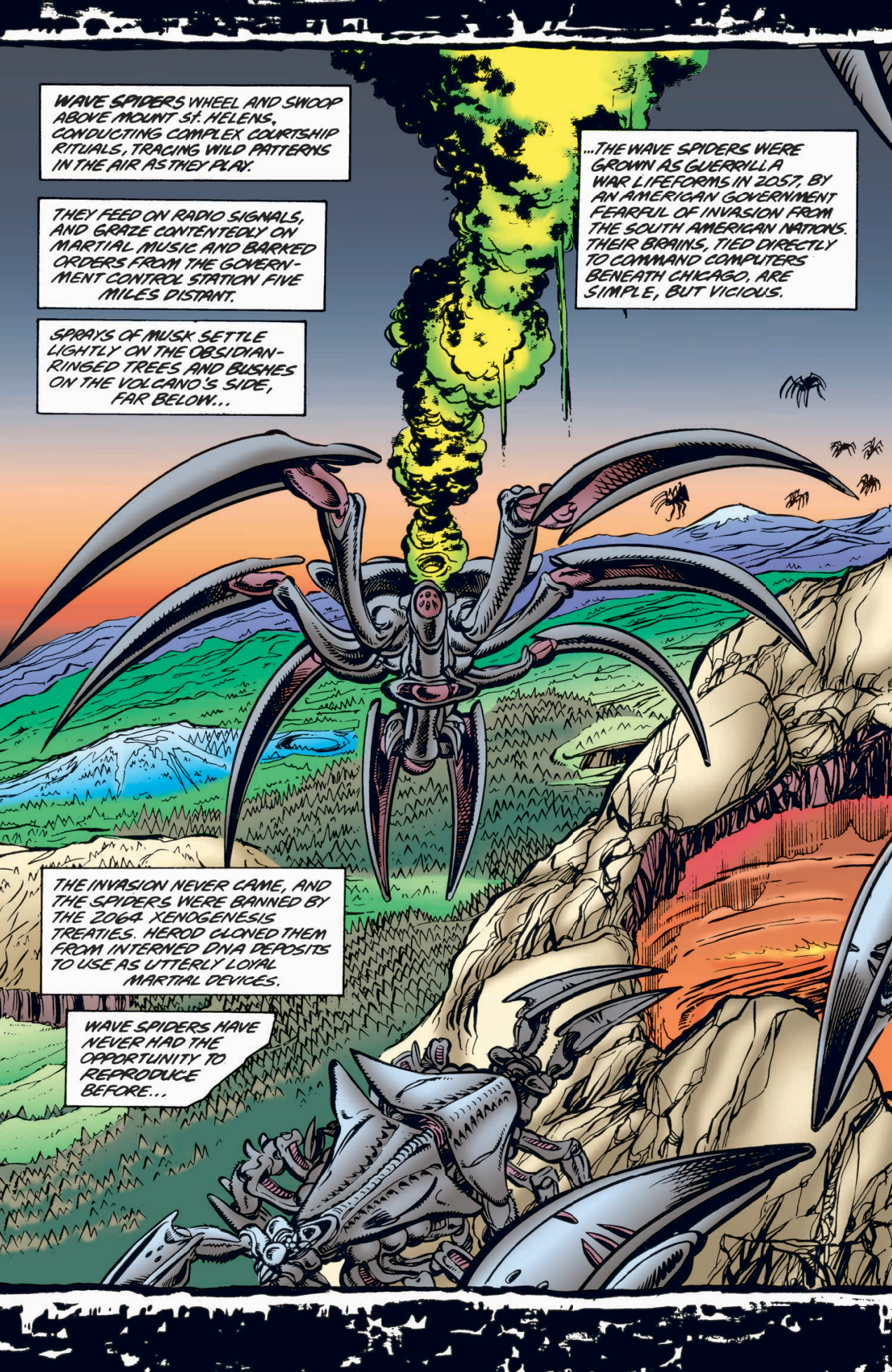
MARVEL COMICS
2099
35
NOV
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DOOM
2099 A.D.

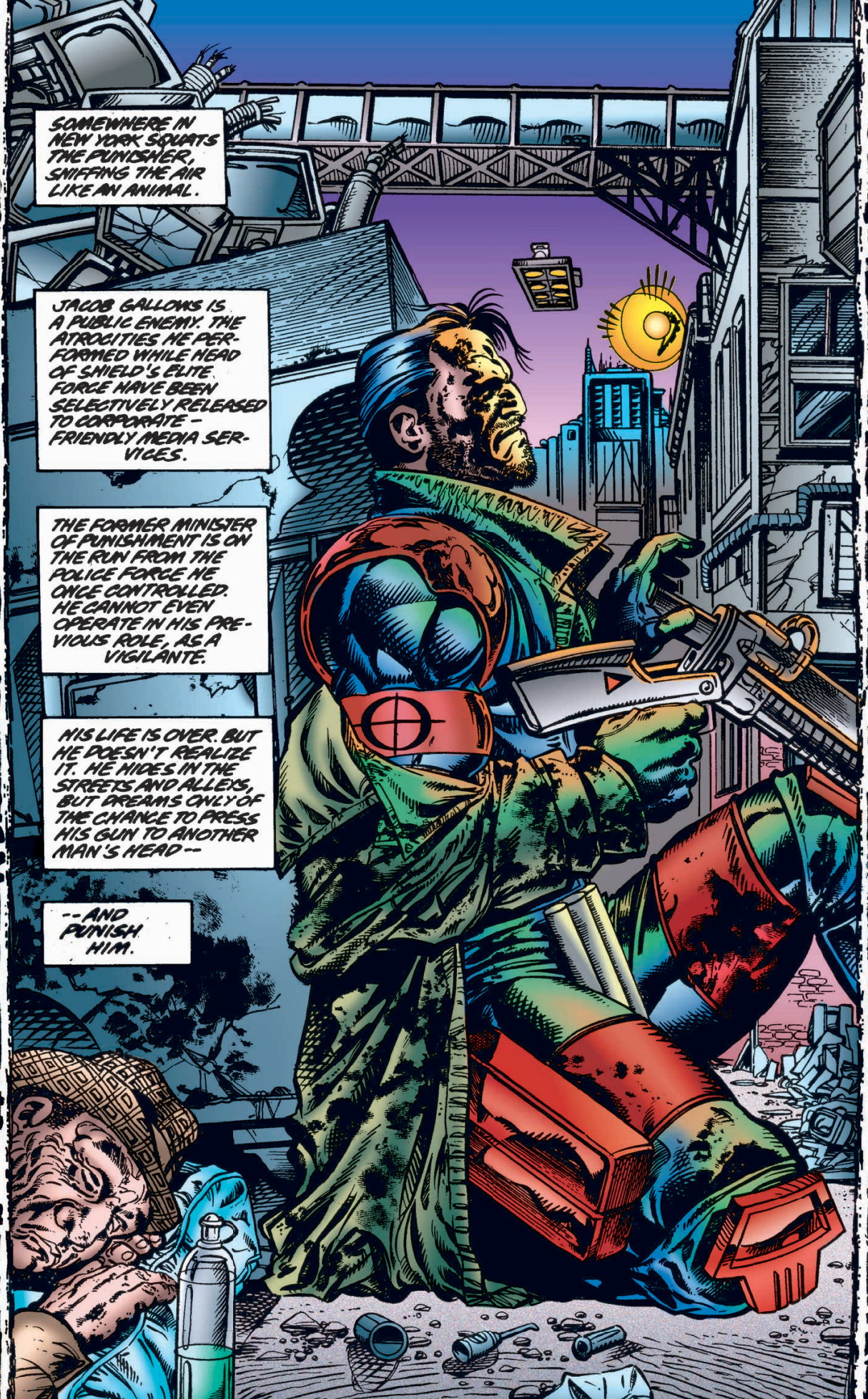
WASHINGTON;
STATIC. AMNIE WAGNER IS HAVING A ROTTEN YEAR.
HER BOYFRIEND (THE ONE WITH THE SKINNIEST LEGS IN TOWN) DUMPED HER WHEN HE FOUND OUT SHE WAS A MUTANT.
HER LOUSY (BUT ONLY) CONVEYOR-BELT MC JOB IN MUNITIONS VANISHED WHEN DOOM TOOK OVER.
SHE FIGURES GETTING KILLED WILL FINISH OFF 2099 JUST FINE.
TO BRING YOU My Love
A STAN LEE Presentation

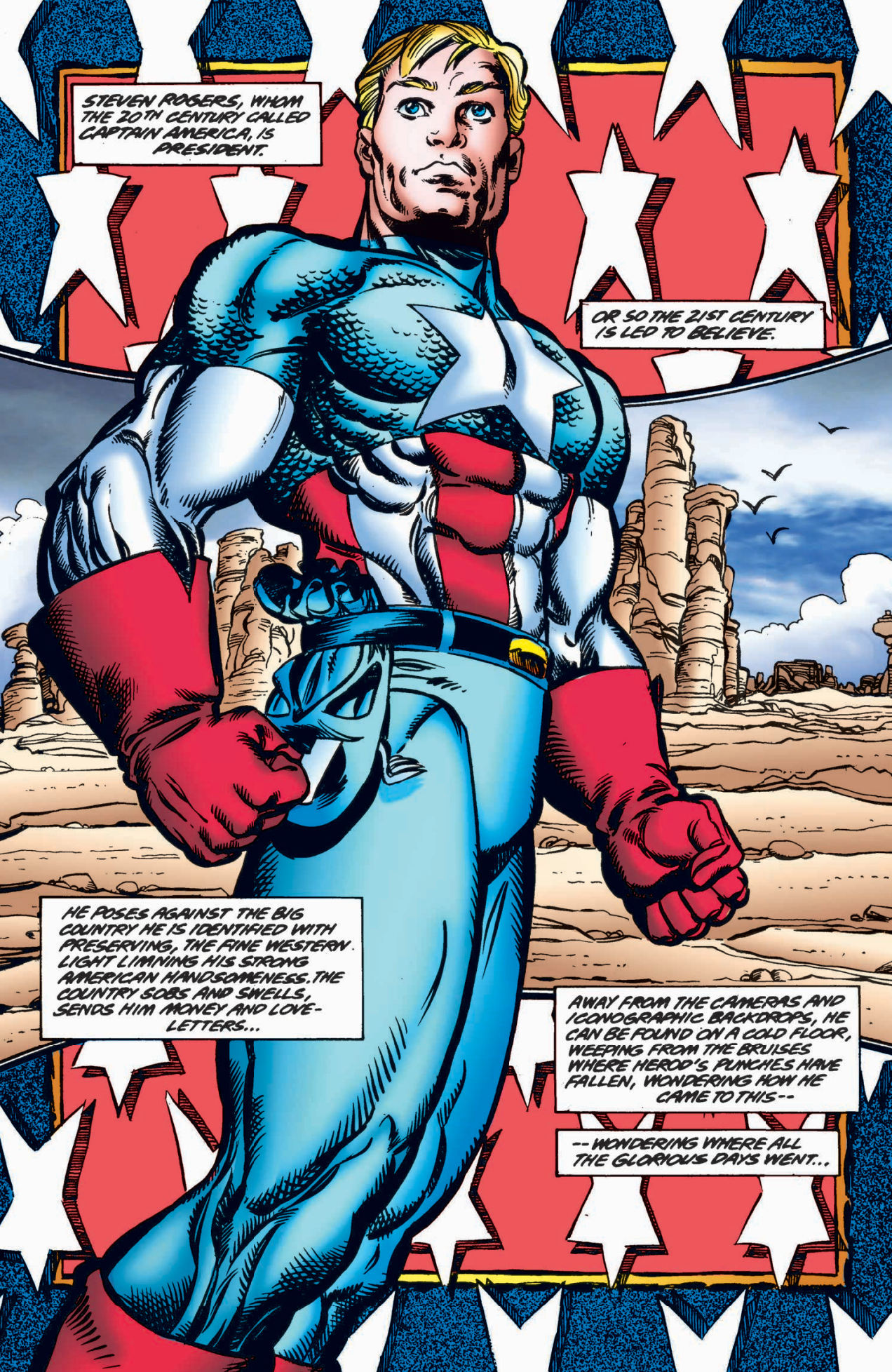
Warren Ellis WRITER Steve Pugh PENCILER Scott Koblish INKER
John Costanza LETTERER Megan McDowell COLORIST
Lia Pelosi EDITOR Joey Cavalieri FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
Bobbie Chase CHIEF
COMPUTER COLOR BY Malibu

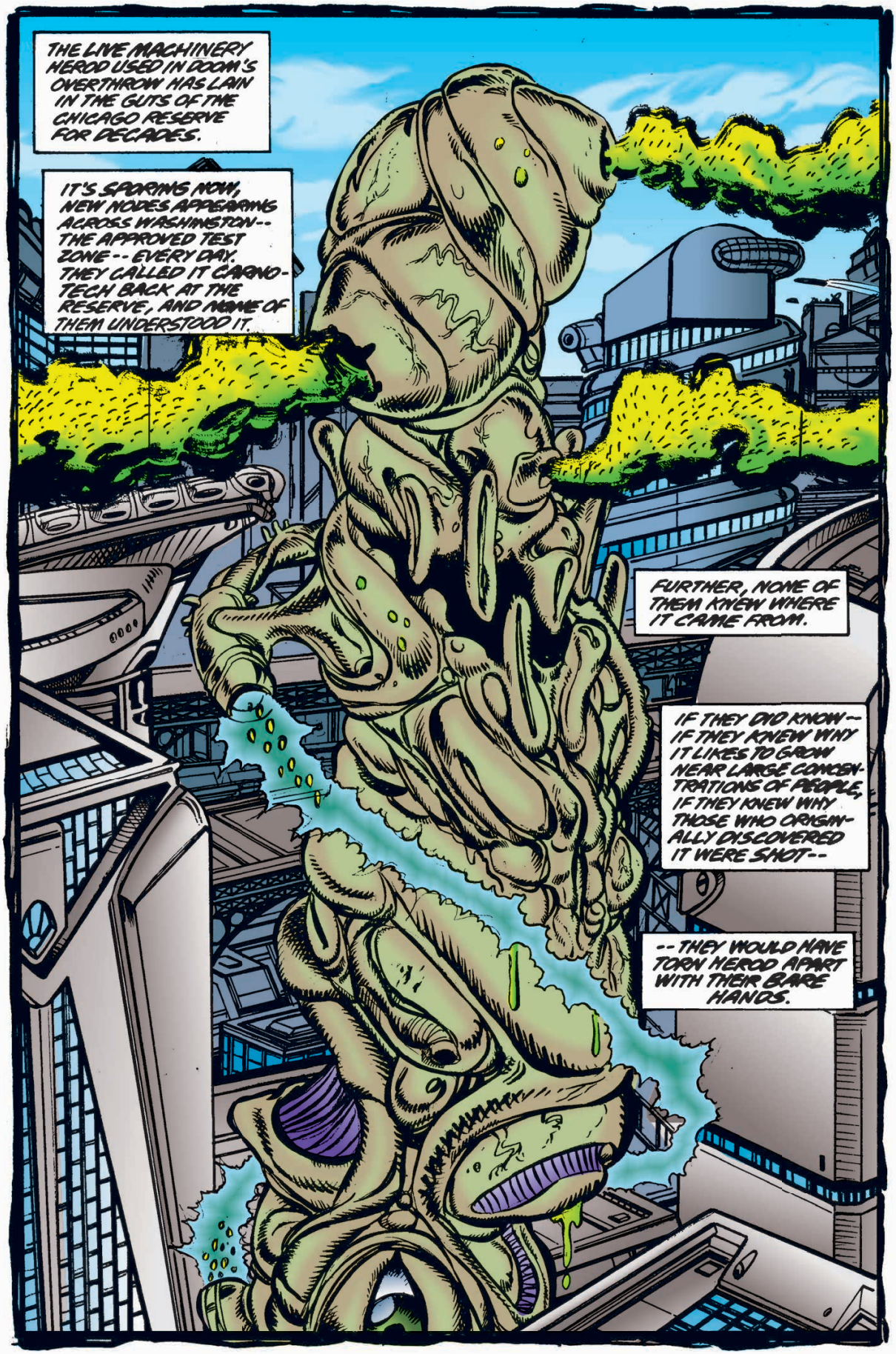

JUST STANDING AROUND ON THE CORNER OF ZULU AND GEIN, THINKING ABOUT MAYBE JOINING ONE OF THOSE RE-ACTIV-8 ANTI-AMERICA GROUPS...
AND A BORED SHIELD TEAM PUT THE METER ON HER.
THE METER--THEY CALL IT XAVIER'S NIGHTMARE ROUND HERE--PURELY SCREAMED WHEN IT READ HER ACTIVE X-GENE.
THEY PUT AN INHIBITOR SPIKE IN HER WITHOUT BLINKING.
AND THEN THEY LET HER RUN. THEY SHOWED HER THEIR GUNS AND LET HER RUN.
THE SCABS ARE ENJOYING THIS.
THEY LOVE IT.

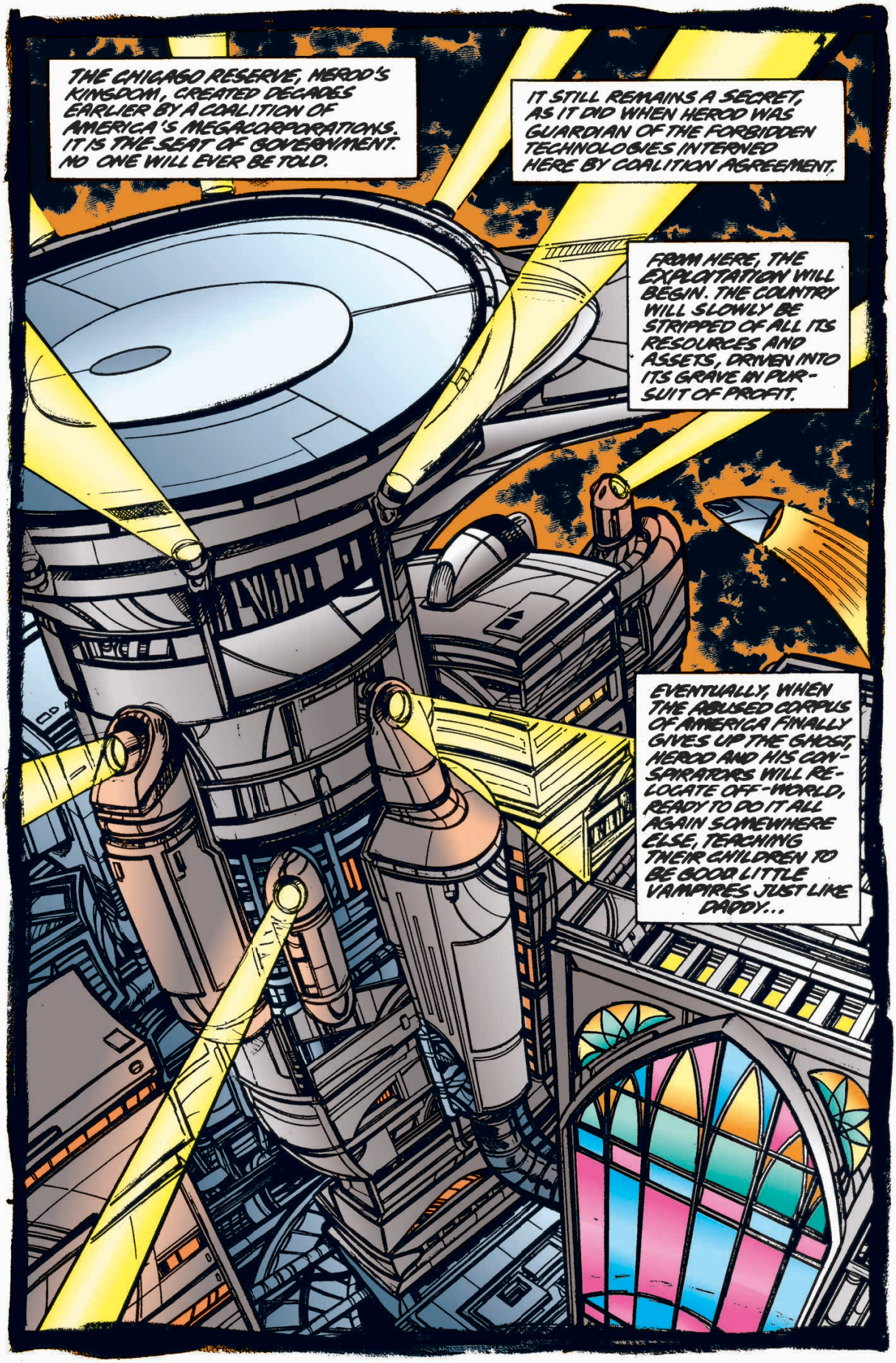

THIS IS THE RESERVED FEDERAL CONTROL RADIO CHANNEL--
--PRIVATE CITIZENS HEARING THIS SHOULD TUNE TO ANOTHER CHANNEL IMMEDIATELY OR FACE PROSECUTION--
ANNIE NEVER WANTED TO BE POLITICAL.
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN? HELP SHIELD STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN.
ANNIE NEVER WANTED TO HURT ANYONE.
ANNIE'S NEVER BEEN DIFFERENT TO ANYONE ELSE IN ANYTHING THAT MATTERED.
ANNIE JUST WANTED THE REST OF HER LIFE.

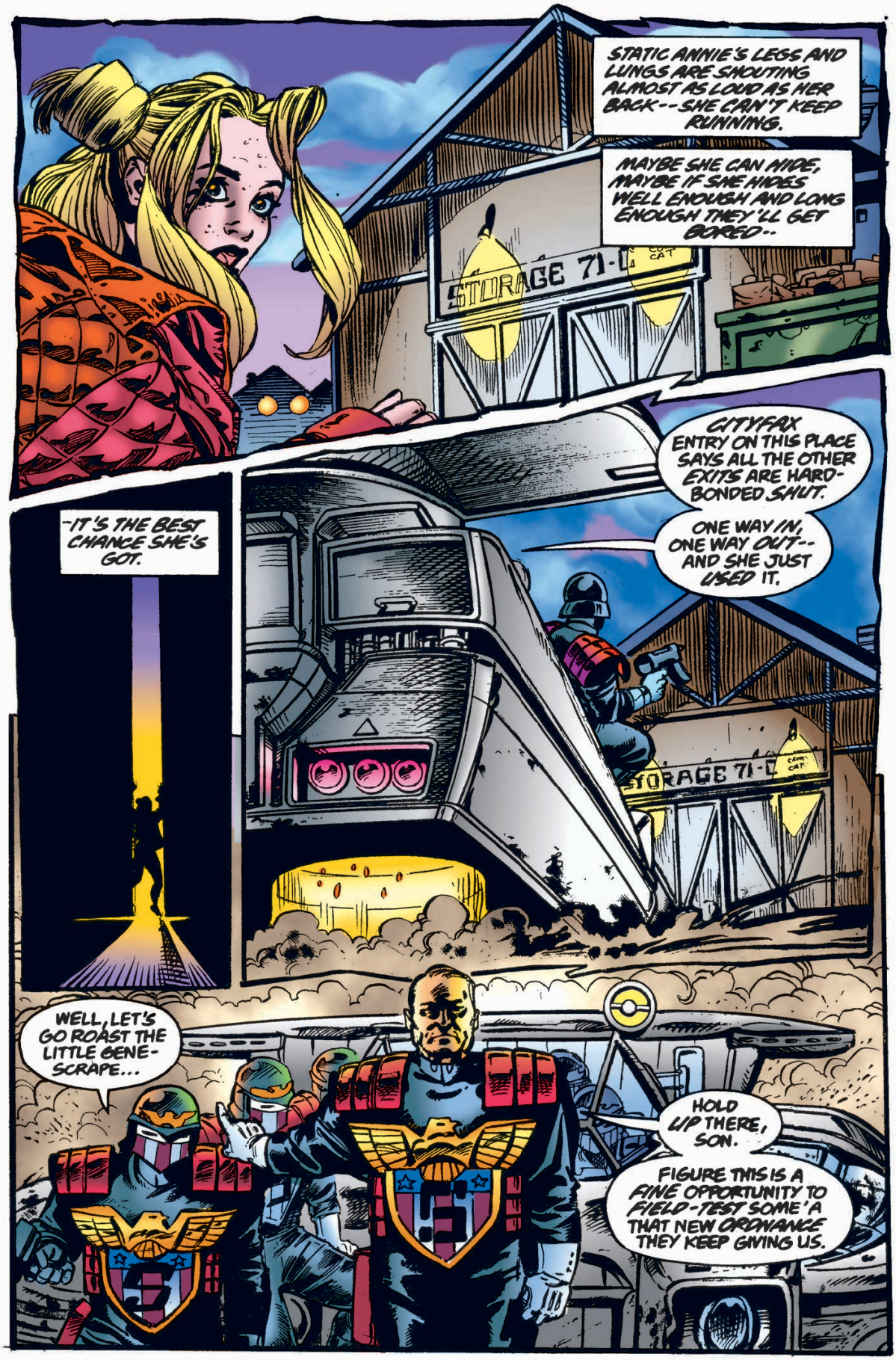

WAVE SPIDERS WHEEL AND SWOOP ABOVE MOUNT ST. HELENS, CONDUCTING COMPLEX COURTSHIP RITUALS, TRACING WILD PATTERNS IN THE AIR AS THEY PLAY.
THEY FEED ON RADIO SIGNALS, AND GRAZE CONTENTEDLY ON MARTIAL MUSIC AND BARKED ORDERS FROM THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL STATION FIVE MILES DISTANT.
SPRAYS OF MUSK SETTLE LIGHTLY ON THE OBSIDIAN-RINGED TREES AND BUSHES ON THE VOLCANO'S SIDE, FAR BELOW...
...THE WAVE SPIDERS WERE GROWN AS GUERRILLA WAR LIFEFORMS IN 2057, BY AN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FEARFUL OF INVASION FROM THE SOUTH AMERICAN NATIONS. THEIR BRAINS, TIED DIRECTLY TO COMMAND COMPUTERS BENEATH CHICAGO, ARE SIMPLE, BUT VICIOUS.
THE INVASION NEVER CAME, AND THE SPIDERS WERE BANNED BY THE 2064 XENOGENESIS TREATIES. HEROD CLONED THEM FROM INTERNED DNA DEPOSITS TO USE AS UTTERLY LOYAL MARTIAL DEVICES.
WAVE SPIDERS HAVE NEVER HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO REPRODUCE BEFORE...

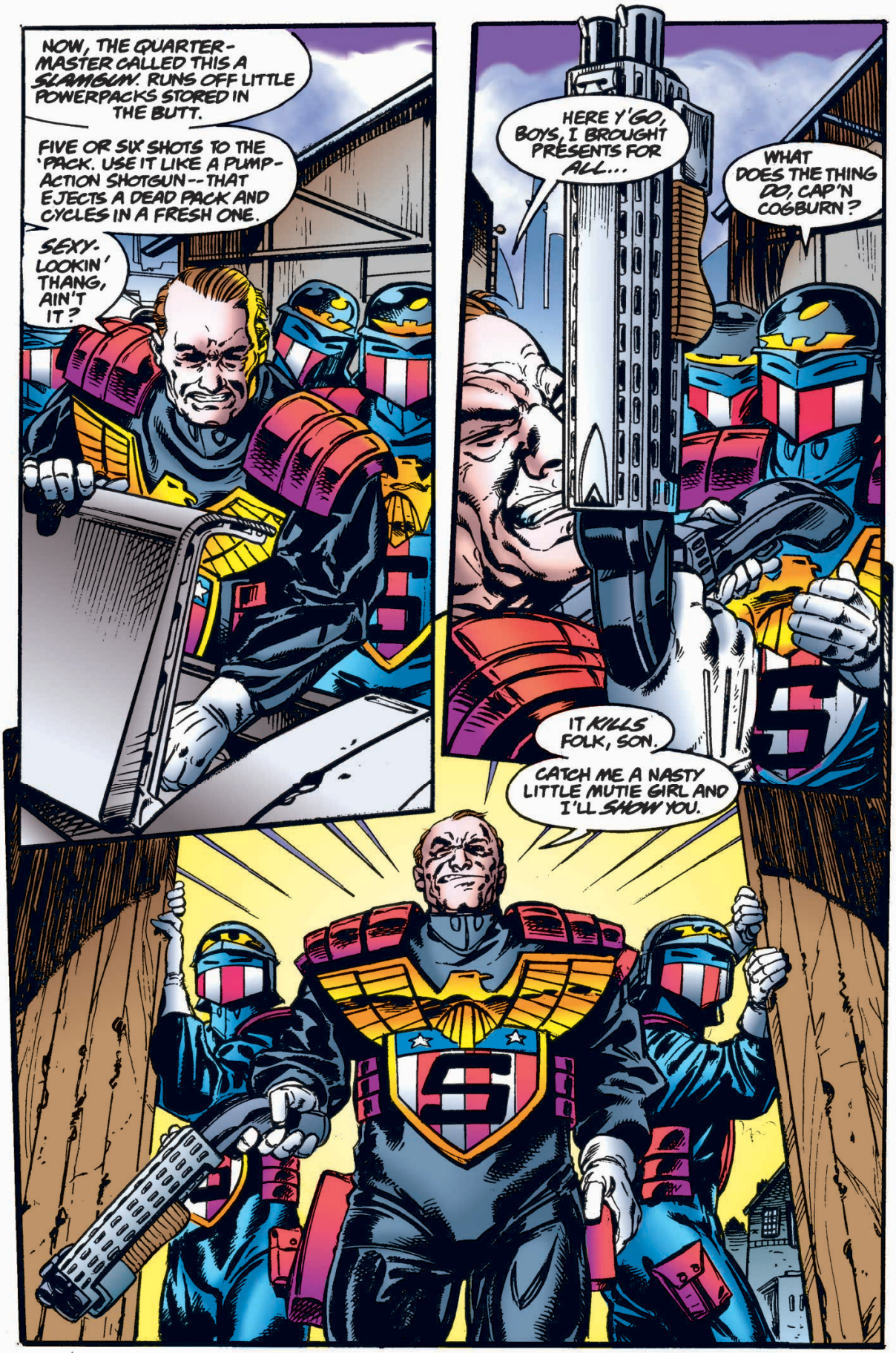

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK SQUATS THE PUNISHER, SNIFFING THE AIR LIKE AN ANIMAL.
JACOB GALLOWS IS A PUBLIC ENEMY. THE ATROCITIES HE PERFORMED WHILE HEAD OF SHIELD'S ELITE FORCE HAVE BEEN SELECTIVELY RELEASED TO CORPORATE-FRIENDLY MEDIA SERVICES.
THE FORMER MINISTER OF PUNISHMENT IS ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE FORCE HE ONCE CONTROLLED. HE CANNOT EVEN OPERATE IN HIS PREVIOUS ROLE, AS A VIGILANTE.
HIS LIFE IS OVER. BUT HE DOESN'T REALIZE IT. HE HIDES IN THE STREETS AND ALLEYS, BUT DREAMS ONLY OF THE CHANCE TO PRESS HIS GUN TO ANOTHER MAN'S HEAD--
--AND PUNISH HIM.

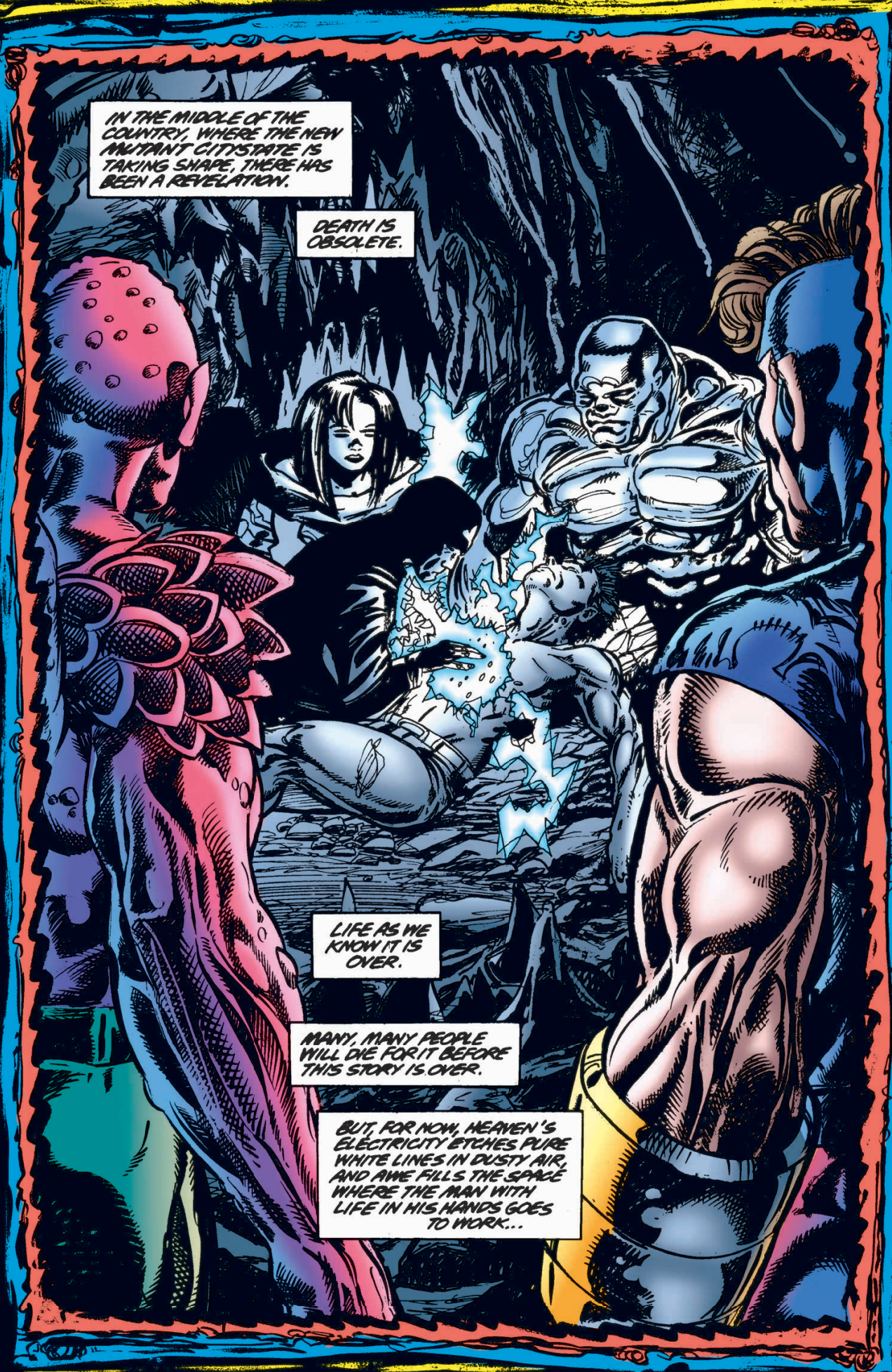

STEVEN ROGERS, WHOM THE 20TH CENTURY CALLED CAPTAIN AMERICA, IS PRESIDENT.
OR SO THE 21ST CENTURY IS LED TO BELIEVE.
HE POSES AGAINST THE BIG COUNTRY HE IS IDENTIFIED WITH PRESERVING, THE FINE WESTERN LIGHT LIMNING HIS STRONG AMERICAN HANDSOMENESS. THE COUNTRY SOBS AND SWELLS, SENDS HIM MONEY AND LOVE-LETTERS...
AWAY FROM THE CAMERAS AND ICONOGRAPHIC BACKDROPS, HE CAN BE FOUND ON A COLD FLOOR, WEEPING FROM THE BRUISES WHERE HEROD'S PUNCHES HAVE FALLEN, WONDERING HOW HE CAME TO THIS--
--WONDERING WHERE ALL THE GLORIOUS DAYS WENT...


THE LIVE MACHINERY HEROD USED IN DOOM'S OVERTHROW HAS LAIN IN THE GUTS OF THE CHICAGO RESERVE FOR DECADES.
IT'S SPORING NOW, NEW NODES APPEARING ACROSS WASHINGTON-- THE APPROVED TEST ZONE -- EVERY DAY. THEY CALLED IT CARNO-TECH BACK AT THE RESERVE, AND NONE OF THEM UNDERSTOOD IT.
FURTHER, NONE OF THEM KNEW WHERE IT CAME FROM.
IF THEY DID KNOW -- IF THEY KNEW WHY IT LIKES TO GROW NEAR LARGE CONCENTRATIONS OF PEOPLE, IF THEY KNEW WHY THOSE WHO ORIGINALLY DISCOVERED IT WERE SHOT--
-- THEY WOULD HAVE TORN HEROD APART WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.


THE CHICAGO RESERVE, HEROD'S KINGDOM, CREATED DECADES EARLIER BY A COALITION OF AMERICA'S MEGACORPORATIONS. IT IS THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT. NO ONE WILL EVER BE TOLD.
IT STILL REMAINS A SECRET, AS IT DID WHEN HEROD WAS GUARDIAN OF THE FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGIES INTERNED HERE BY COALITION AGREEMENT.
FROM HERE, THE EXPLOITATION WILL BEGIN. THE COUNTRY WILL SLOWLY BE STRIPPED OF ALL ITS RESOURCES AND ASSETS, DRIVEN INTO ITS GRAVE IN PURSUIT OF PROFIT.
EVENTUALLY, WHEN THE ABUSED CORPUS OF AMERICA FINALLY GIVES UP THE GHOST, HEROD AND HIS CONSPIRATORS WILL RELOCATE OFF-WORLD, READY TO DO IT ALL AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE, TEACHING THEIR CHILDREN TO BE GOOD LITTLE VAMPIRES JUST LIKE DADDY...

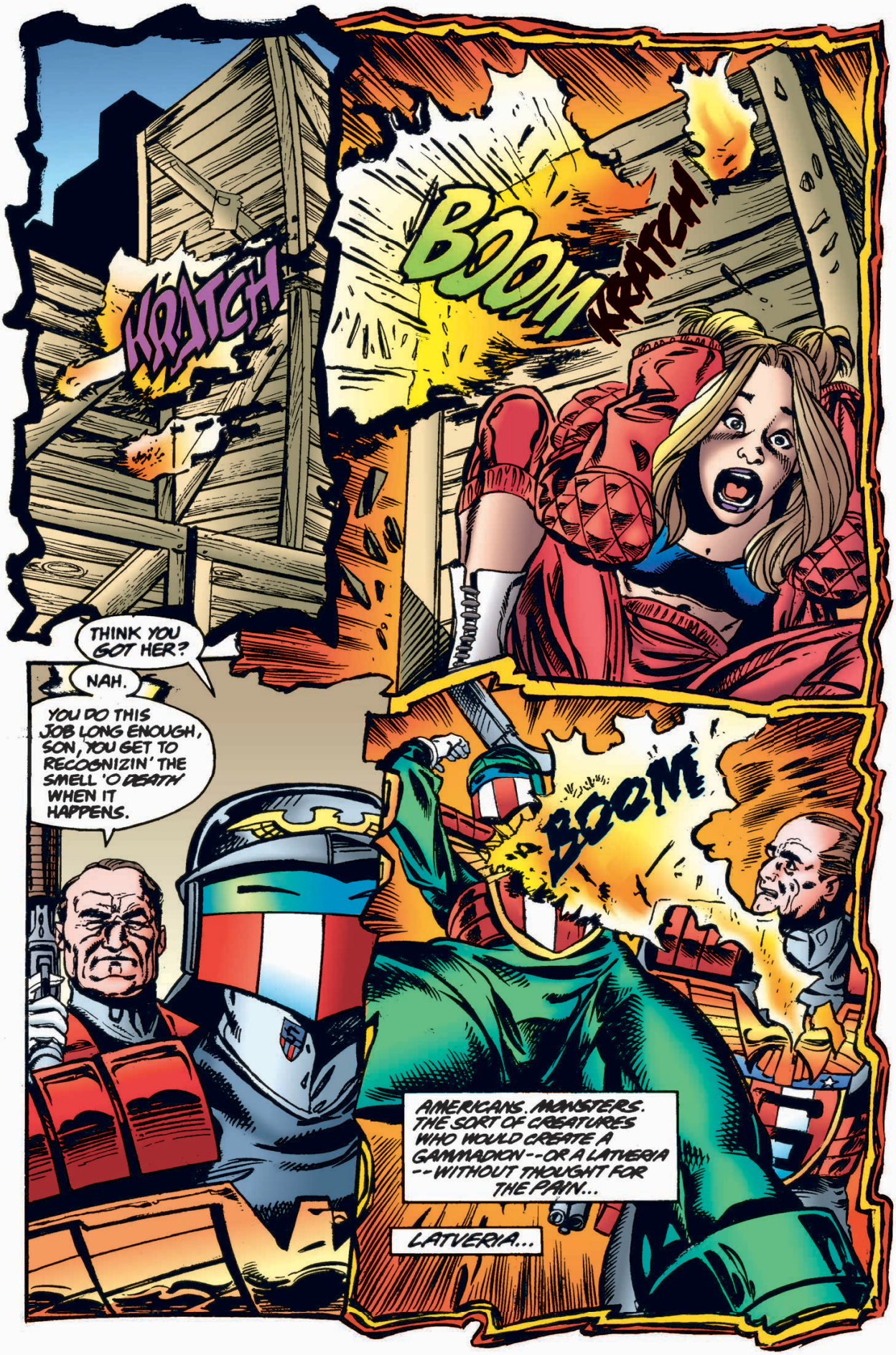

STATIC ANNIE'S LEGS AND LUNGS ARE SHOUTING ALMOST AS LOUD AS HER BACK--SHE CAN'T KEEP RUNNING.
MAYBE SHE CAN HIDE, MAYBE IF SHE HIDES WELL ENOUGH AND LONG ENOUGH THEY'LL GET BORED--
STORAGE 71-D
CITYFAX ENTRY ON THIS PLACE SAYS ALL THE OTHER EXITS ARE HARD-BONDED SHUT.
ONE WAY IN, ONE WAY OUT--AND SHE JUST USED IT.
-IT'S THE BEST CHANCE SHE'S GOT.
WELL, LET'S GO ROAST THE LITTLE GENE-SCRAPE...
HOLD UP THERE, SON.
FIGURE THIS IS A FINE OPPORTUNITY TO FIELD-TEST SOME 'A THAT NEW ORDNANCE THEY KEEP GIVING US.

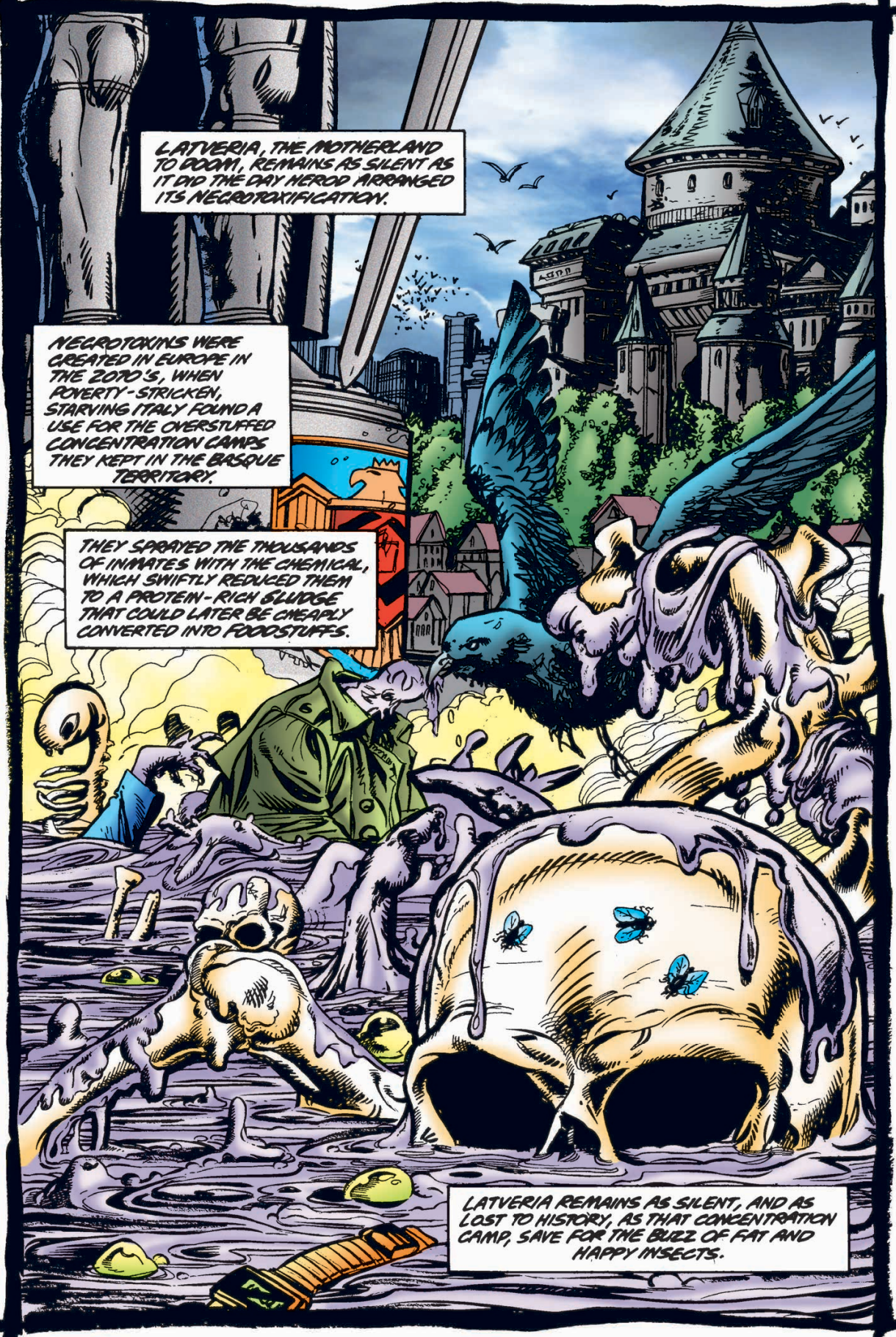

NOW, THE QUARTER-MASTER CALLED THIS A SLAMGUN. RUNS OFF LITTLE POWERPACKS STORED IN THE BUTT.
FIVE OR SIX SHOTS TO THE 'PACK. USE IT LIKE A PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN--THAT EJECTS A DEAD PACK AND CYCLES IN A FRESH ONE.
SEXY-LOOKIN' THANG, AIN'T IT?
HERE Y'GO, BOYS, I BROUGHT PRESENTS FOR ALL...
WHAT DOES THE THING DO, CAP'N COGBURN?
IT KILLS FOLK, SON.
CATCH ME A NASTY LITTLE MUTIE GIRL AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

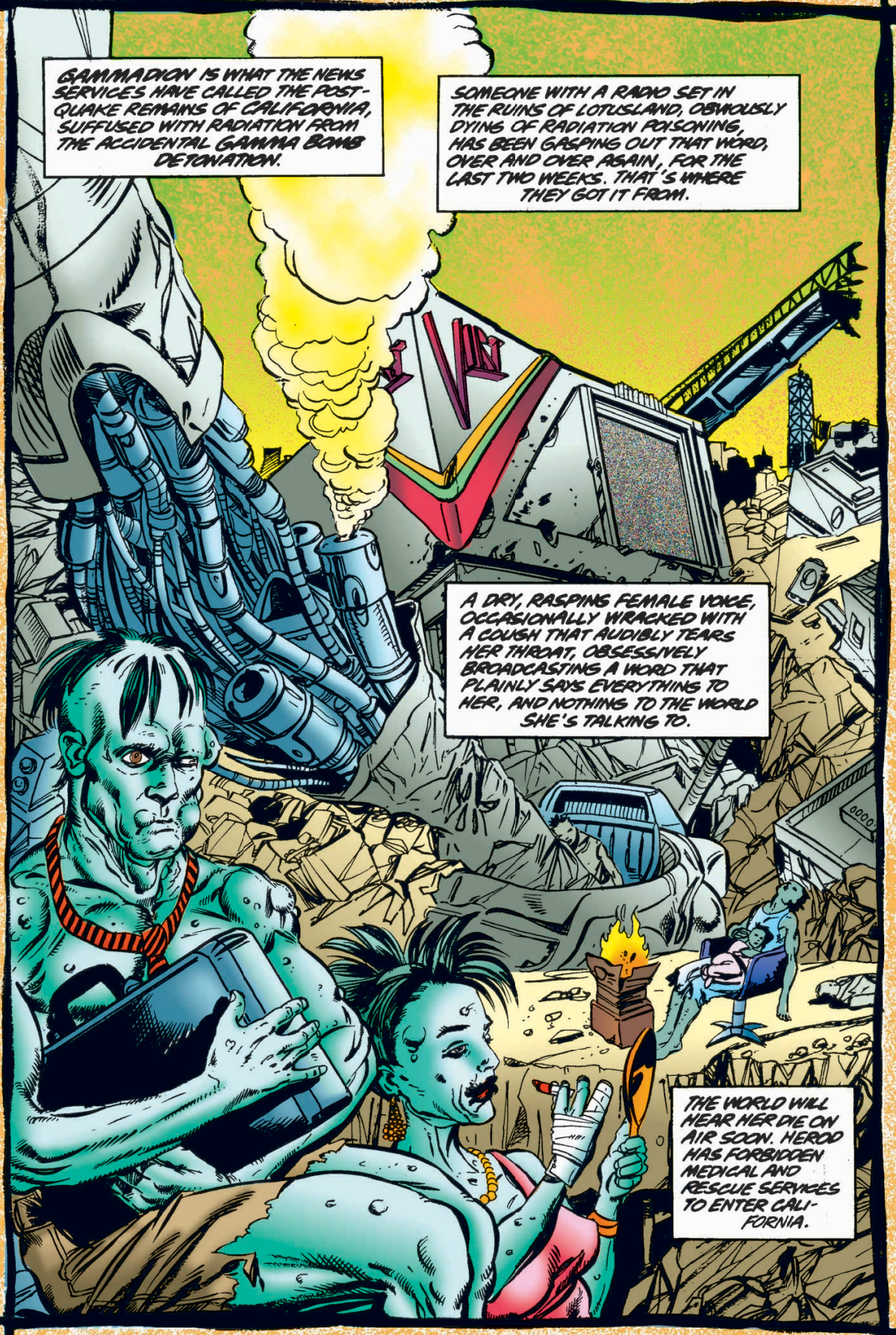

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY, WHERE THE NEW MUTANT CITYSTATE IS TAKING SHAPE, THERE HAS BEEN A REVELATION.
DEATH IS OBSOLETE.
LIFE AS WE KNOW IT IS OVER.
MANY, MANY PEOPLE WILL DIE FOR IT BEFORE THIS STORY IS OVER.
BUT, FOR NOW, HEAVEN'S ELECTRICITY ETCHES PURE WHITE LINES IN DUSTY AIR, AND AWE FILLS THE SPACE WHERE THE MAN WITH LIFE IN HIS HANDS GOES TO WORK...

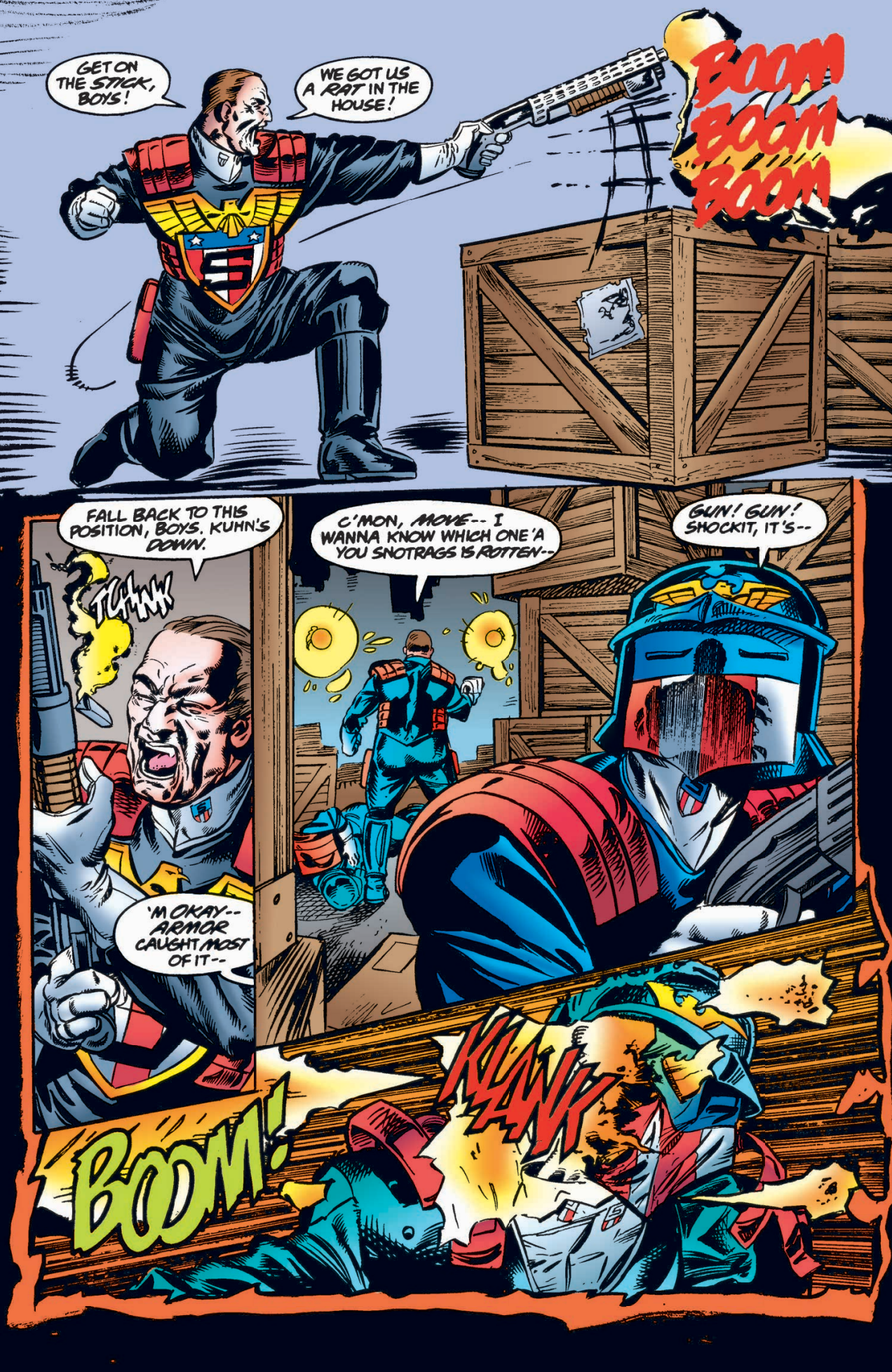
SPREAD IT OUT, BOYS...WHICH ONE 'A YOU'S GOT THE FLARES?
THAT'S ME, CAP'N COGBURN.
DO I LOOK LIKE SOME KINDA BIG CAT? OR SOME KINDA SEEIN'-IN-THE DARK VAMPIRE FELLA OR SOMETHIN'?
NO, CAP'N.
THEN THROW THE FLARES, SON-- IT'S SHOCKIN' BLACK IN HERE.
GET THE METER OUT, SWITCH IT TO MOTION--IT'LL FIND HER.
AIN'T USING THE METER SPOILING THE FUN?

EXCUSE ME.
KASH
MY WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE INOPERATIVE.
WHAT WAS THAT? GLASS BREAKING?
THE FEW WINDOWS IN HERE AIN'T BREAKABLE, SON. LET'S HAVE OURSELVES A ROLL CALL--
THERE! I SEE HER!
GOOD EYES THERE!
BOOM

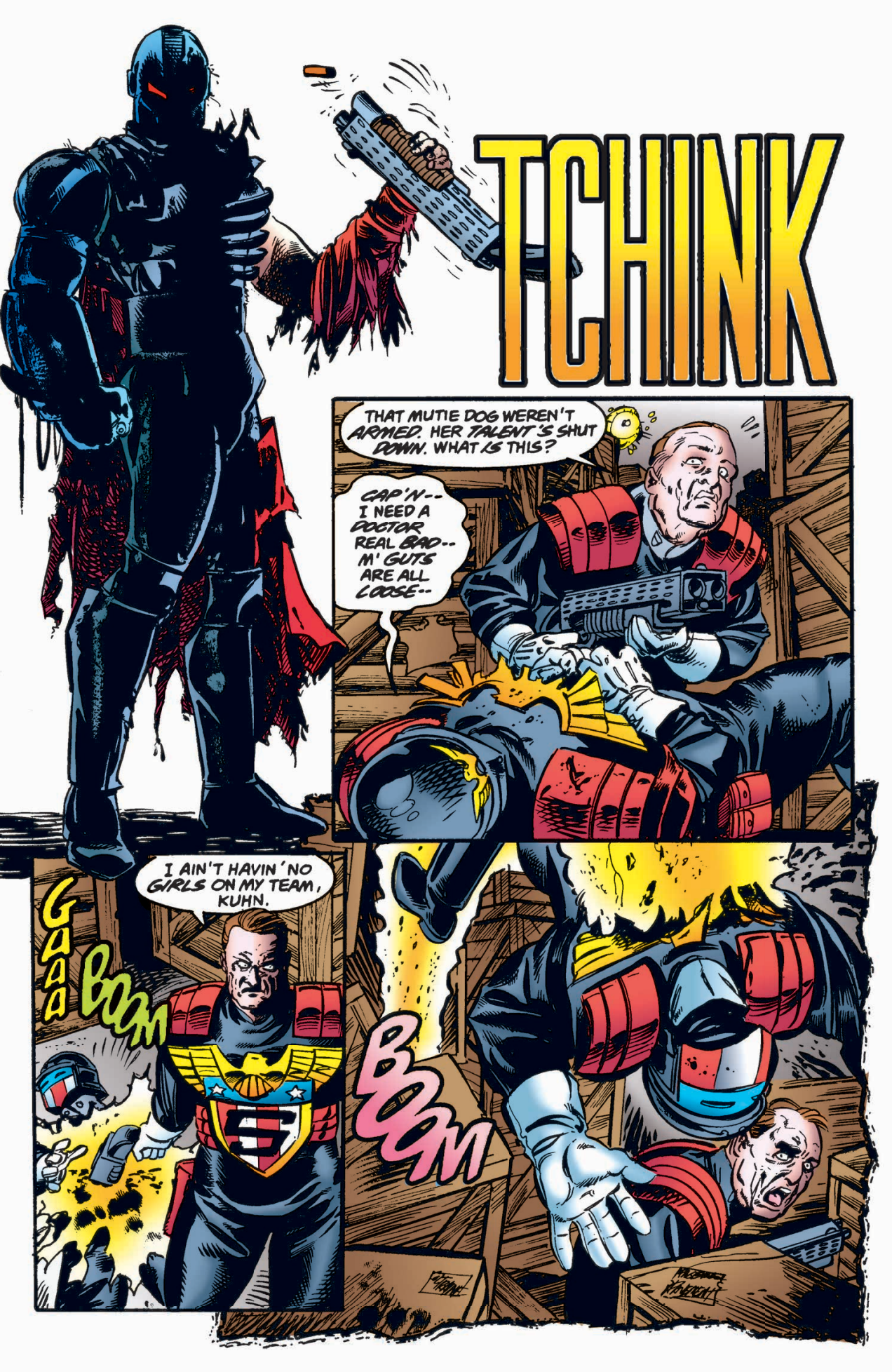

KRATCH
BOOM
KRATCH
THINK YOU GOT HER?
NAH.
YOU DO THIS JOB LONG ENOUGH, SON, YOU GET TO RECOGNIZIN' THE SMELL 'O DEATH WHEN IT HAPPENS.
BOOM
AMERICANS. MONSTERS. THE SORT OF CREATURES WHO WOULD CREATE A GAMMADION--OR A LATVERIA--WITHOUT THOUGHT FOR THE PAIN...
LATVERIA...

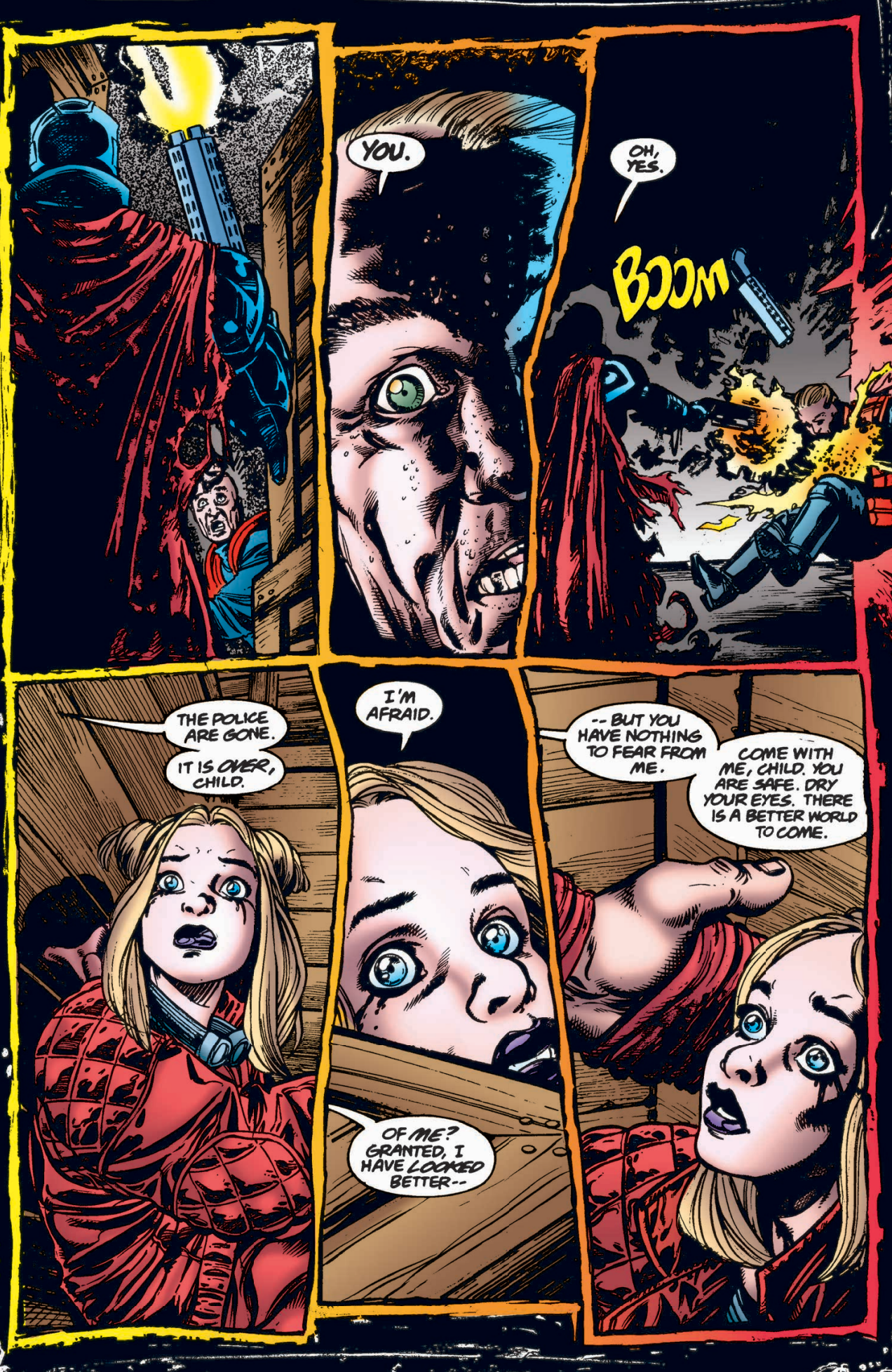

LATVERIA, THE MOTHERLAND TO DOOM, REMAINS AS SILENT AS IT DID THE DAY HEROD ARRANGED ITS NECROTOXIFICATION.
NECROTOXINS WERE CREATED IN EUROPE IN THE 2070'S, WHEN POVERTY-STRICKEN, STARVING ITALY FOUND A USE FOR THE OVERSTUFFED CONCENTRATION CAMPS THEY KEPT IN THE BASQUE TERRITORY.
THEY SPRAYED THE THOUSANDS OF INMATES WITH THE CHEMICAL, WHICH SWIFTLY REDUCED THEM TO A PROTEIN-RICH SLUDGE THAT COULD LATER BE CHEAPLY CONVERTED INTO FOODSTUFFS.
LATVERIA REMAINS AS SILENT, AND AS LOST TO HISTORY, AS THAT CONCENTRATION CAMP, SAVE FOR THE BUZZ OF FAT AND HAPPY INSECTS.


GAMMADION IS WHAT THE NEWS SERVICES HAVE CALLED THE POST-QUAKE REMAINS OF CALIFORNIA, SUFFUSED WITH RADIATION FROM THE ACCIDENTAL GAMMA BOMB DETONATION.
SOMEONE WITH A RADIO SET IN THE RUINS OF LOTUSLAND, OBVIOUSLY DYING OF RADIATION POISONING, HAS BEEN GASPING OUT THAT WORD, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS. THAT'S WHERE THEY GOT IT FROM.
A DRY, RASPING FEMALE VOICE, OCCASIONALLY WRACKED WITH A COUGH THAT AUDIBLY TEARS HER THROAT, OBSESSIVELY BROADCASTING A WORD THAT PLAINLY SAYS EVERYTHING TO HER, AND NOTHING TO THE WORLD SHE'S TALKING TO.
THE WORLD WILL HEAR HER DIE ON AIR SOON. HEROD HAS FORBIDDEN MEDICAL AND RESCUE SERVICES TO ENTER CALIFORNIA.


GET ON THE STICK, BOYS!
WE GOT US A RAT IN THE HOUSE!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
FALL BACK TO THIS POSITION, BOYS. KUHN'S DOWN.
TCHNK
'M OKAY-- ARMOR CAUGHT MOST OF IT--
C'MON, MOVE-- I WANNA KNOW WHICH ONE'A YOU SNOTRAGS IS ROTTEN--
GUN! GUN! SHOCKIT, IT'S--
KLANK
BOOM!

SYSTEM ERROR: CODE
MAFUI?X...G:
BOOM
BOOM!
CRASH!
I SEE HIM, HE'S NAILED YIP--
--HE'S SHOT OUT THE FLARES EEYAAAH
BOOM!


TCHINK
THAT MUTIE DOG WEREN'T ARMED. HER TALENT'S SHUT DOWN. WHAT IS THIS?
CAP'N-- I NEED A DOCTOR REAL BAD-- M' GUTS ARE ALL LOOSE--
I AIN'T HAVIN 'NO GIRLS ON MY TEAM, KUHN.
GAAA
BOOM
BOOM

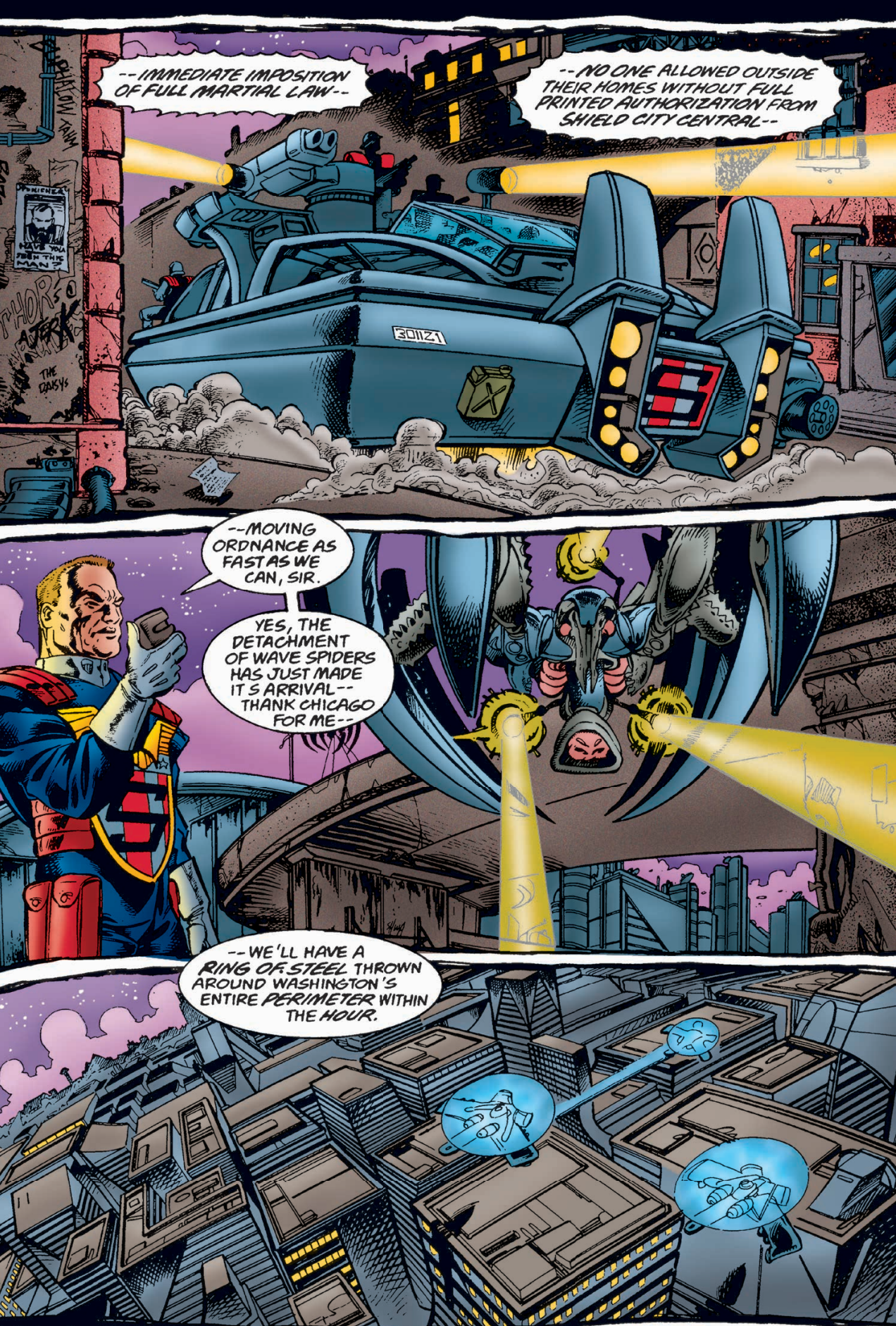

YOU.
OH, YES.
BOOM
THE POLICE ARE GONE.
IT IS OVER, CHILD.
I'M AFRAID.
OF ME? GRANTED, I HAVE LOOKED BETTER--
-- BUT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME.
COME WITH ME, CHILD. YOU ARE SAFE. DRY YOUR EYES. THERE IS A BETTER WORLD TO COME.

THERE HAS BEEN JOY.
THERE WILL BE JOY AGAIN.
--From "The Demolished Man" by Alfred Bester.

DOOM
2099

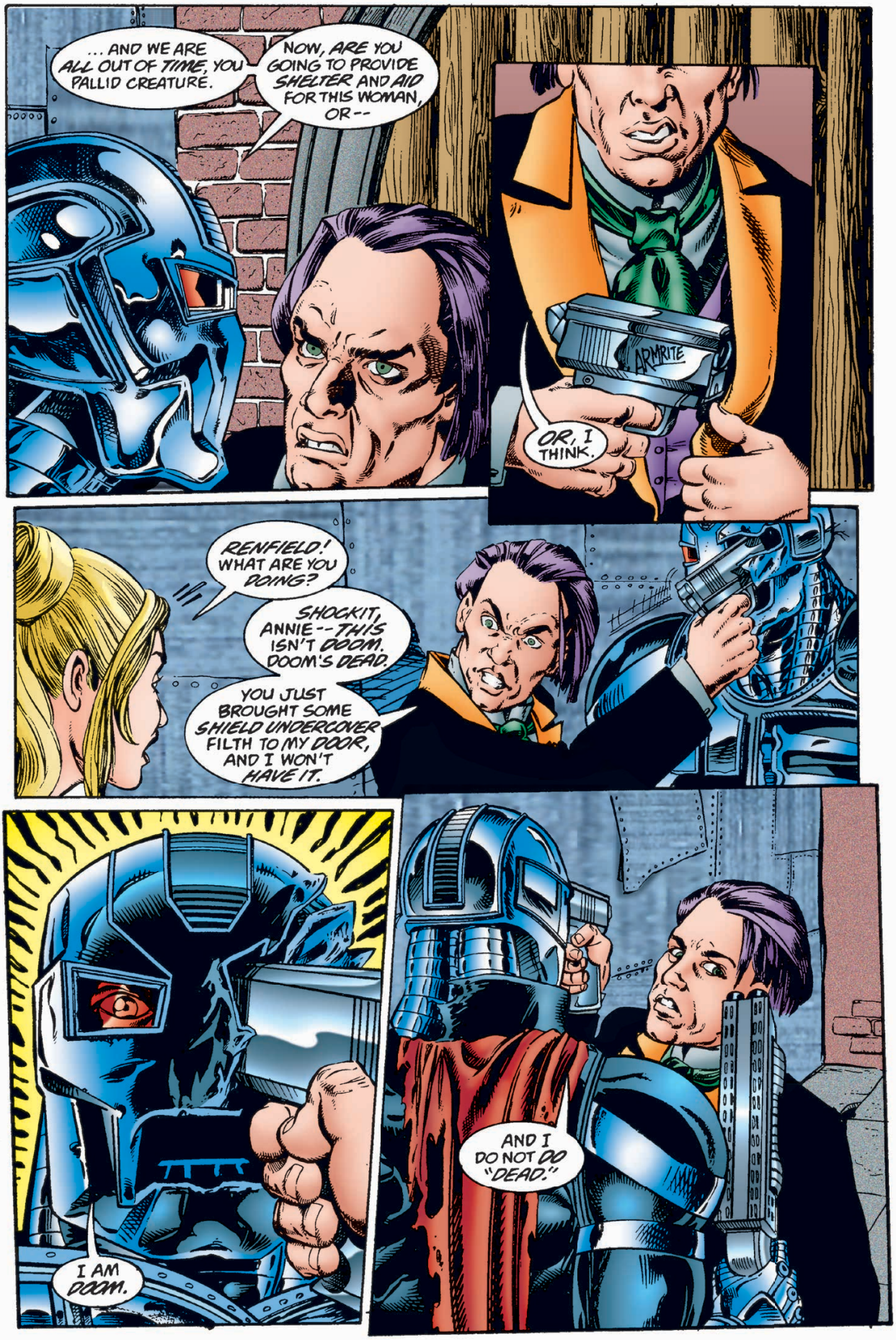
MARVEL COMICS
2099
36
DEC
X NATION
DOOM 2099 A.D.
ASHLEY WOOD 1995

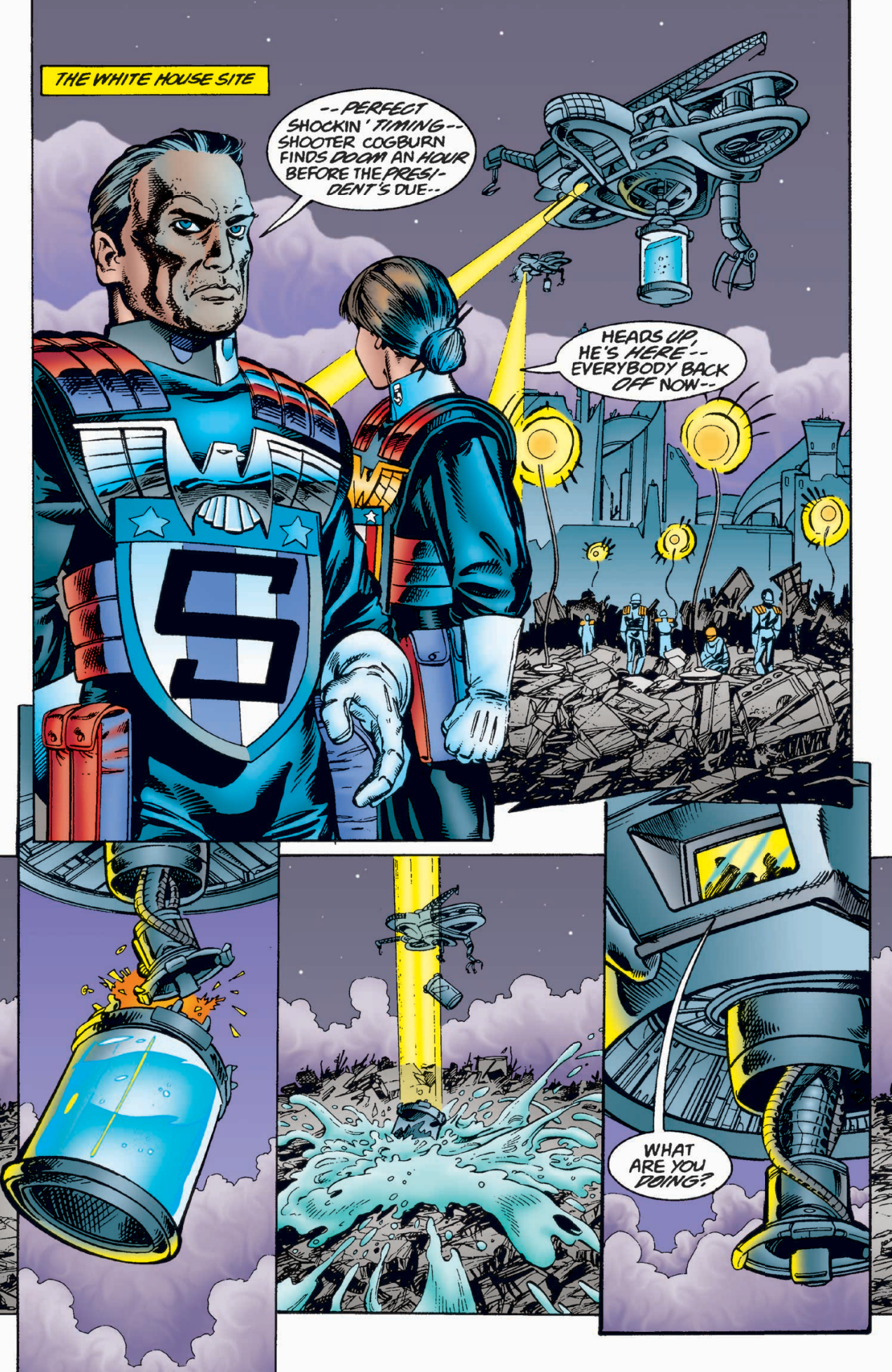
PREP FOR IMMEDIATE SURGERY.
GUY TOOK A RAW KINESIS BURST IN THE ABDOMEN.
CRASH TEAMS
LISTEN, I DON'T CARE IF HE IS ONE OF YOURS -- I DON'T CARE IF HE'S CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PERSONAL TOILET-SEAT WARMER --
-- I GOT PEOPLE WITH THEIR ARMS IN HIS STOMACH BEHIND THIS DOOR --
WE WANT TO TALK TO OUR MAN, DOC. THIS COMES EASY OR HARD --
NO ENTRY
GET ME A WOUND KIT HERE -- DR. ROBSON'S BEEN SHOT --
TALK TO US, COGBURN.
GIVE US A NAME.
DOOM

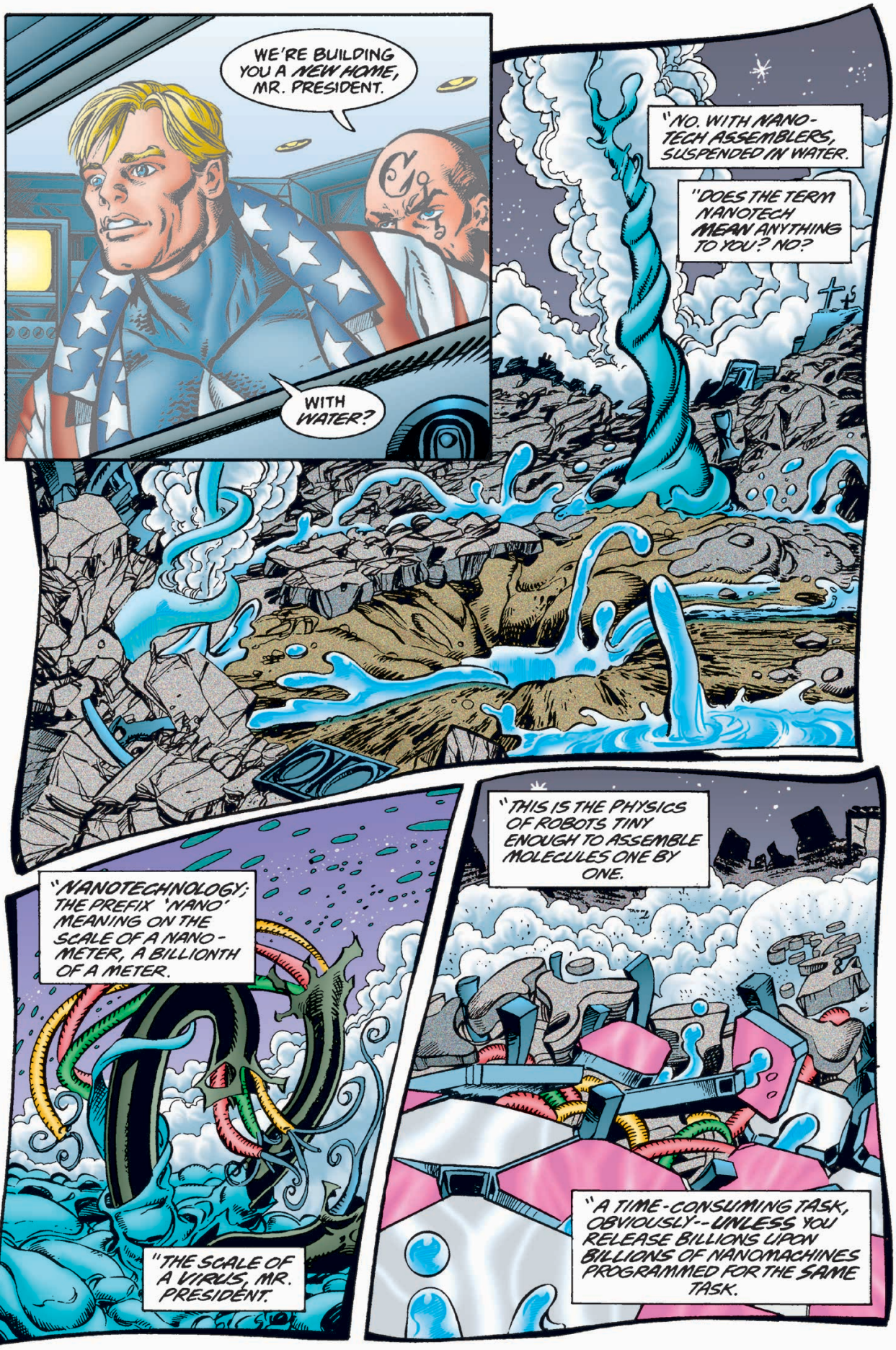

--IMMEDIATE IMPOSITION OF FULL MARTIAL LAW--
--NO ONE ALLOWED OUTSIDE THEIR HOMES WITHOUT FULL PRINTED AUTHORIZATION FROM SHIELD CITY CENTRAL--
--MOVING ORDNANCE AS FAST AS WE CAN, SIR.
YES, THE DETACHMENT OF WAVE SPIDERS HAS JUST MADE IT'S ARRIVAL-- THANK CHICAGO FOR ME--
--WE'LL HAVE A RING OF STEEL THROWN AROUND WASHINGTON'S ENTIRE PERIMETER WITHIN THE HOUR.

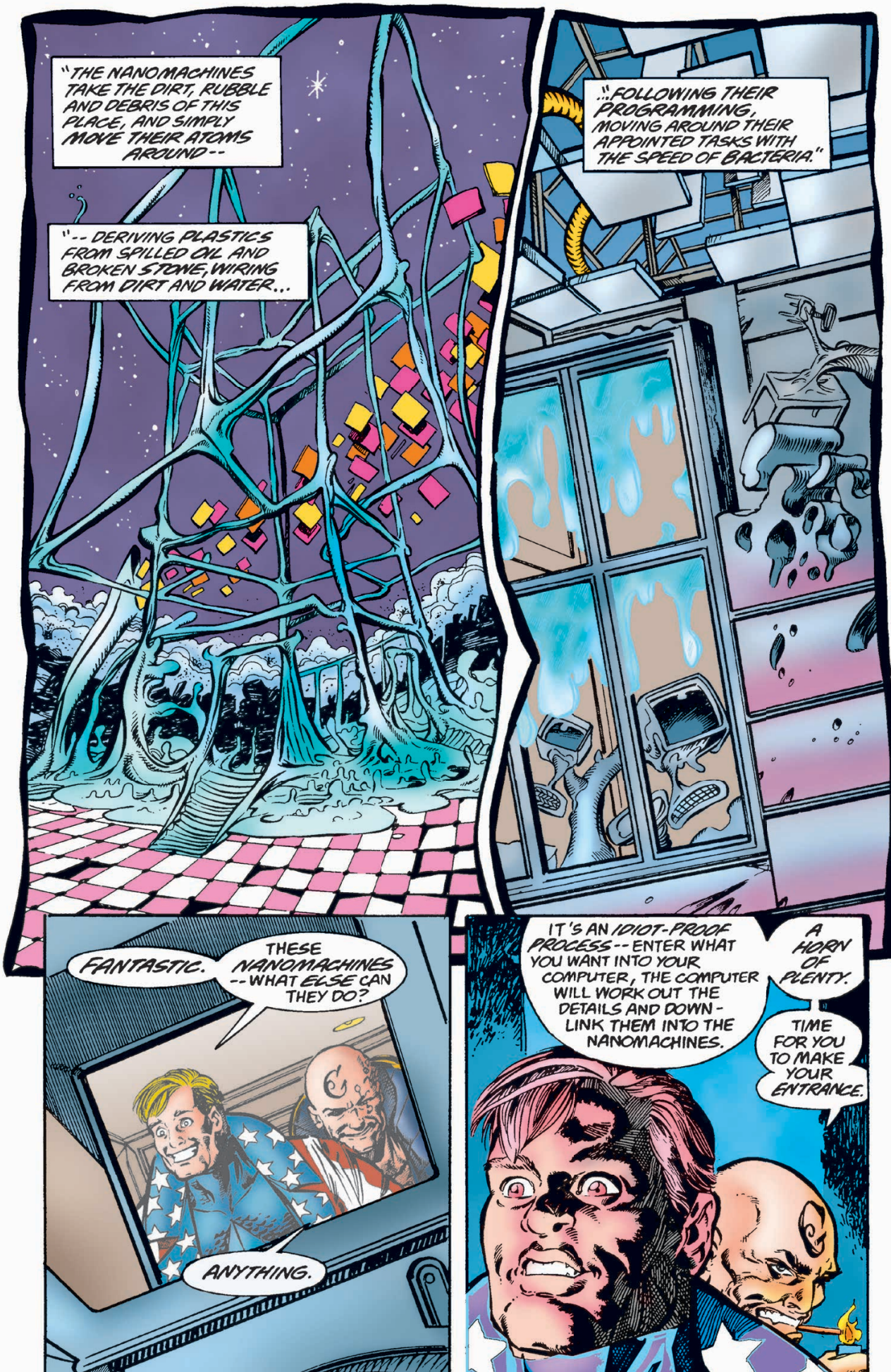
HELP US.
Stan Lee Presents:
SHOCKRIDING
1/3 STREET LEGAL
WARREN ELLIS•writer STEVE PUGH•penciler SCOTT KOBLISH•inker
JOHN COSTANZA•letterer MEGAN McDOWELL•colorist
LIA PELOSI•editor JOEY CAVALIERI•former president of the U.S.
BOBBIE CHASE•chief MALIBU•computer color

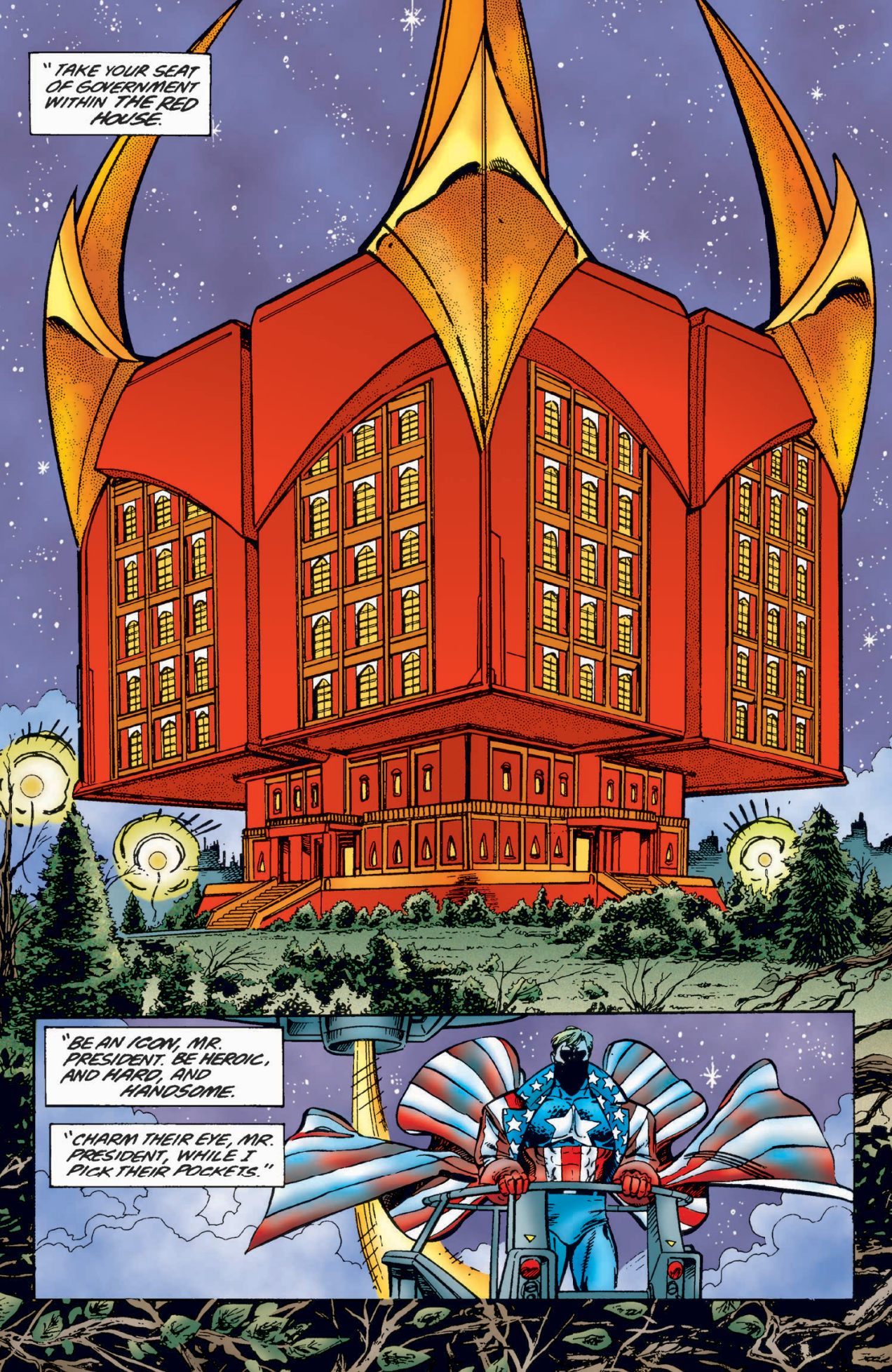
JUDAS H. PRIEST.
STEP INSIDE.
ACCEPT THER
CLANG GANG GUM
NETTLE BUSH NETTLE BUSH
THAT'S IT, JUST STEP INSIDE MY LITTLE PORCH HERE...
STATIC ANNIE WAGNER--HAVE YOU BEEN A BAD GIRL? IS THAT AN INHIBITOR SPIKE, OR JUST A PARTICULARLY OUTRÉ BROOCH?
RENFIELD.. I'M EXHAUSTED.. AND NOT IN THE MOOD..


...AND WE ARE ALL OUT OF TIME, YOU PALLID CREATURE.
NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO PROVIDE SHELTER AND AID FOR THIS WOMAN, OR--
ARMRITE
OR, I THINK.
RENFIELD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SHOCKIT, ANNIE--THIS ISN'T DOOM. DOOM'S DEAD.
YOU JUST BROUGHT SOME SHIELD UNDERCOVER FILTH TO MY DOOR, AND I WON'T HAVE IT.
I AM DOOM.
AND I DO NOT DO "DEAD."

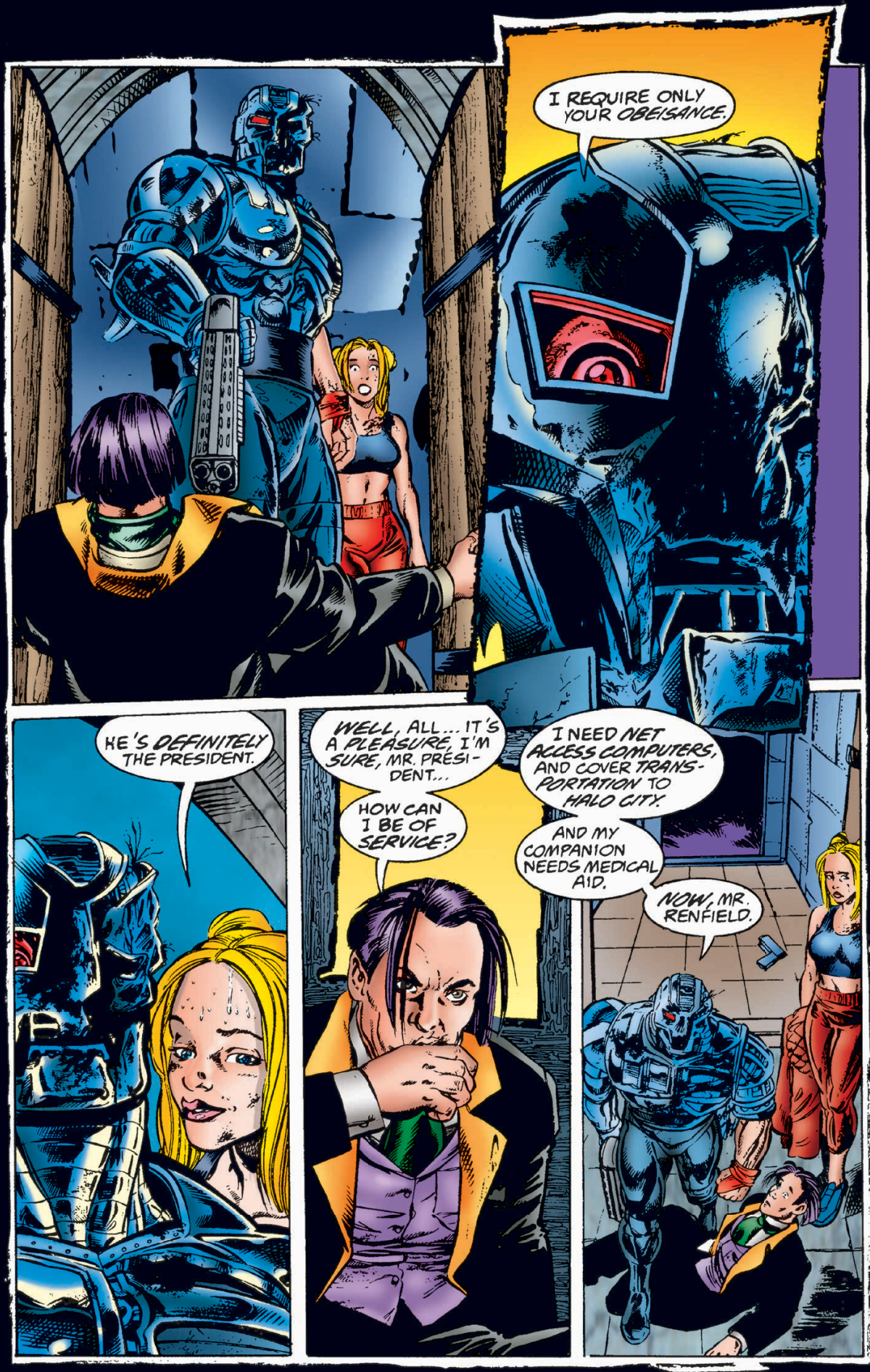

THE WHITE HOUSE SITE
--PERFECT SHOCKIN' TIMING-- SHOOTER COGBURN FINDS DOOM AN HOUR BEFORE THE PRESI-DENT'S DUE--
HEADS UP, HE'S HERE-- EVERYBODY BACK OFF NOW--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?


WE'RE BUILDING YOU A NEW HOME, MR. PRESIDENT.
WITH WATER?
"NO. WITH NANO-TECH ASSEMBLERS, SUSPENDED IN WATER.
"DOES THE TERM NANOTECH MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? NO?
"NANOTECHNOLOGY; THE PREFIX 'NANO' MEANING ON THE SCALE OF A NANO-METER, A BILLIONTH OF A METER.
"THE SCALE OF A VIRUS, MR. PRESIDENT.
"THIS IS THE PHYSICS OF ROBOTS TINY ENOUGH TO ASSEMBLE MOLECULES ONE BY ONE.
"A TIME-CONSUMING TASK, OBVIOUSLY--UNLESS YOU RELEASE BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF NANOMACHINES PROGRAMMED FOR THE SAME TASK.

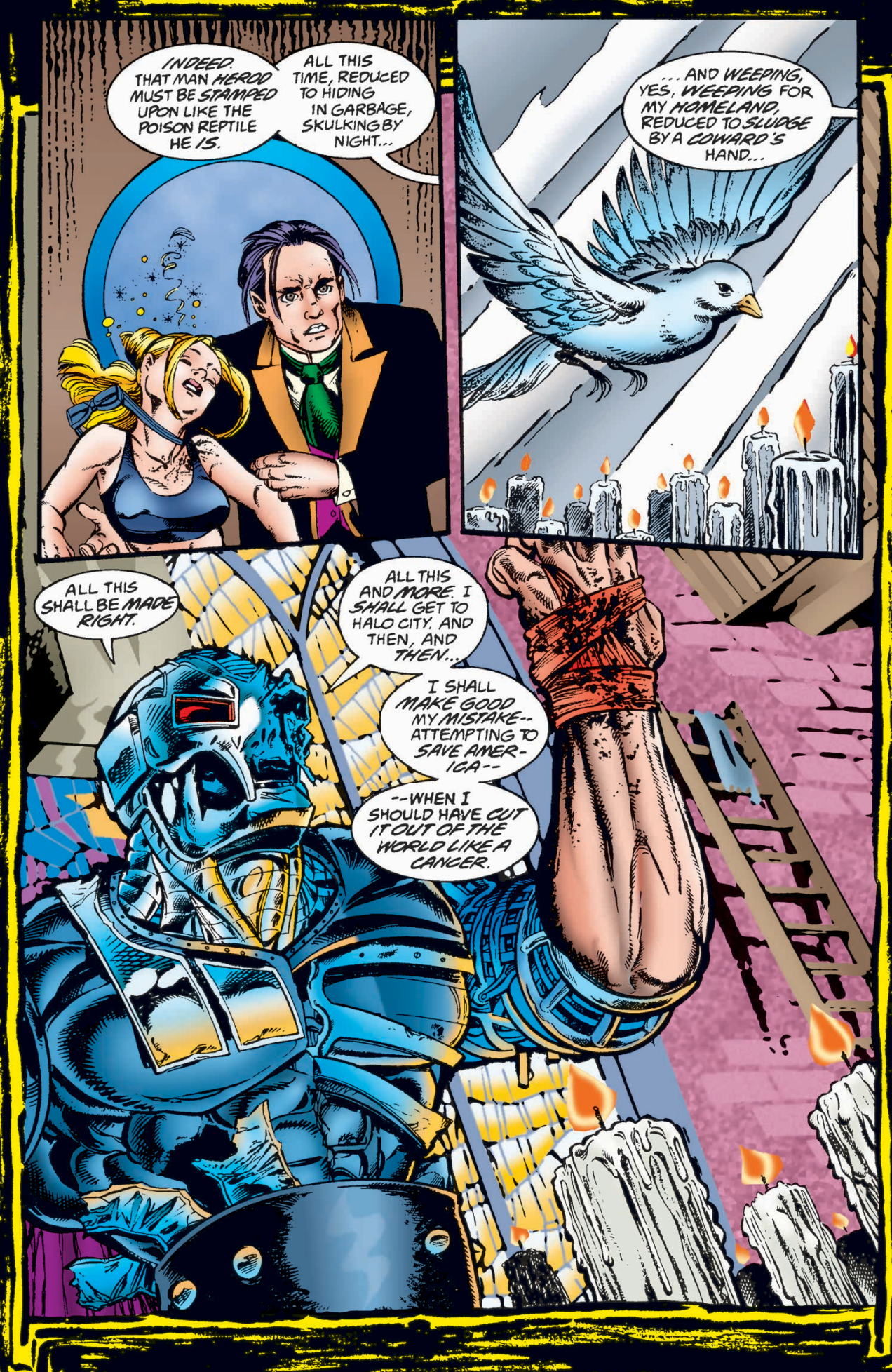

"THE NANOMACHINES TAKE THE DIRT, RUBBLE AND DEBRIS OF THIS PLACE, AND SIMPLY MOVE THEIR ATOMS AROUND--
"--DERIVING PLASTICS FROM SPILLED OIL AND BROKEN STONE, WIRING FROM DIRT AND WATER...
..."FOLLOWING THEIR PROGRAMMING, MOVING AROUND THEIR APPOINTED TASKS WITH THE SPEED OF BACTERIA."
FANTASTIC.
THESE NANOMACHINES --WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO?
ANYTHING.
IT'S AN IDIOT-PROOF PROCESS--ENTER WHAT YOU WANT INTO YOUR COMPUTER, THE COMPUTER WILL WORK OUT THE DETAILS AND DOWN-LINK THEM INTO THE NANOMACHINES.
A HORN OF PLENTY.
TIME FOR YOU TO MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE.


"TAKE YOUR SEAT OF GOVERNMENT WITHIN THE RED HOUSE.
"BE AN ICON, MR. PRESIDENT. BE HEROIC, AND HARD, AND HANDSOME.
"CHARM THEIR EYE, MR. PRESIDENT, WHILE I PICK THEIR POCKETS."

I AM TIRED. I AM PHYSICALLY UNCOMFORTABLE. MY ARMOR IS LARGELY DISABLED.
BUT MY TRIGGER FINGER IS IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER, AMERICAN.
AS I AM COMPLETELY WILLING TO DEMONSTRATE.
VERY WELL, THEN.
BUT I STILL DON'T TRUST YOU.
I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR FRIENDSHIP--
--OR EVEN YOUR FAITH--
I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR "TRUST."
6

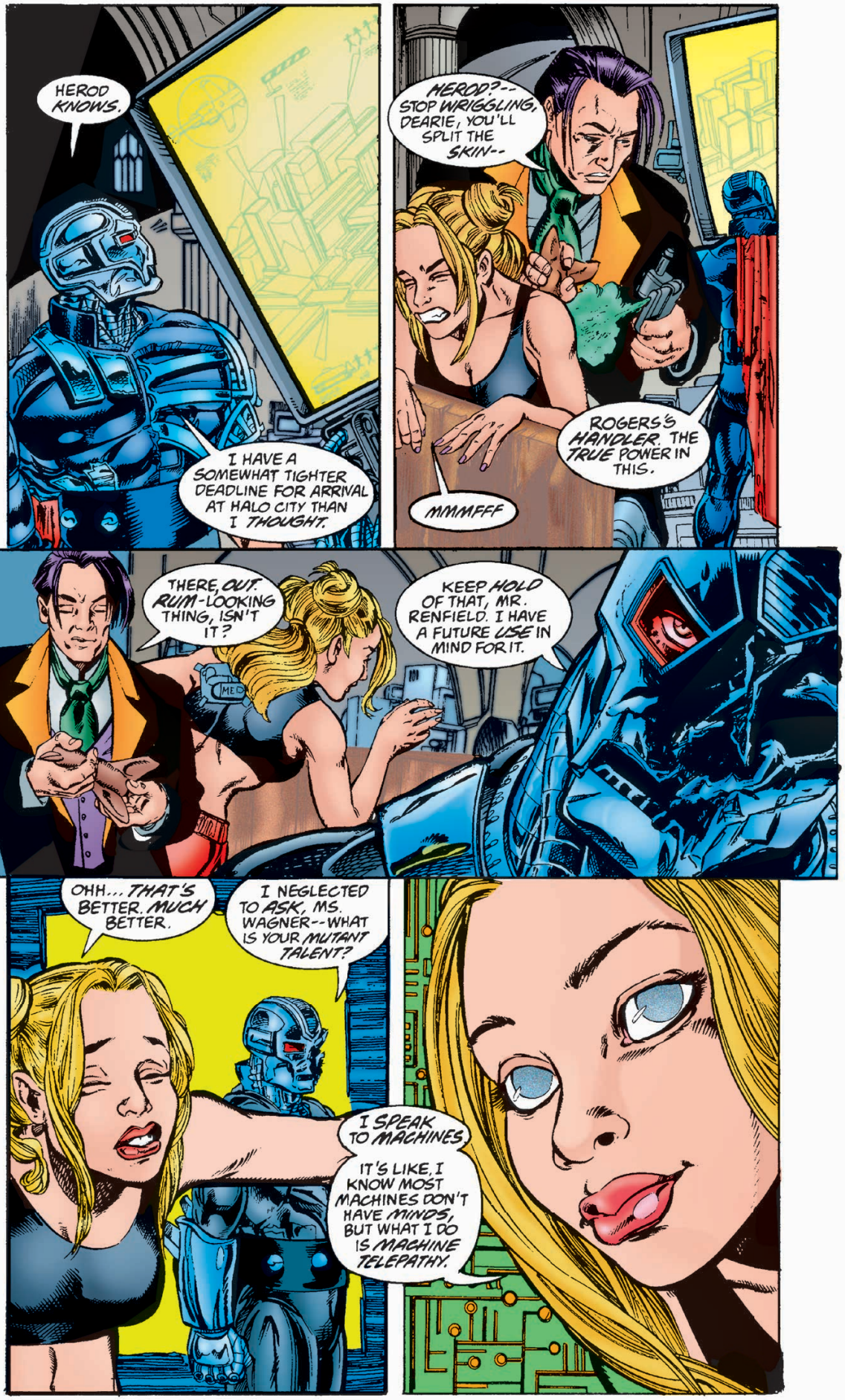

I REQUIRE ONLY YOUR OBEISANCE.
HE'S DEFINITELY THE PRESIDENT.
WELL, ALL... IT'S A PLEASURE, I'M SURE, MR. PRESIDENT...
HOW CAN I BE OF SERVICE?
I NEED NET ACCESS COMPUTERS, AND COVER TRANSPORTATION TO HALO CITY.
AND MY COMPANION NEEDS MEDICAL AID.
NOW, MR. RENFIELD.

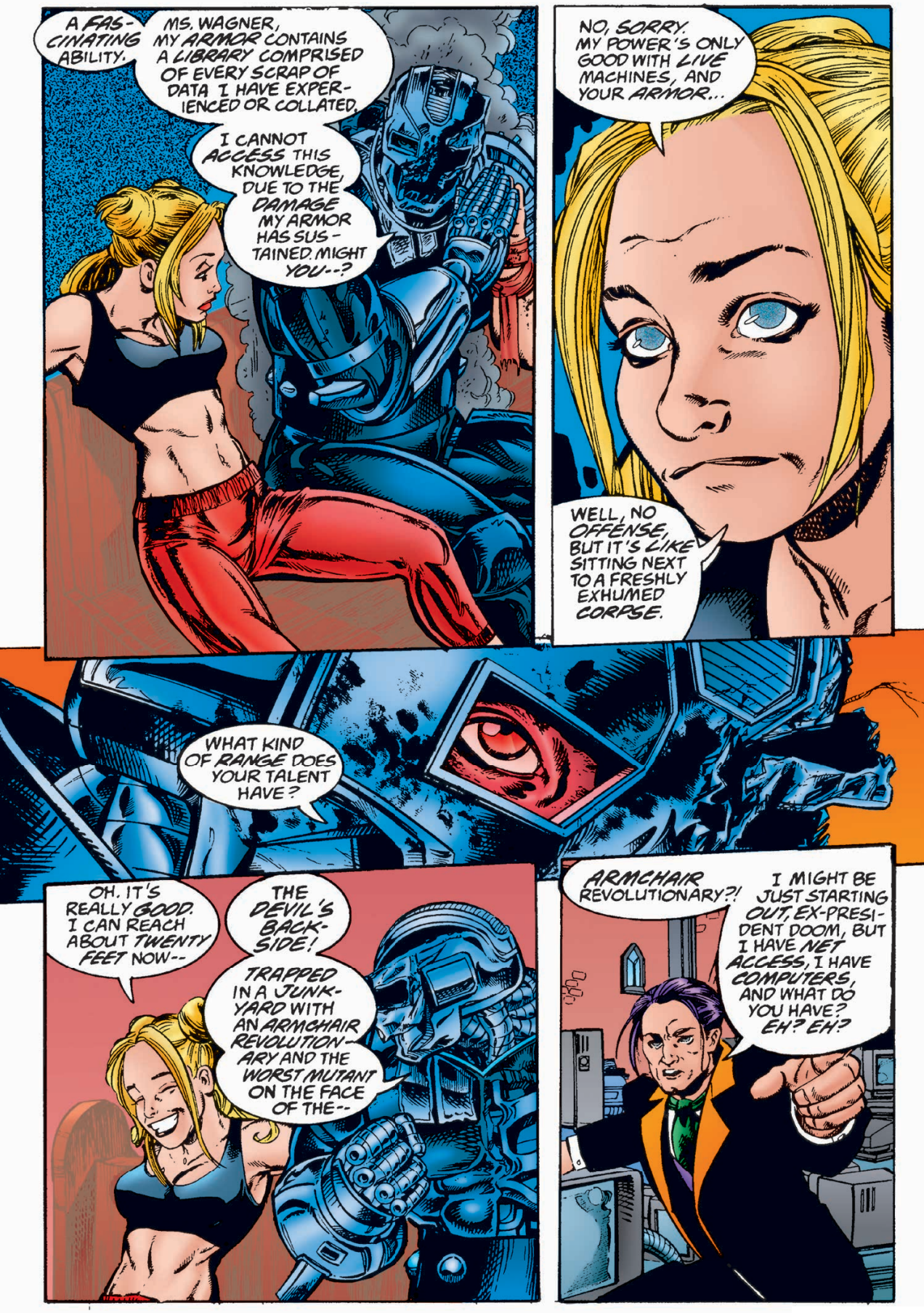
MS. WAGNER HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE RE-ACTIV-8 MOVEMENT, MR RENFIELD.
AND, IN ANY TIME, THOSE SEEKING TO PERFORM ACTS OF CIVIL DISOBED-IENCE--
--EVEN THOSE SUCH AS YOU, TRYING TO REDISCOVER THE ART IN REACTION TO THE COUP--
--NEED ACCESS TO SUCH THINGS.
OUR AIMS ARE THE SAME, MR. RENFIELD.
IF I UNDERSTAND RE-ACTIV-8 CORRECTLY, YOU WISH TO SEE THE NEW PRESIDENT REMOVED.
I WISH TO SEE THE POWER BEHIND ROGERS MURDERED.

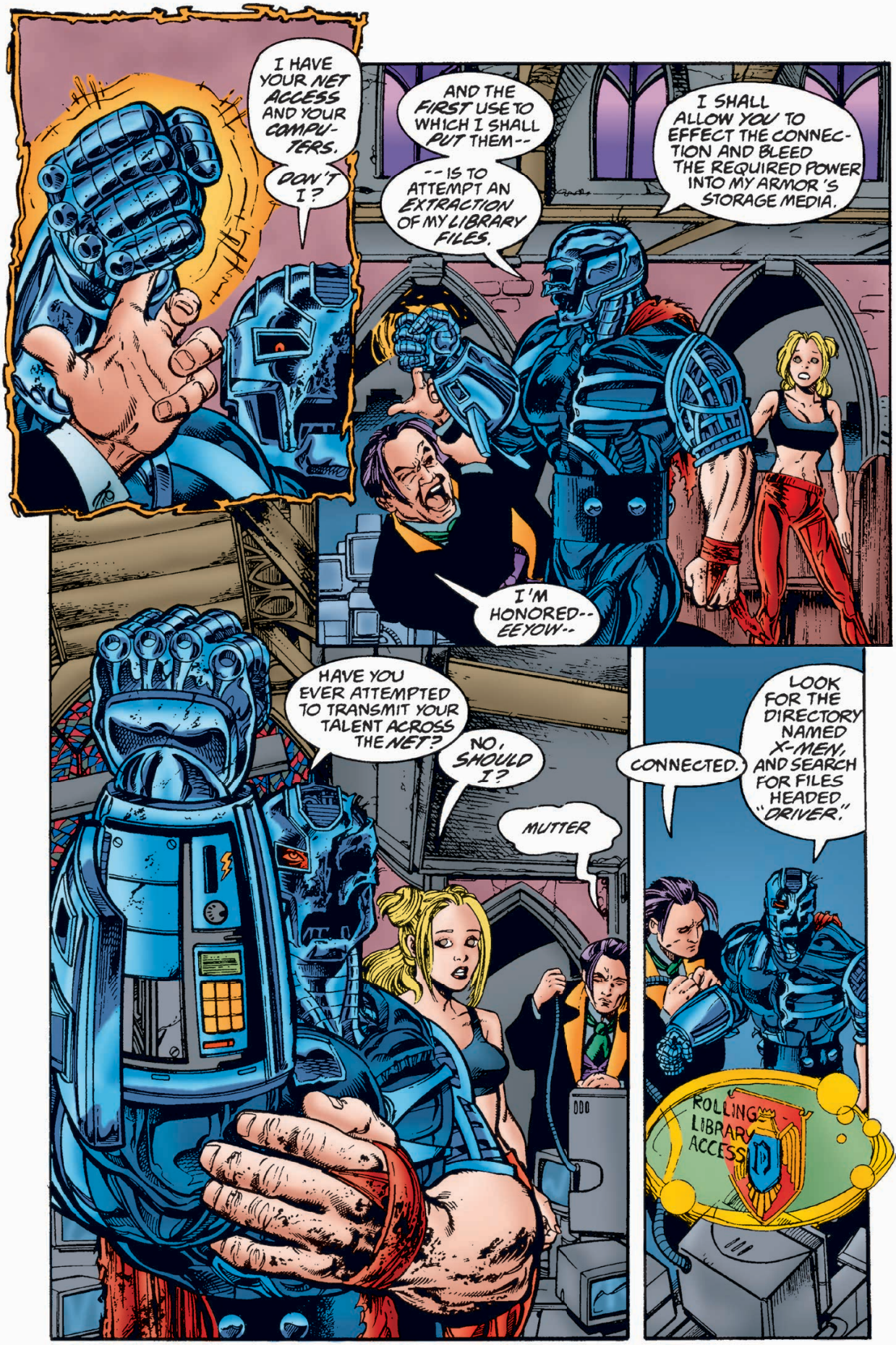

ALL THIS TIME, REDUCED TO HIDING IN GARBAGE, SKULKING BY NIGHT...
INDEED. THAT MAN HEROD MUST BE STAMPED UPON LIKE THE POISON REPTILE HE IS.
... AND WEEPING, YES, WEEPING FOR MY HOMELAND, REDUCED TO SLUDGE BY A COWARD'S HAND...
ALL THIS SHALL BE MADE RIGHT.
ALL THIS AND MORE. I SHALL GET TO HALO CITY. AND THEN, AND THEN...
I SHALL MAKE GOOD MY MISTAKE-- ATTEMPTING TO SAVE AMER-ICA--
--WHEN I SHOULD HAVE CUT IT OUT OF THE WORLD LIKE A CANCER.

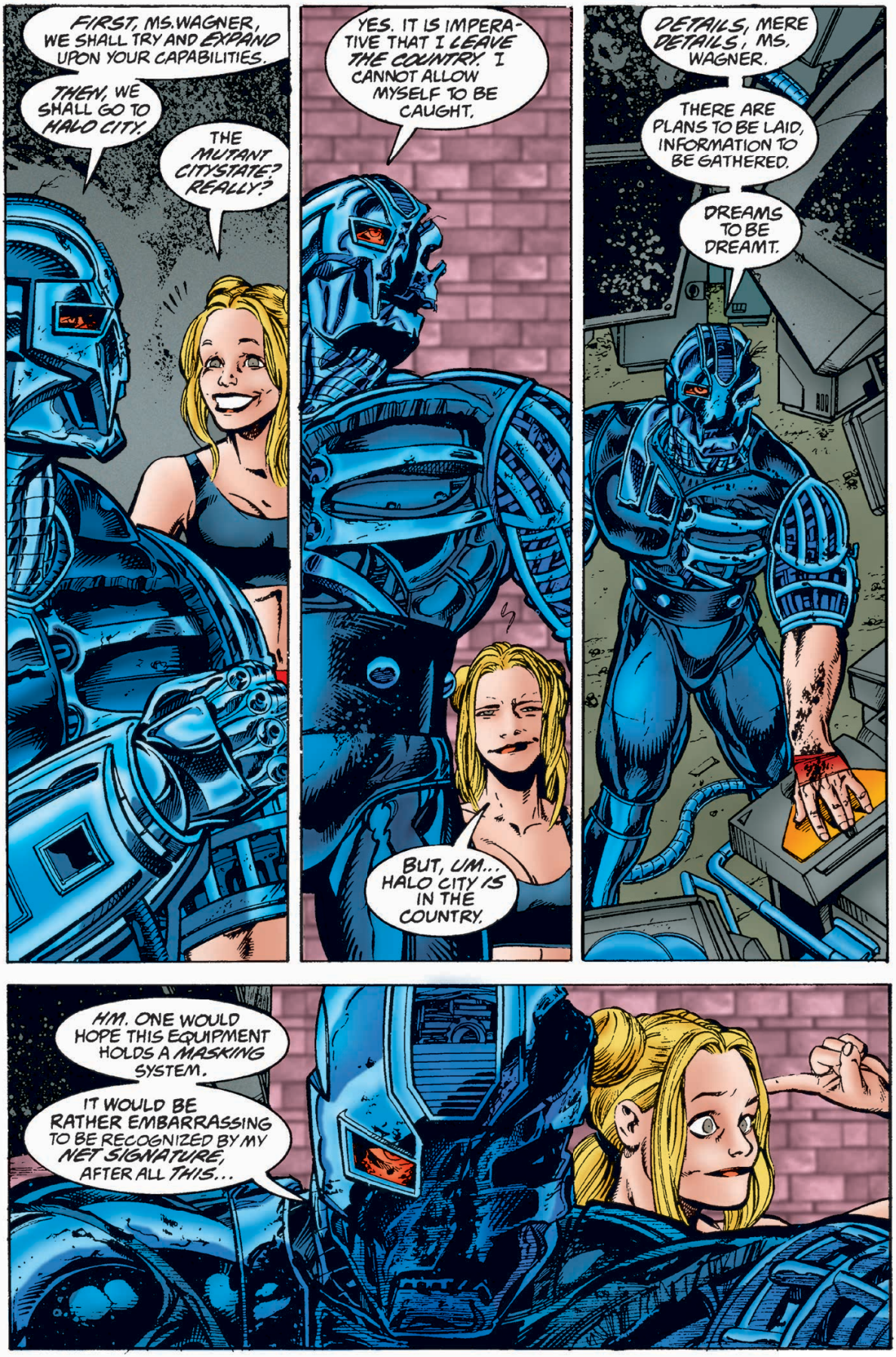
THE RED HOUSE
THIS LAWN LOOKS EMPTY. PERHAPS WE COULD CRUCIFY SOME DISSIDENTS, GIVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SOME OF THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION...
I KNEW YOU'D GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS. MR. PRESIDENT.
DIRECT LINE CALL: ORIGIN MASK
TZZT
OH, GOOD GRIEF -- NO REST FOR THE WICKED.
PHONE: ACCEPT CALL, ATTEMPT DISABLE MASKED CALL ORIGIN.
THIS IS MORPHINE SOMERS.
YOU KNOW, YOU COULD AT LEAST 'VE CHANGED THE OVAL OFFICE PHONE NUMBER.
I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN IN CHARGE. NOW.
WELL, WELL: THE MISSING MEMBER OF DOOM'S BLACK CABINET. THE MUTANT.
YOU'D MEARD, OF COURSE, THAT MUTANTS ARE BANNED FROM ALL URBAN AREAS.
ALL EXCEPT ONE.

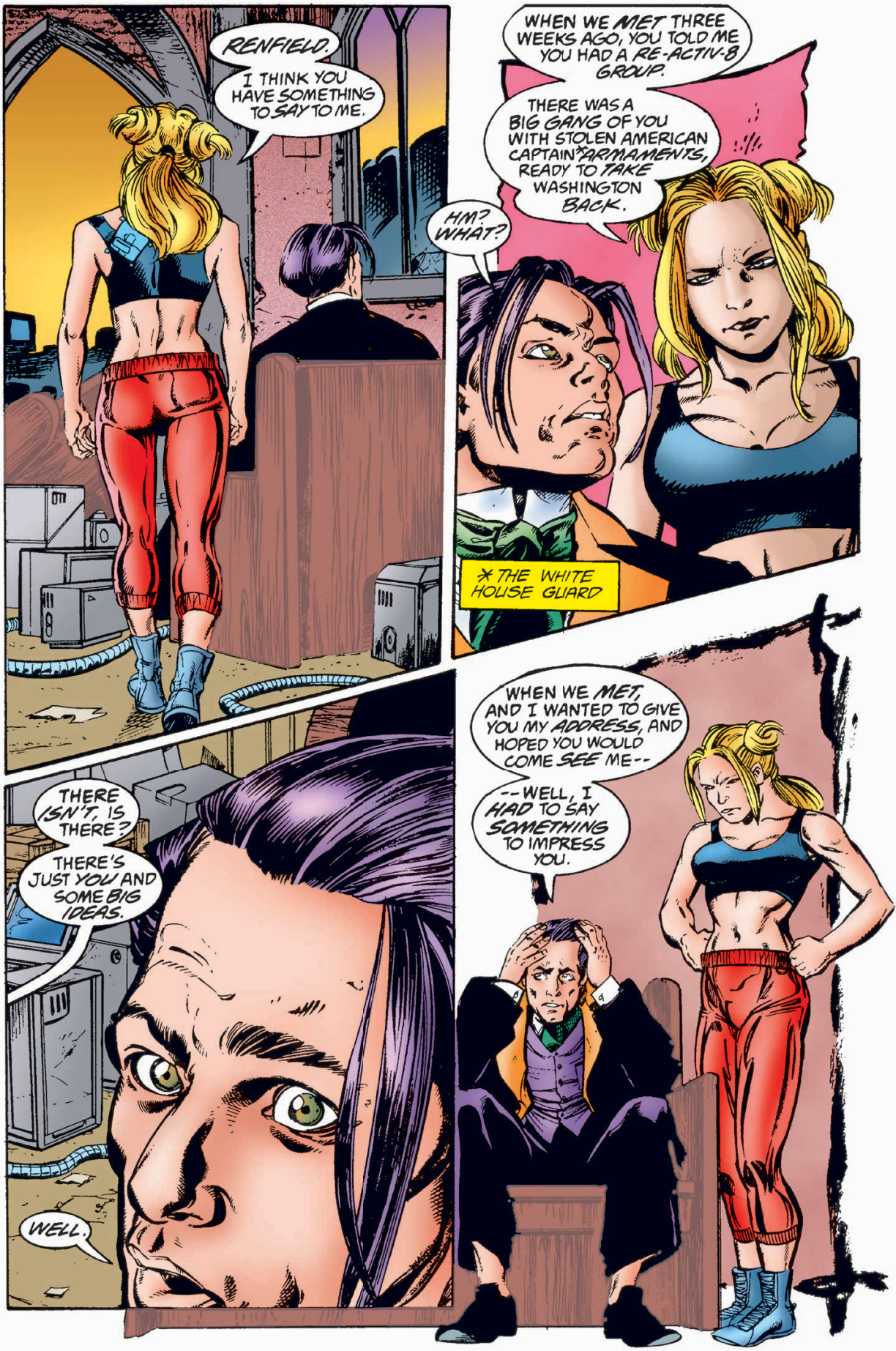
HALO CITY.
HALO CITY IS MINE, SPITEYES-- AND SO ARE THE X-MEN. IT'S THE FIRST MUTANT CITYSTATE.
AND IF YOU TRY AND COME GET ME, IT'S GOING TO COST YOU MORE THAN WHAT'S IN YOUR POCKET. BELIEVE ME.
YOUR POINT?
...MUTANT.
TRADE.
I WANT FREEDOM FROM PROSECUTION AS A POLITICAL CRIMINAL, AND I WANT HALO CITY JUST THE WAY IT IS.
YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING I WANT, MUTANT.
I THINK I DO.
I HAVE THE CREATION OF A SLAVE CLASS THAT DOESN'T EAT OR SLEEP.
I'M SURE A MAN LIKE YOU UNDERSTANDS THE PROFIT MOTIVE.


HEROD KNOWS.
I HAVE A SOMEWHAT TIGHTER DEADLINE FOR ARRIVAL AT HALO CITY THAN I THOUGHT.
HEROD?-- STOP WRIGGLING, DEARIE, YOU'LL SPLIT THE SKIN--
MMMFFF
ROGERS'S HANDLER. THE TRUE POWER IN THIS.
THERE, OUT. RUM-LOOKING THING, ISN'T IT?
KEEP HOLD OF THAT, MR. RENFIELD. I HAVE A FUTURE USE IN MIND FOR IT.
OHH... THAT'S BETTER. MUCH BETTER.
I NEGLECTED TO ASK, MS. WAGNER--WHAT IS YOUR MUTANT TALENT?
I SPEAK TO MACHINES.
IT'S LIKE, I KNOW MOST MACHINES DON'T HAVE MINDS, BUT WHAT I DO IS MACHINE TELEPATHY.


A FASCINATING ABILITY.
MS. WAGNER, MY ARMOR CONTAINS A LIBRARY COMPRISED OF EVERY SCRAP OF DATA I HAVE EXPERIENCED OR COLLATED.
I CANNOT ACCESS THIS KNOWLEDGE, DUE TO THE DAMAGE MY ARMOR HAS SUSTAINED. MIGHT YOU--?
NO, SORRY. MY POWER'S ONLY GOOD WITH LIVE MACHINES, AND YOUR ARMOR...
WELL, NO OFFENSE, BUT IT'S LIKE SITTING NEXT TO A FRESHLY EXHUMED CORPSE.
WHAT KIND OF RANGE DOES YOUR TALENT HAVE?
OH. IT'S REALLY GOOD. I CAN REACH ABOUT TWENTY FEET NOW--
THE DEVIL'S BACKSIDE!
TRAPPED IN A JUNKYARD WITH AN ARMCHAIR REVOLUTIONARY AND THE WORST MUTANT ON THE FACE OF THE--
ARMCHAIR REVOLUTIONARY?!
I MIGHT BE JUST STARTING OUT, EX-PRESIDENT DOOM, BUT I HAVE NET ACCESS, I HAVE COMPUTERS, AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE? EH? EH?


I HAVE YOUR NET ACCESS AND YOUR COMPUTERS.
DON'T I?
AND THE FIRST USE TO WHICH I SHALL PUT THEM--
--IS TO ATTEMPT AN EXTRACTION OF MY LIBRARY FILES.
I SHALL ALLOW YOU TO EFFECT THE CONNECTION AND BLEED THE REQUIRED POWER INTO MY ARMOR'S STORAGE MEDIA.
I'M HONORED--EEYOW--
HAVE YOU EVER ATTEMPTED TO TRANSMIT YOUR TALENT ACROSS THE NET?
NO, SHOULD I?
MUTTER
CONNECTED.
LOOK FOR THE DIRECTORY NAMED X-MEN, AND SEARCH FOR FILES HEADED "DRIVER."
ROLLING LIBRARY ACCESS ID


FIRST, MS. WAGNER, WE SHALL TRY AND EXPAND UPON YOUR CAPABILITIES.
THEN, WE SHALL GO TO HALO CITY.
THE MUTANT CITYSTATE? REALLY?
YES. IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I LEAVE THE COUNTRY. I CANNOT ALLOW MYSELF TO BE CAUGHT.
BUT, UM... HALO CITY IS IN THE COUNTRY.
DETAILS, MERE DETAILS, MS. WAGNER.
THERE ARE PLANS TO BE LAID, INFORMATION TO BE GATHERED.
DREAMS TO BE DREAMT.
HM. ONE WOULD HOPE THIS EQUIPMENT HOLDS A MASKING SYSTEM.
IT WOULD BE RATHER EMBARRASSING TO BE RECOGNIZED BY MY NET SIGNATURE, AFTER ALL THIS...

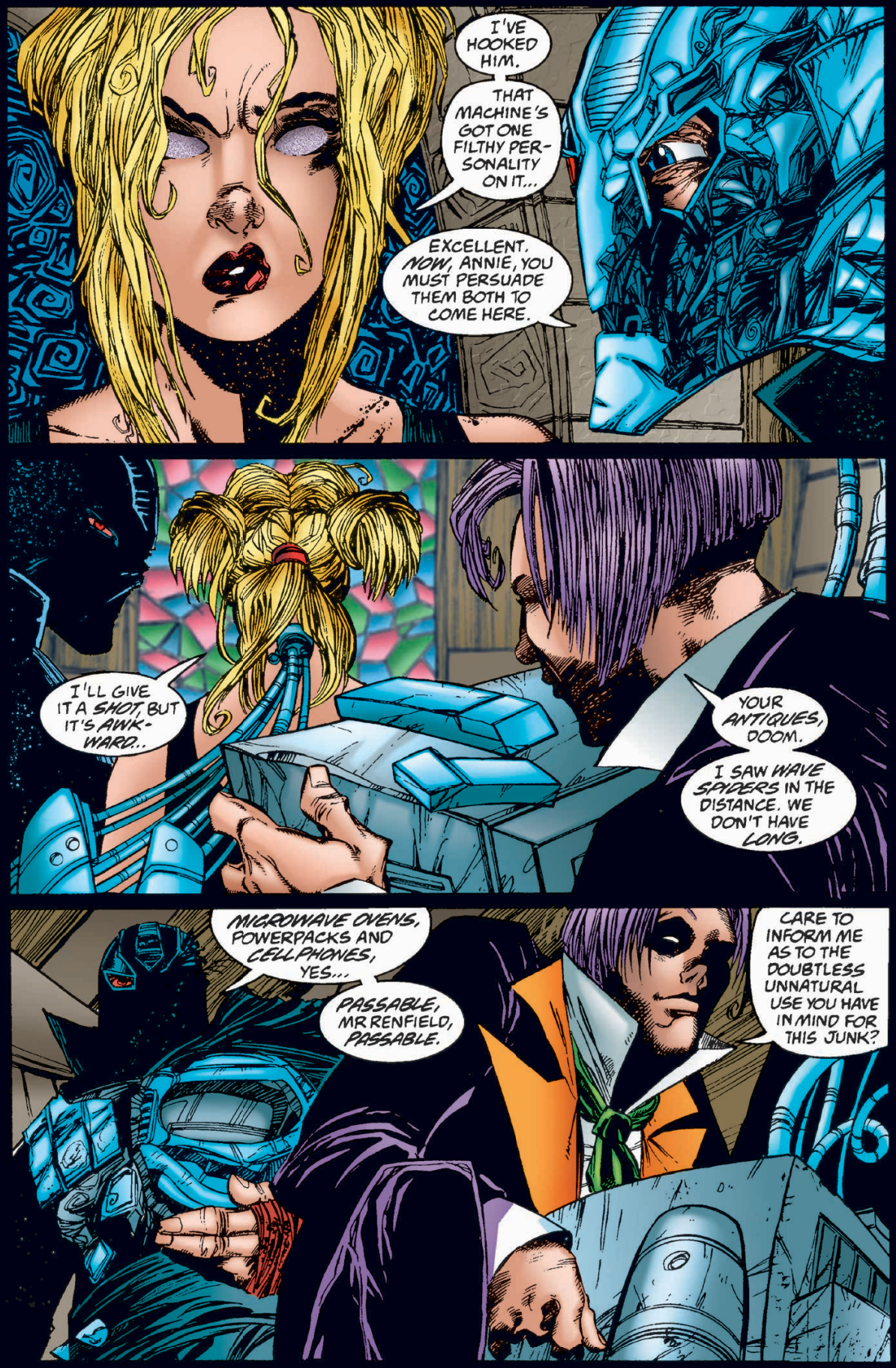

RENFIELD.
I THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO ME.
WHEN WE MET THREE WEEKS AGO, YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD A RE-ACTIV-8 GROUP.
THERE WAS A BIG GANG OF YOU WITH STOLEN AMERICAN CAPTAIN* ARMAMENTS, READY TO TAKE WASHINGTON BACK.
HM? WHAT?
* THE WHITE HOUSE GUARD
THERE ISN'T, IS THERE?
THERE'S JUST YOU AND SOME BIG IDEAS.
WELL.
WHEN WE MET, AND I WANTED TO GIVE YOU MY ADDRESS, AND HOPED YOU WOULD COME SEE ME--
--WELL, I HAD TO SAY SOMETHING TO IMPRESS YOU.

THE SNAP AND CRACKLE OF CYBERSPACE
There's a twentieth Century fire in my blood--I am a street-fighting youth again, facing the aristocracy with truth and gunfire.
My back is to the wall, I know.
But they always said I was more DANGEROUS that way.
Here's the cyberspace representation of computer uplinks to the Global positioning System.
I'm looking for a very special connection, issued from the computer of a vehicle requiring very special naviqational skills.
I have it.
And with the connection data, I will be able to force entry through the net into that computer and that vehicle.

"Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
—Henry Hart Milman
Ride On

MARVEL COMICS
2099
37
JAN
X NATION
DOOM 2099 A.D.™

Stan Lee Presents:
SHOCKRIDING 2/3
ROAD IRON
Warren Ellis • writer Ashley Wood • pencils Koblish & Daly • inks
Megan McDowell • colors John Costanza • letters
Joey Cavalieri • editor Bobbie Chase • chief Malibu • color separations


I'VE HOOKED HIM.
THAT MACHINE'S GOT ONE FILTHY PERSONALITY ON IT...
EXCELLENT. NOW, ANNIE, YOU MUST PERSUADE THEM BOTH TO COME HERE.
I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT, BUT IT'S AWKWARD..
YOUR ANTIQUES, DOOM.
I SAW WAVE SPIDERS IN THE DISTANCE. WE DON'T HAVE LONG.
MICROWAVE OVENS, POWERPACKS AND CELLPHONES, YES...
PASSABLE, MR RENFIELD, PASSABLE.
CARE TO INFORM ME AS TO THE DOUBTLESS UNNATURAL USE YOU HAVE IN MIND FOR THIS JUNK?

I HAVE NEED OF BOMBS AND GUNS, MR. RENFIELD.
DOOM? HE'S COMING IN. LORD, IT'S HORRIBLE IN HERE--
"--NEVER BEEN INSIDE A HUMAN MIND BEFORE, ONLY HERE BECAUSE HIS CAR'S WIRED INTO HIM--
"--IT'S LIKE A HUGE FIELD OF ICE, WITH THOUGHTS LIKE LIZARDS SCUTTLING ACROSS IT--
"--BUT WE'VE GOT HIM.
"THE DRIVER IS COMING, DOOM."

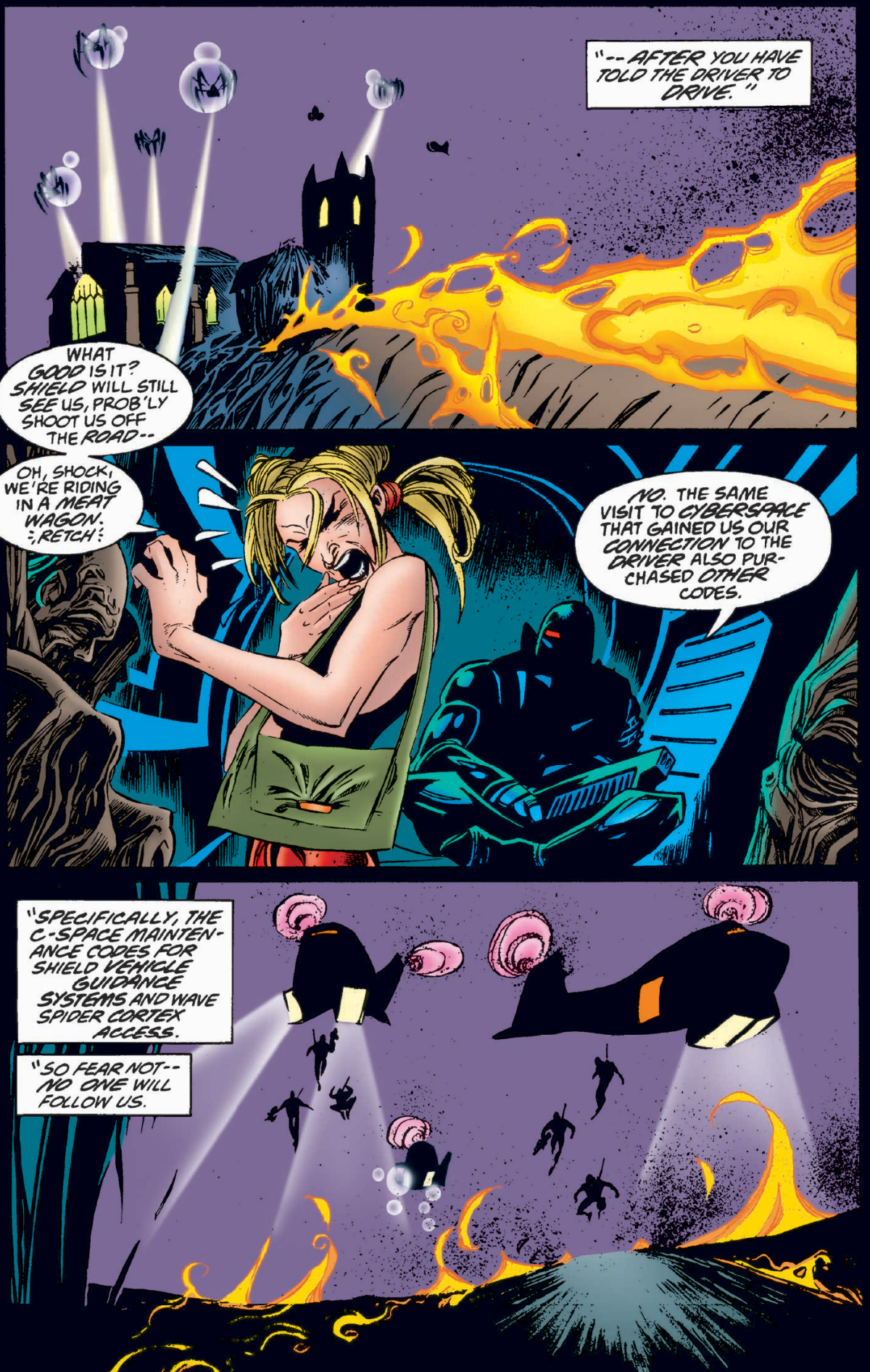
"DID YOU PROGRAM THE NUMBERS I GAVE YOU INTO THE CELLPHONES?"
"ALL THOSE ONES AND ZEROES? YES, AND I HAVE THE CALLUSES TO PROVE IT. WHY DID I RUIN MY FINGERS?"
THE FIRST RULE OF REVOLUTION, MR. RENFIELD: WEAPONS ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM.
IN THE PAST, STREET-FIGHTERS HAVE MADE FINE USE OF GARDENING IMPLEMENTS, PEPPERPOTS AND ALCOHOL.
THIS IS NO DIFFERENT.
HE'S FIGHTING IT, ALL THE WAY, BUT THE CAR, THE NITRO-BURN...
... I'M RIDING IT LIKE A HORSE, BREAKING IT...

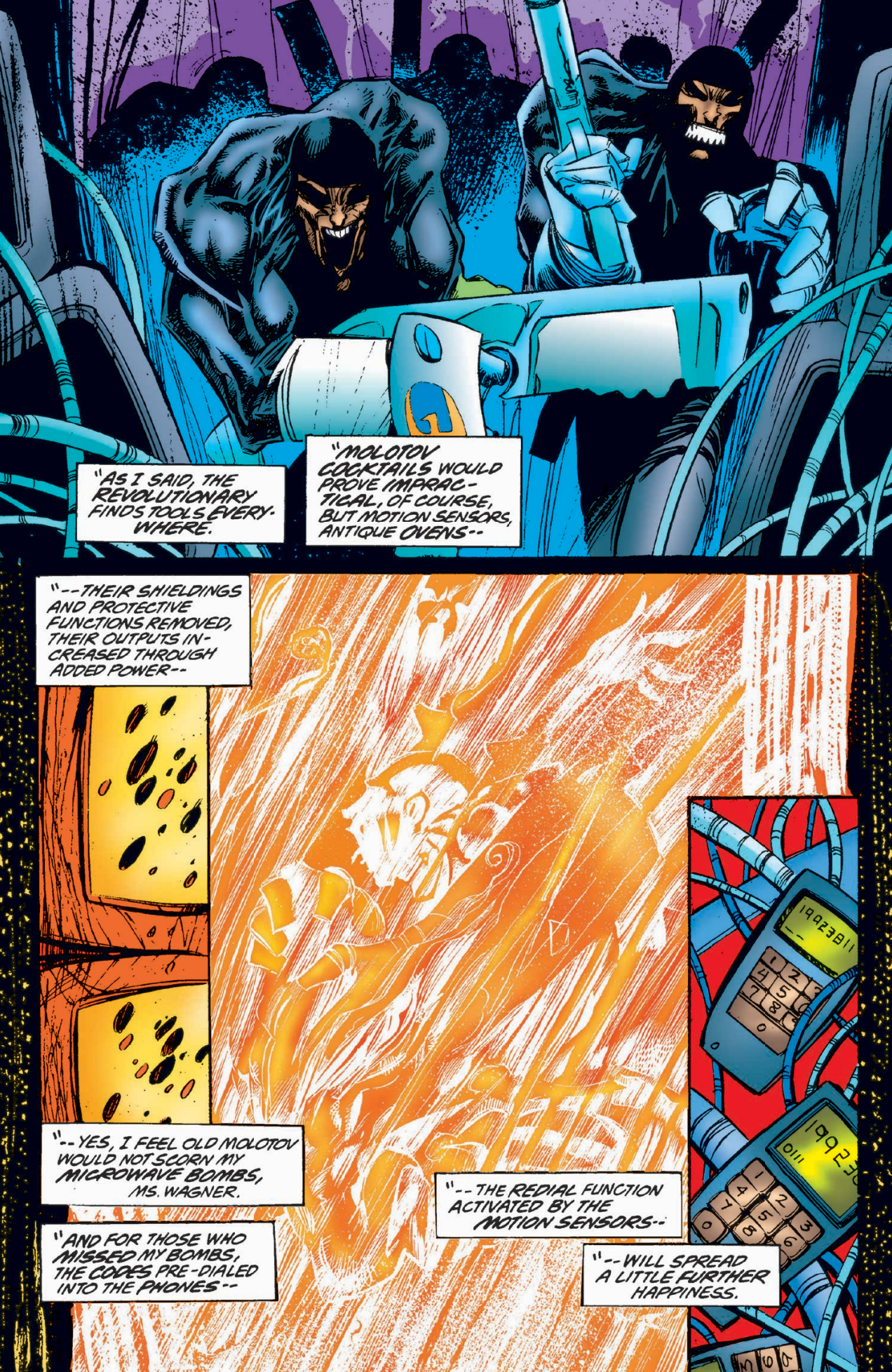
"IT MOVES SO FAST, DOOM--IT'S LIKE RIDING LIGHTNING--
"--AND--OH, I SEE NOW--
"--IT CAN BECOME INTANGIBLE, AS SOLID AS FOG--"
SEARCH-LIGHT!
THEY'VE GOT YOU, DOOM, IT'S ALL OVER--
:sigh:
MUST I REMIND YOU, MR. RENFIELD?

I AM DOOM.
AND IT ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY IT'S OVER.
POWERFIELD ENABLED

AH, MY CARRIAGE HAS ARRIVED.
INCREDIBLE. WE'RE LEAVING IN AN INTANGIBLE PICK-UP TRUCK. THIS IS BRILLIANT, DOOM--
WE?
I AM TAKING MS. WAGNER WITH ME, YES -- BUT I DO NOT RECALL INVITING YOU, MR. RENFIELD.
YOU POINTED A WEAPON AT ME. YOU WERE DISRESPECTFUL.
HEY NOW, THAT WAS JUST BEING CAREFUL--
NO.
IT WAS JUST RUDE.

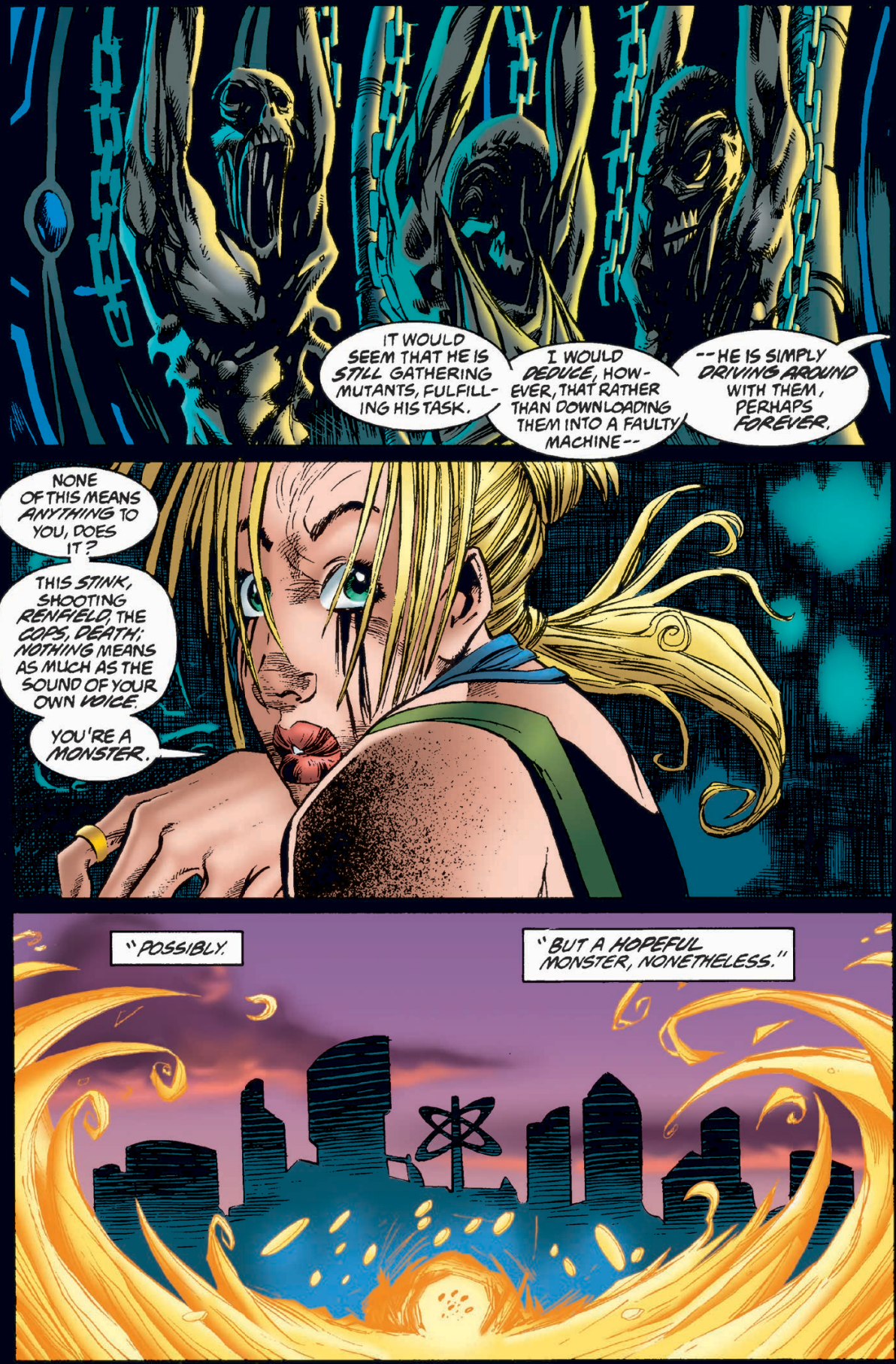
RENFIELD--
-- CANNOT HEAR YOU, MS. WAGNER. ENTER THE VEHICLE, PLEASE.
WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO, AND--
OH, LORD.
:GAG:
THIS IS NO TIME FOR SQUEAMISHNESS, MS. WAGNER.
YOU ARE ENTIRELY FREE TO SCREAM OR VOMIT--

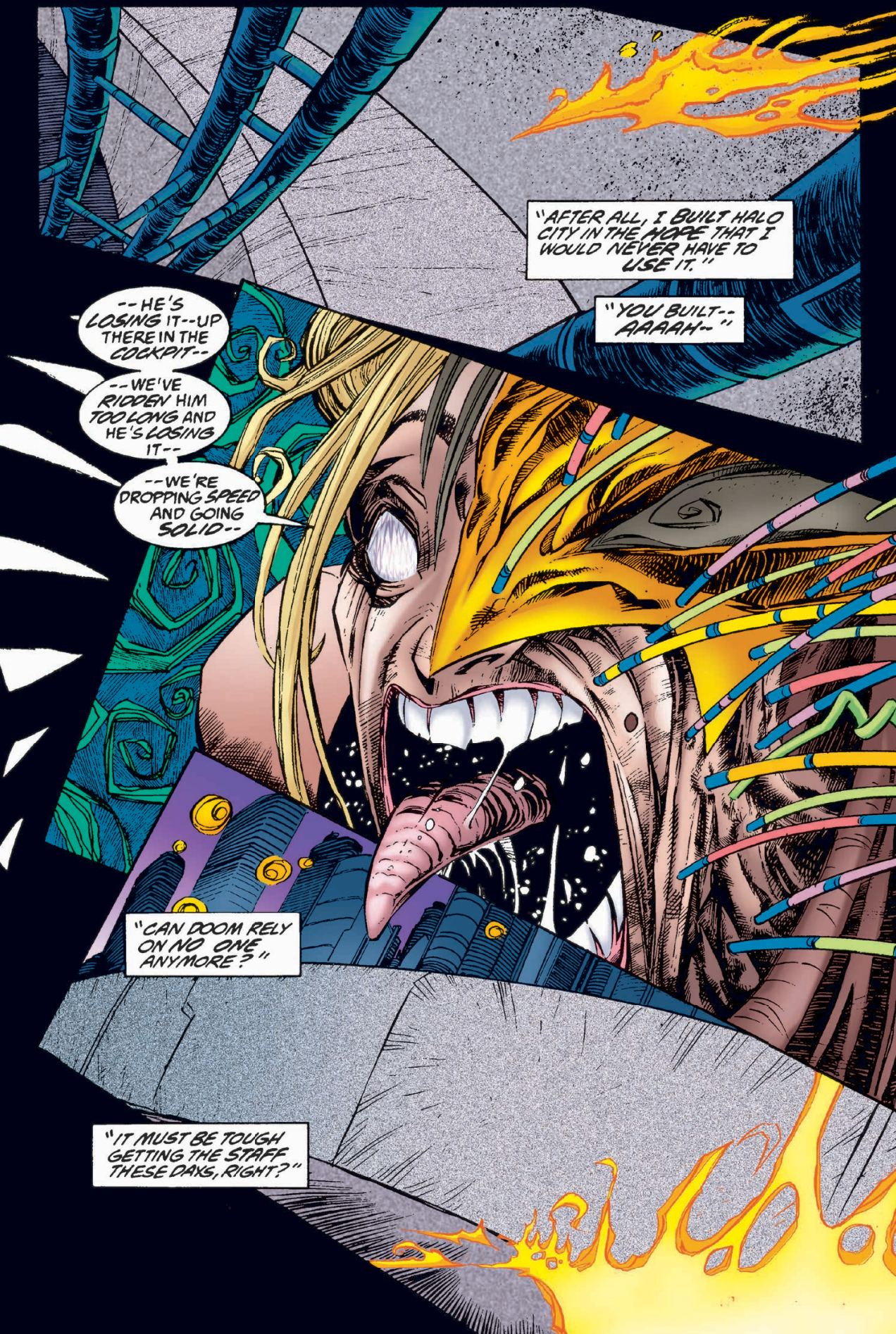

"-- AFTER YOU HAVE TOLD THE DRIVER TO DRIVE."
WHAT GOOD IS IT? SHIELD WILL STILL SEE US, PROB'LY SHOOT US OFF THE ROAD--
OH, SHOCK, WE'RE RIDING IN A MEAT WAGON. :RETCH:
NO. THE SAME VISIT TO CYBERSPACE THAT GAINED US OUR CONNECTION TO THE DRIVER ALSO PURCHASED OTHER CODES.
"SPECIFICALLY, THE C-SPACE MAINTENANCE CODES FOR SHIELD VEHICLE GUIDANCE SYSTEMS AND WAVE SPIDER CORTEX ACCESS.
"SO FEAR NOT-- NO ONE WILL FOLLOW US.

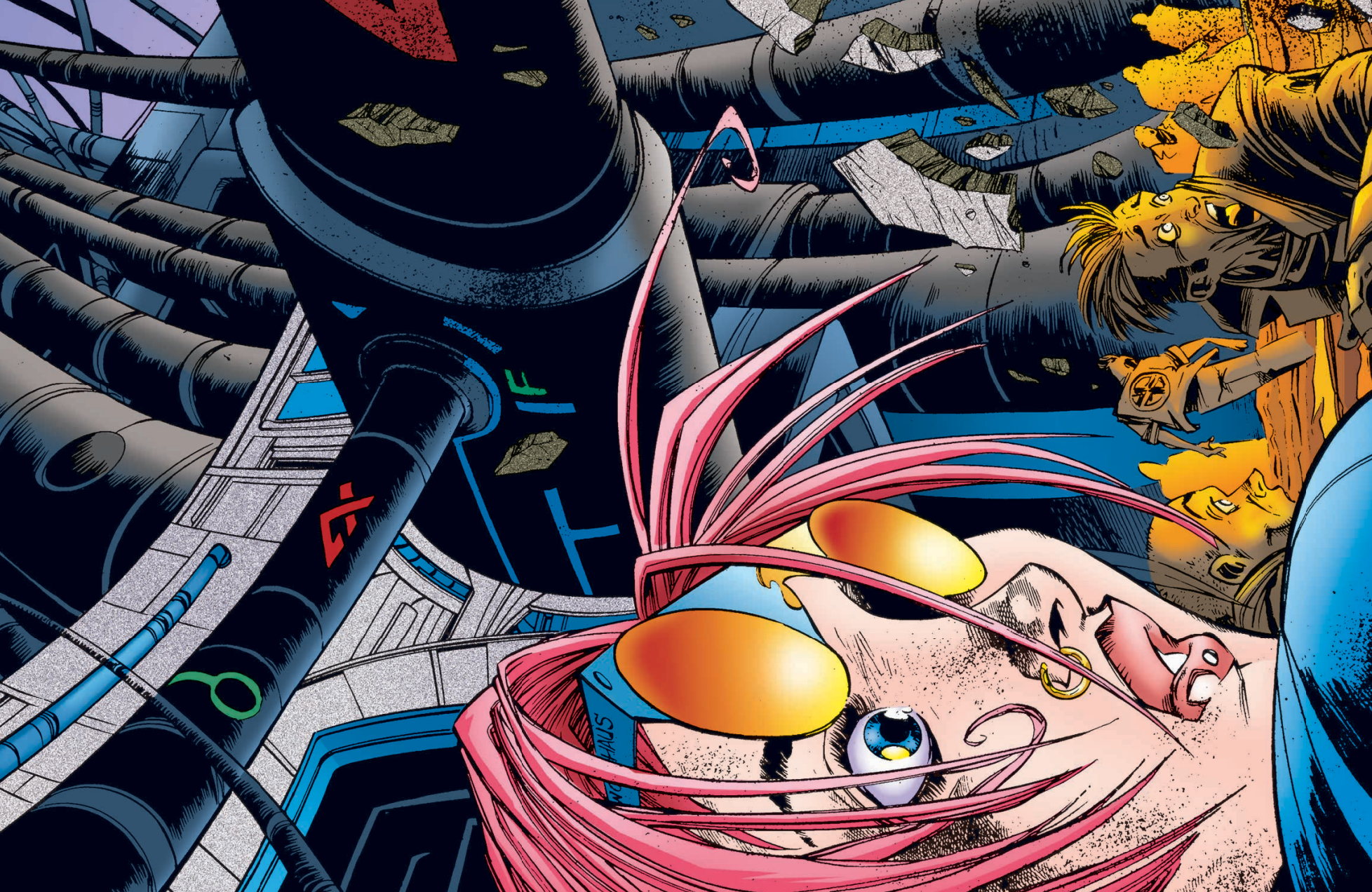

"AS I SAID, THE REVOLUTIONARY FINDS TOOLS EVERYWHERE.
"MOLOTOV COCKTAILS WOULD PROVE IMPRACTICAL, OF COURSE, BUT MOTION SENSORS, ANTIQUE OVENS--
"--THEIR SHIELDINGS AND PROTECTIVE FUNCTIONS REMOVED, THEIR OUTPUTS INCREASED THROUGH ADDED POWER--
"--YES, I FEEL OLD MOLOTOV WOULD NOT SCORN MY MICROWAVE BOMBS, MS. WAGNER.
"AND FOR THOSE WHO MISSED MY BOMBS, THE CODES PRE-DIALED INTO THE PHONES--
"--THE REDIAL FUNCTION ACTIVATED BY THE MOTION SENSORS--
"--WILL SPREAD A LITTLE FURTHER HAPPINESS.

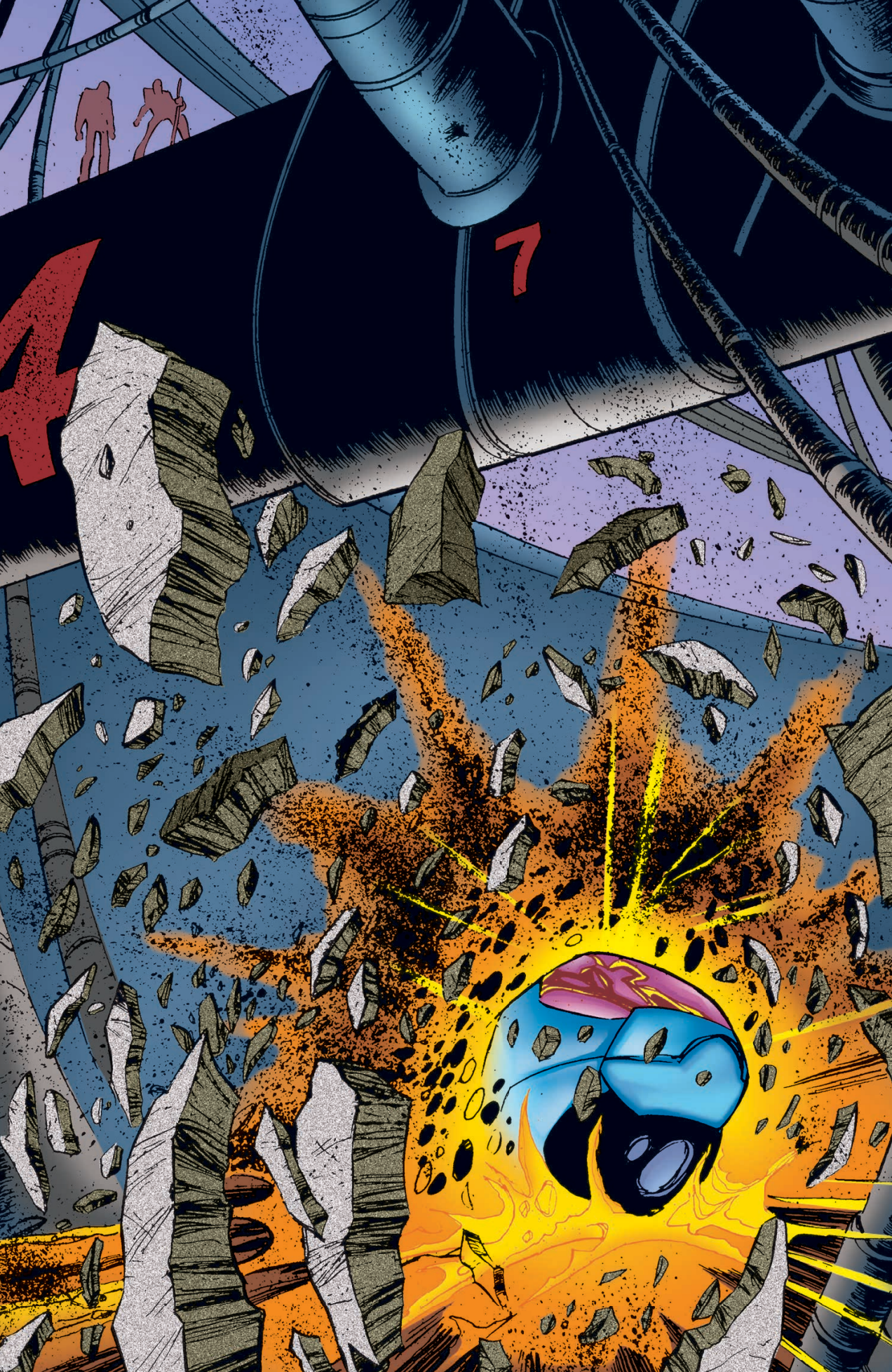
"THE CODES OPEN UP THEIR VEHICLES TO MY CONTROL.
"THE ELECTRONICS SALVAGED FROM RENFIELD'S JUNK RADIOS AND COMPUTERS SEND A SIMPLE SIGNAL AT AN EXTREMELY LOW FREQUENCY ALONG THE OPEN CHANNEL.
"AND THE VEHICLE COMPUTERS AND SPIDER BRAINS DIE.
"THERE.
"DO YOU FEEL BETTER NOW?"

"GAAAHG
OOOGLWOOGLIOOGLI"
HM.
MY LIBRARY FILES SUGGESTED THAT THE DRIVER'S PSYCHOSIS HAD NOT YET REACHED THIS EXTENT.
HAD YOU HEARD OF THE DRIVER, MS. WAGNER? NO?
"HE WHO WAS REDUCING MUTANTS INTO A GENETIC SAMPLE, TO BE CONTAINED WITHIN A MACHINE?
"THIS WAS HIS TASK: TO PRESERVE MUTANTS FOR A SAFER, KINDER FUTURE TIME.
"THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE MACHINE DIDN'T WORK."

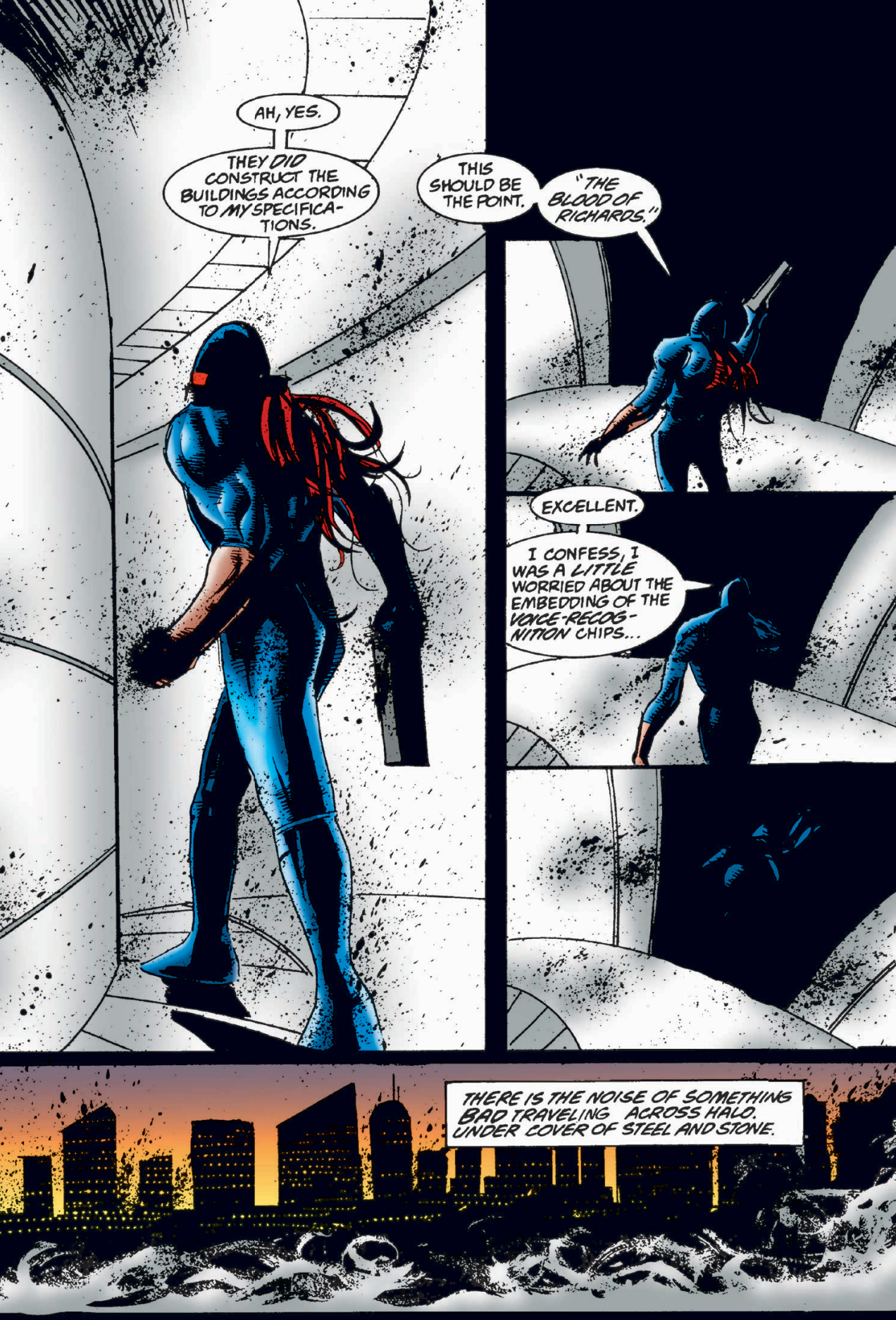

IT WOULD SEEM THAT HE IS STILL GATHERING MUTANTS, FULFILLING HIS TASK.
I WOULD DEDUCE, HOWEVER, THAT RATHER THAN DOWNLOADING THEM INTO A FAULTY MACHINE--
--HE IS SIMPLY DRIVING AROUND WITH THEM, PERHAPS FOREVER.
NONE OF THIS MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU, DOES IT?
THIS STINK, SHOOTING RENFIELD, THE COPS, DEATH; NOTHING MEANS AS MUCH AS THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN VOICE.
YOU'RE A MONSTER.
"POSSIBLY.
"BUT A HOPEFUL MONSTER, NONETHELESS."

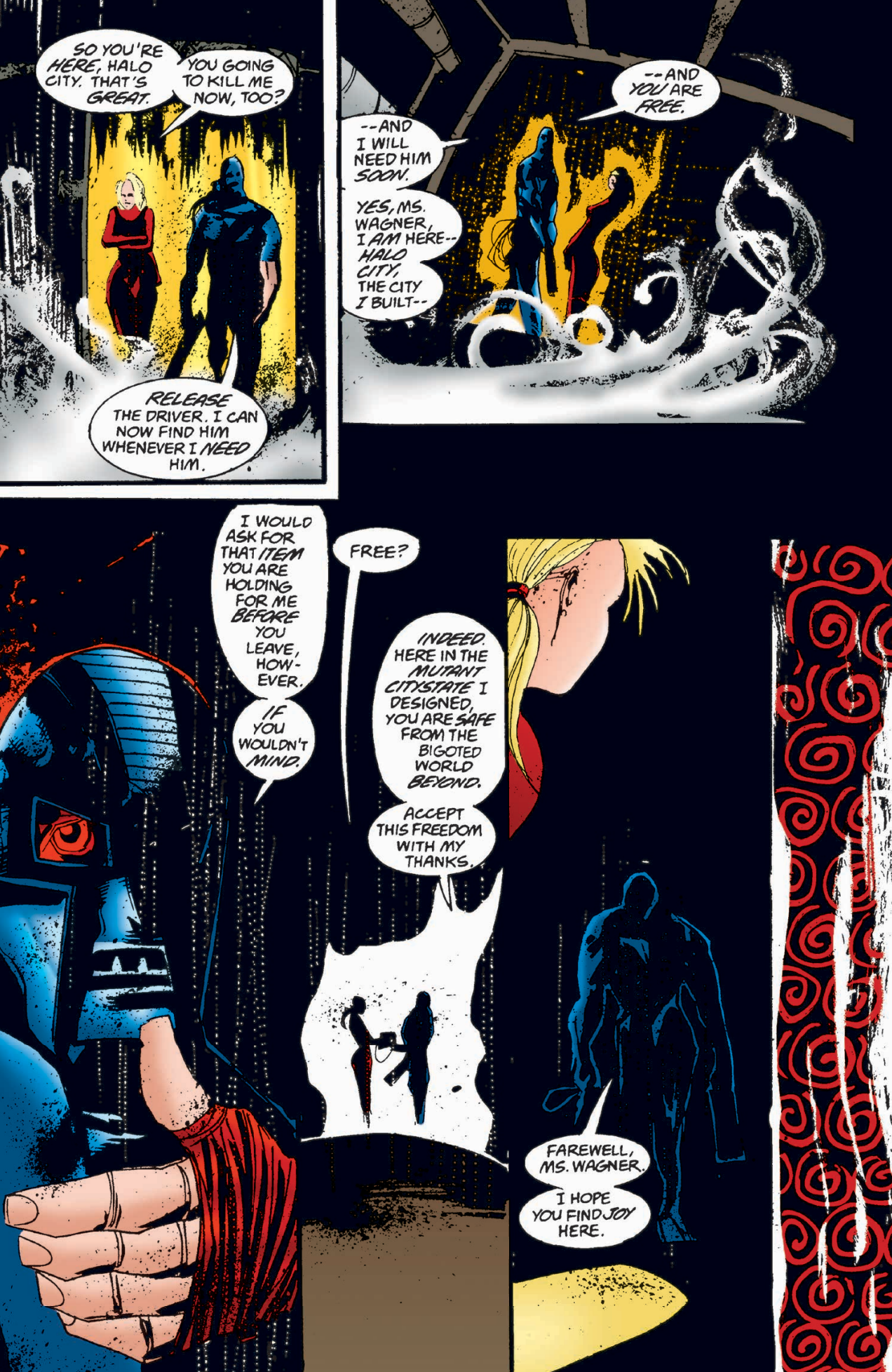

"AFTER ALL, I BUILT HALO CITY IN THE HOPE THAT I WOULD NEVER HAVE TO USE IT."
"YOU BUILT-- AAAAH--"
--HE'S LOSING IT--UP THERE IN THE COCKPIT--
--WE'VE RIDDEN HIM TOO LONG AND HE'S LOSING IT--
--WE'RE DROPPING SPEED AND GOING SOLID--
"CAN DOOM RELY ON NO ONE ANYMORE?"
"IT MUST BE TOUGH GETTING THE STAFF THESE DAYS, RIGHT?"

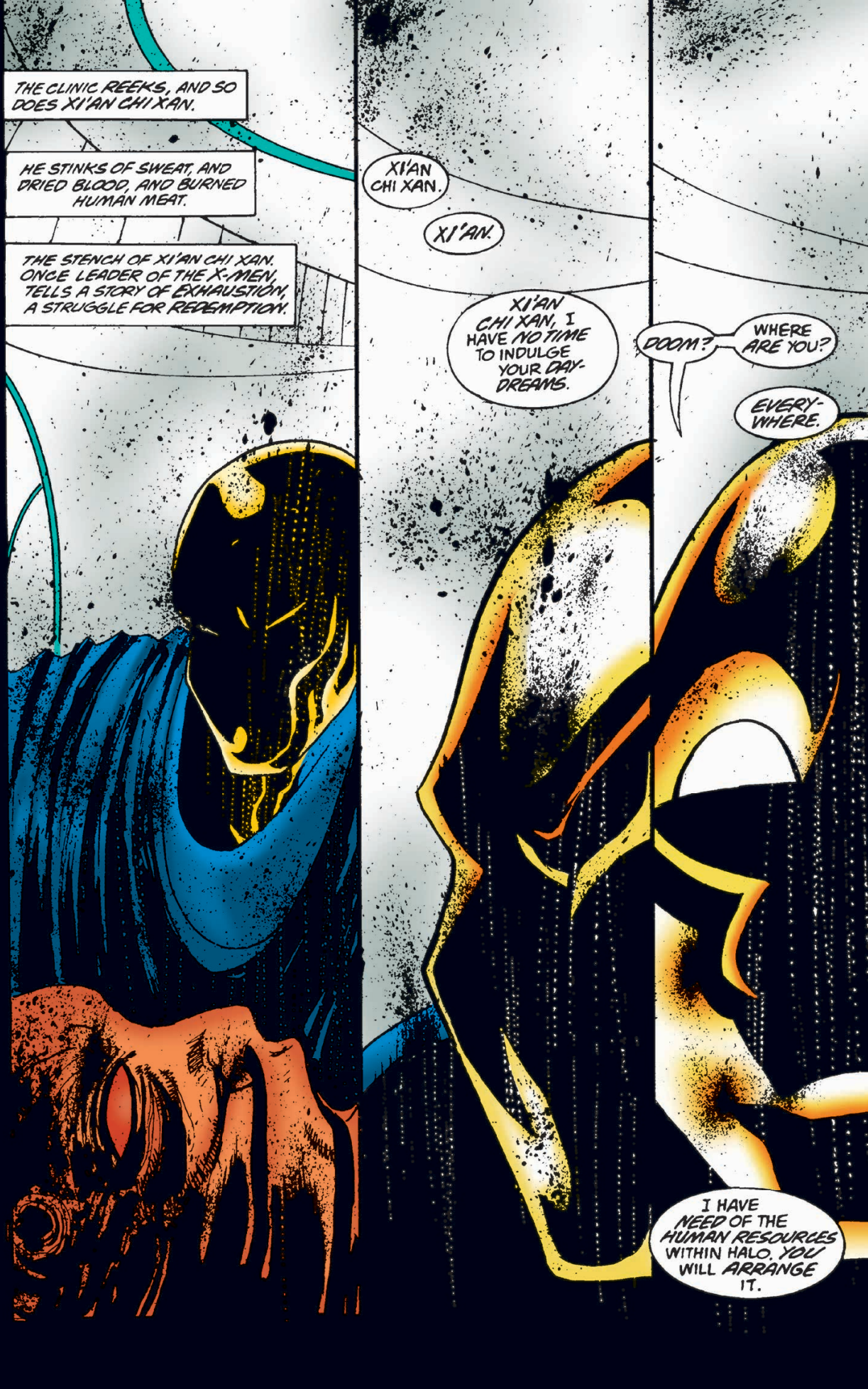


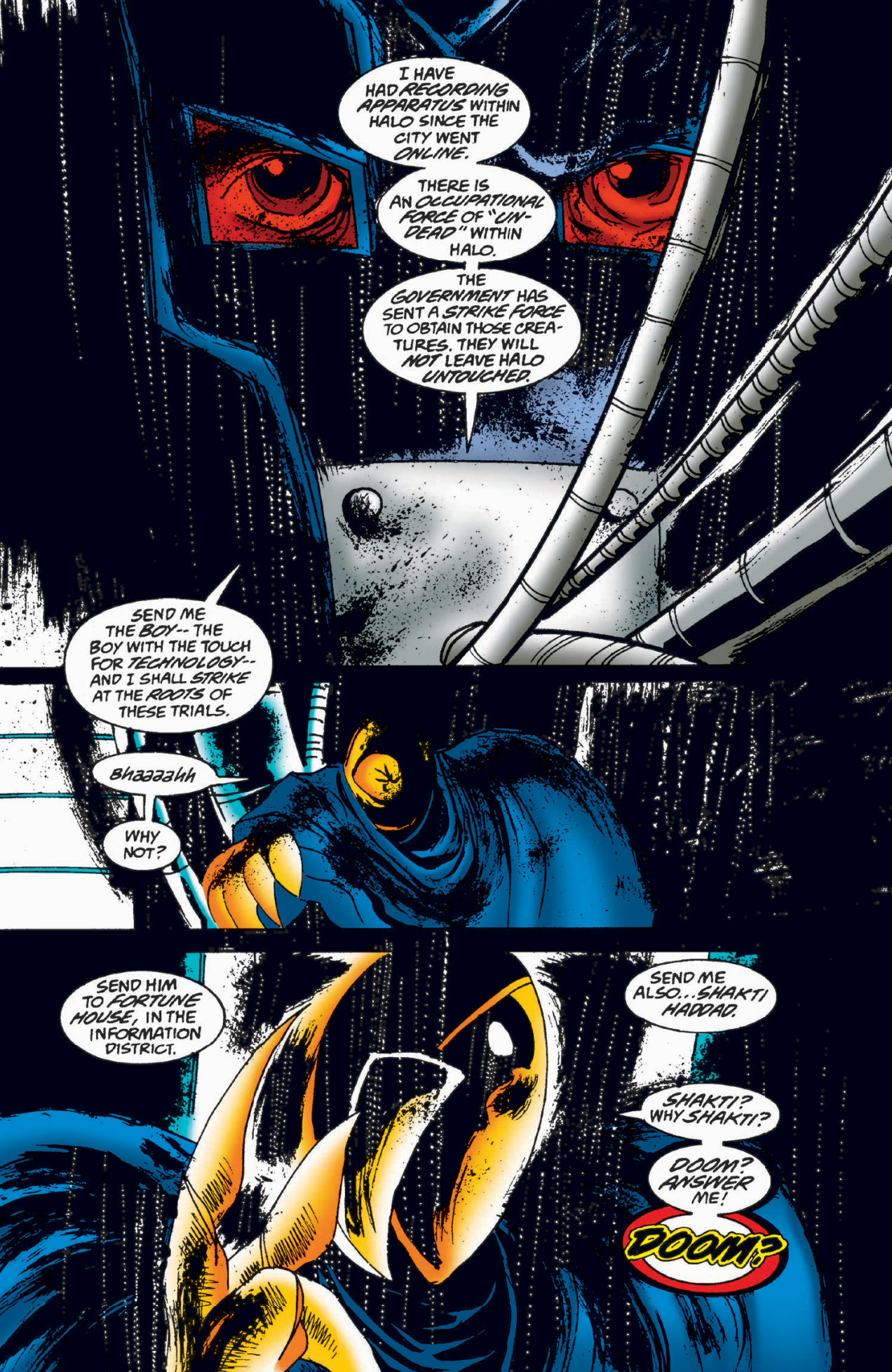


I AM REMINDED OF A VERY POOR "JOKE" FROM MY ORIGINAL TIME.
IT IS NOT THE *FALL* THAT KILLS YOU, BUT THE SUDDEN *STOP* AT THE *END*.


AH, YES.
THEY DID CONSTRUCT THE BUILDINGS ACCORDING TO MY SPECIFICATIONS.
THIS SHOULD BE THE POINT.
"THE BLOOD OF RICHARDS."
EXCELLENT.
I CONFESS, I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT THE EMBEDDING OF THE VOICE-RECOGNITION CHIPS...
THERE IS THE NOISE OF SOMETHING BAD TRAVELING ACROSS HALO. UNDER COVER OF STEEL AND STONE.


SO YOU'RE HERE, HALO CITY. THAT'S GREAT.
YOU GOING TO KILL ME NOW, TOO?
RELEASE THE DRIVER. I CAN NOW FIND HIM WHENEVER I NEED HIM.
--AND I WILL NEED HIM SOON.
YES, MS. WAGNER, I AM HERE-- HALO CITY, THE CITY I BUILT--
--AND YOU ARE FREE.
I WOULD ASK FOR THAT ITEM YOU ARE HOLDING FOR ME BEFORE YOU LEAVE, HOWEVER.
IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND.
FREE?
INDEED. HERE IN THE MUTANT CITYSTATE I DESIGNED, YOU ARE SAFE FROM THE BIGOTED WORLD BEYOND.
ACCEPT THIS FREEDOM WITH MY THANKS.
FAREWELL, MS. WAGNER.
I HOPE YOU FIND JOY HERE.


THE CLINIC REEKS, AND SO DOES XI'AN CHI XAN.
HE STINKS OF SWEAT, AND DRIED BLOOD, AND BURNED HUMAN MEAT.
THE STENCH OF XI'AN CHI XAN. ONCE LEADER OF THE X-MEN, TELLS A STORY OF EXHAUSTION, A STRUGGLE FOR REDEMPTION.
XI'AN CHI XAN.
XI'AN.
XI'AN CHI XAN, I HAVE NO TIME TO INDULGE YOUR DAY-DREAMS.
DOOM?
WHERE ARE YOU?
EVERY-WHERE.
I HAVE NEED OF THE HUMAN RESOURCES WITHIN HALO. YOU WILL ARRANGE IT.

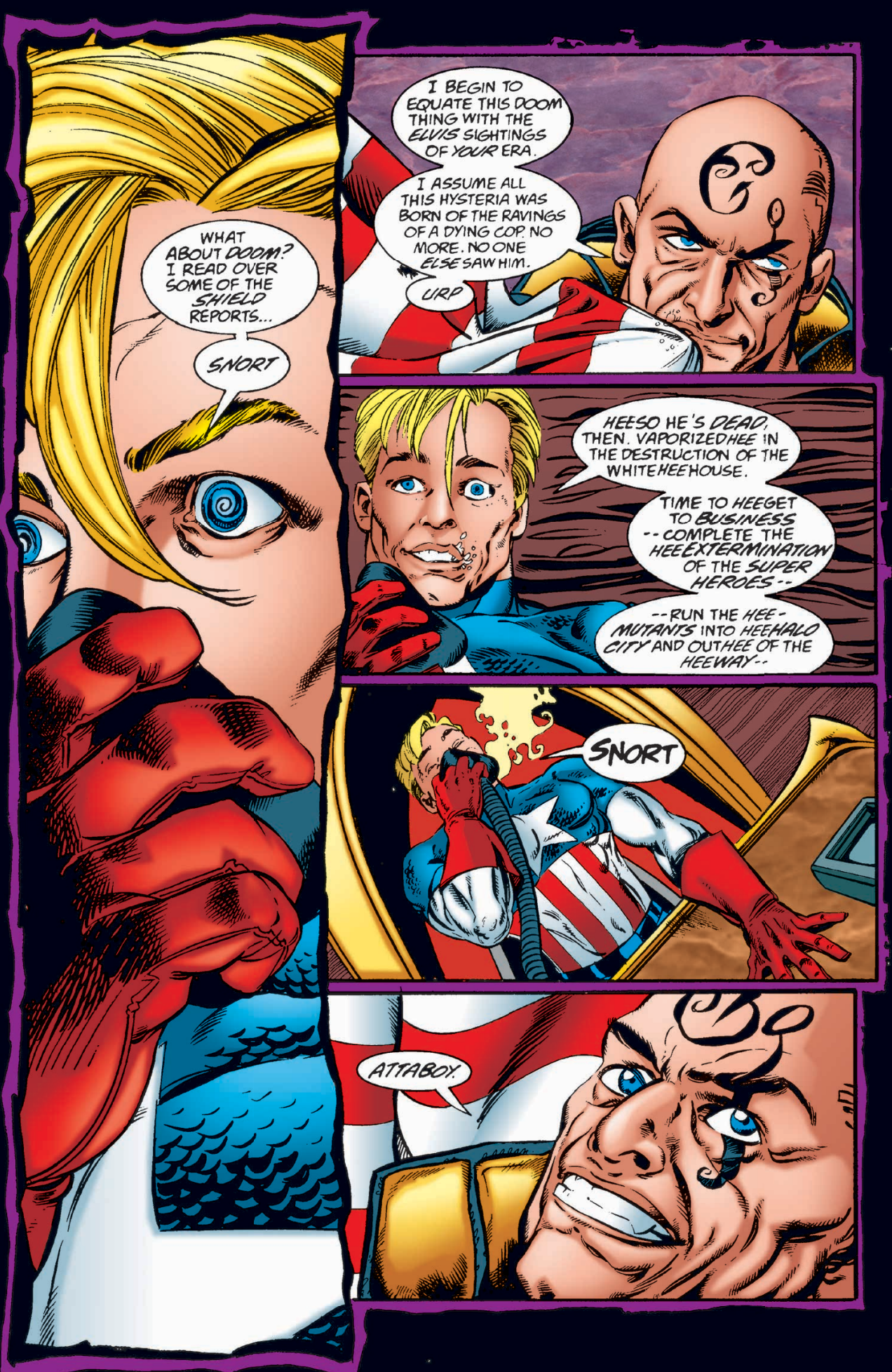

I HAVE HAD RECORDING APPARATUS WITHIN HALO SINCE THE CITY WENT ONLINE.
THERE IS AN OCCUPATIONAL FORCE OF "UN-DEAD" WITHIN HALO.
THE GOVERNMENT HAS SENT A STRIKE FORCE TO OBTAIN THOSE CREATURES. THEY WILL NOT LEAVE HALO UNTOUCHED.
SEND ME THE BOY-- THE BOY WITH THE TOUCH FOR TECHNOLOGY-- AND I SHALL STRIKE AT THE ROOTS OF THESE TRIALS.
Bhaaaahh
WHY NOT?
SEND HIM TO FORTUNE HOUSE, IN THE INFORMATION DISTRICT.
SEND ME ALSO...SHAKTI HADDAD.
SHAKTI? WHY SHAKTI?
DOOM? ANSWER ME!
DOOM?

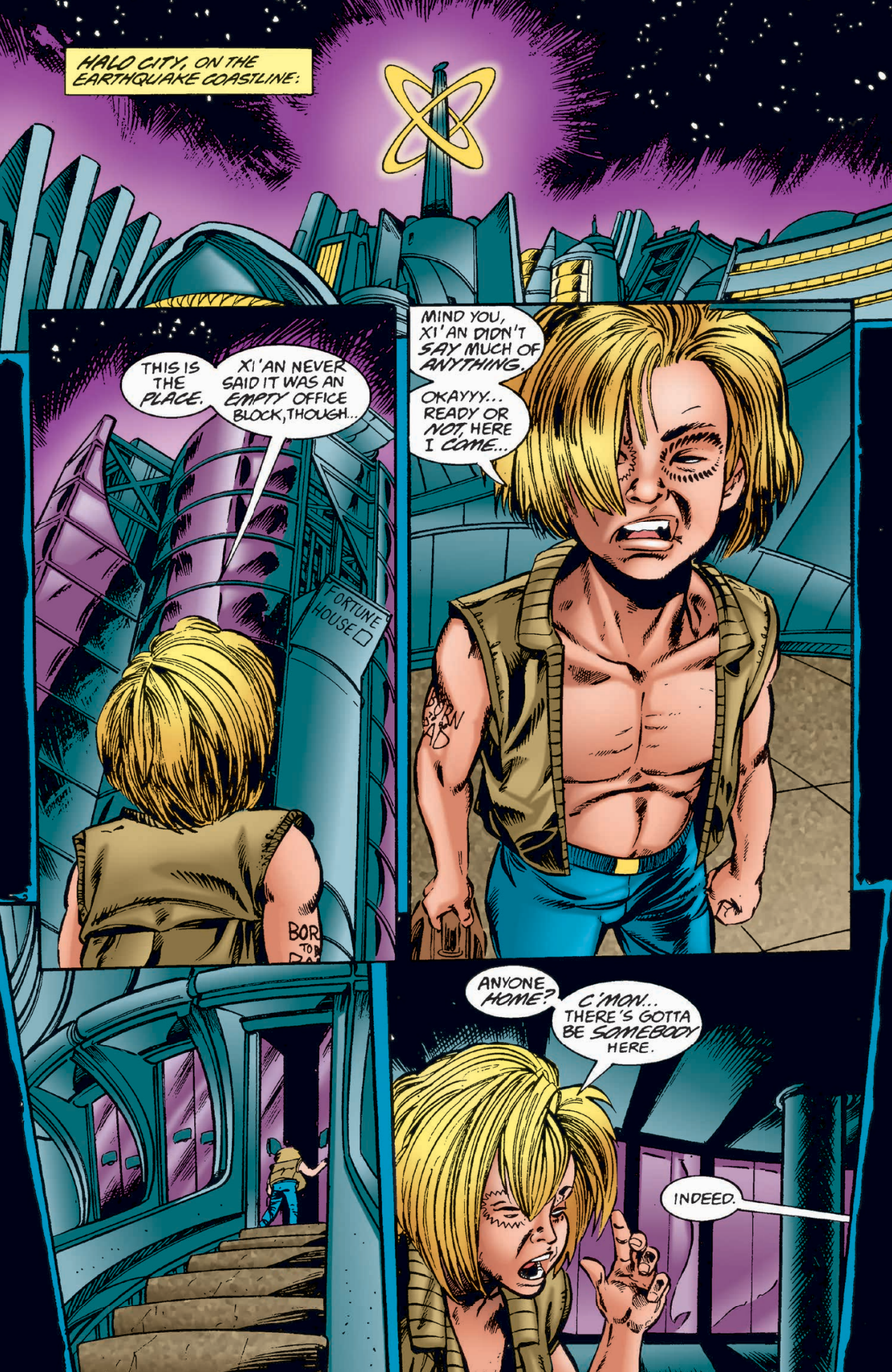
"A man that studieth revenge
keeps his own wounds green."
-Francis Bacon, "Of Revenge"
ASH
SCOTT
95

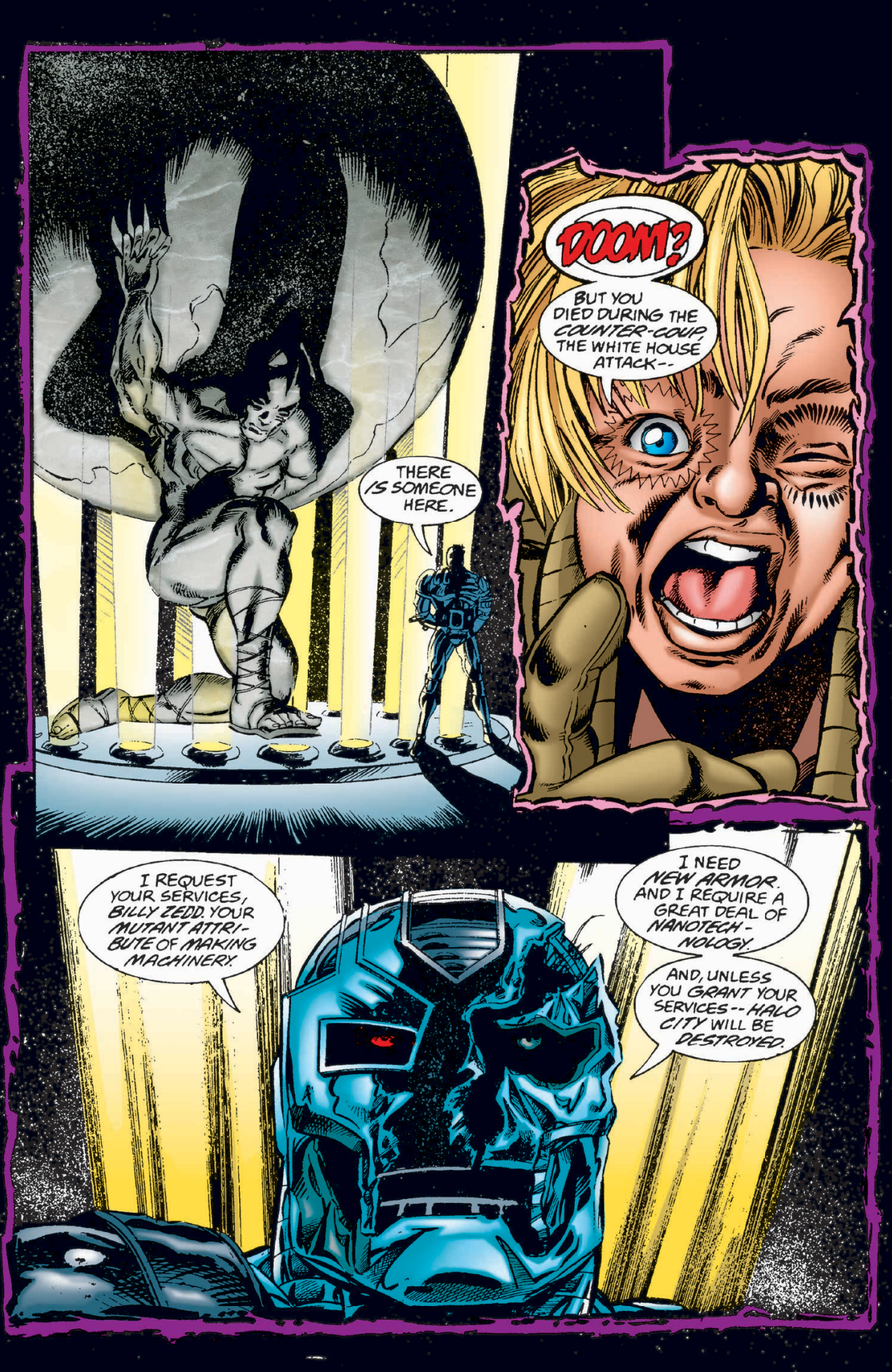
MARVEL
2099
38
FEB
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DOOM 2099
X NATION
ASHLEY WOOD 95
THE DRIVER

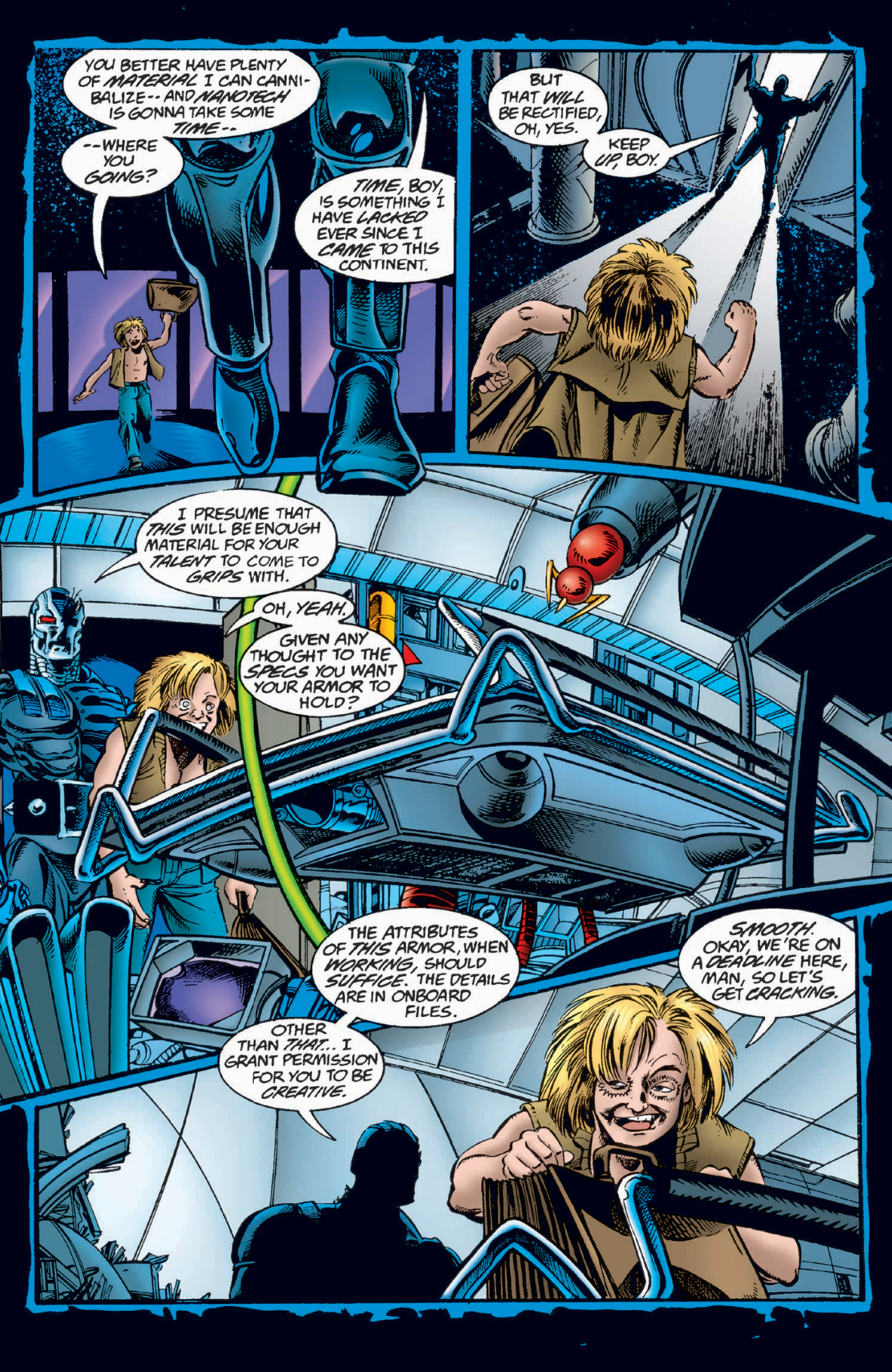
SHOCKRIDING
3/3: EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL
WARREN ELLIS—writer STEVE PUGH—penciler
SCOTT KOBLISH—inker JOHN COSTANZA—letterer
MEGAN McDOWELL—colorist MALIBU—color separations
JOEY CAVALIERI—editor BOBBIE CHASE—chief
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

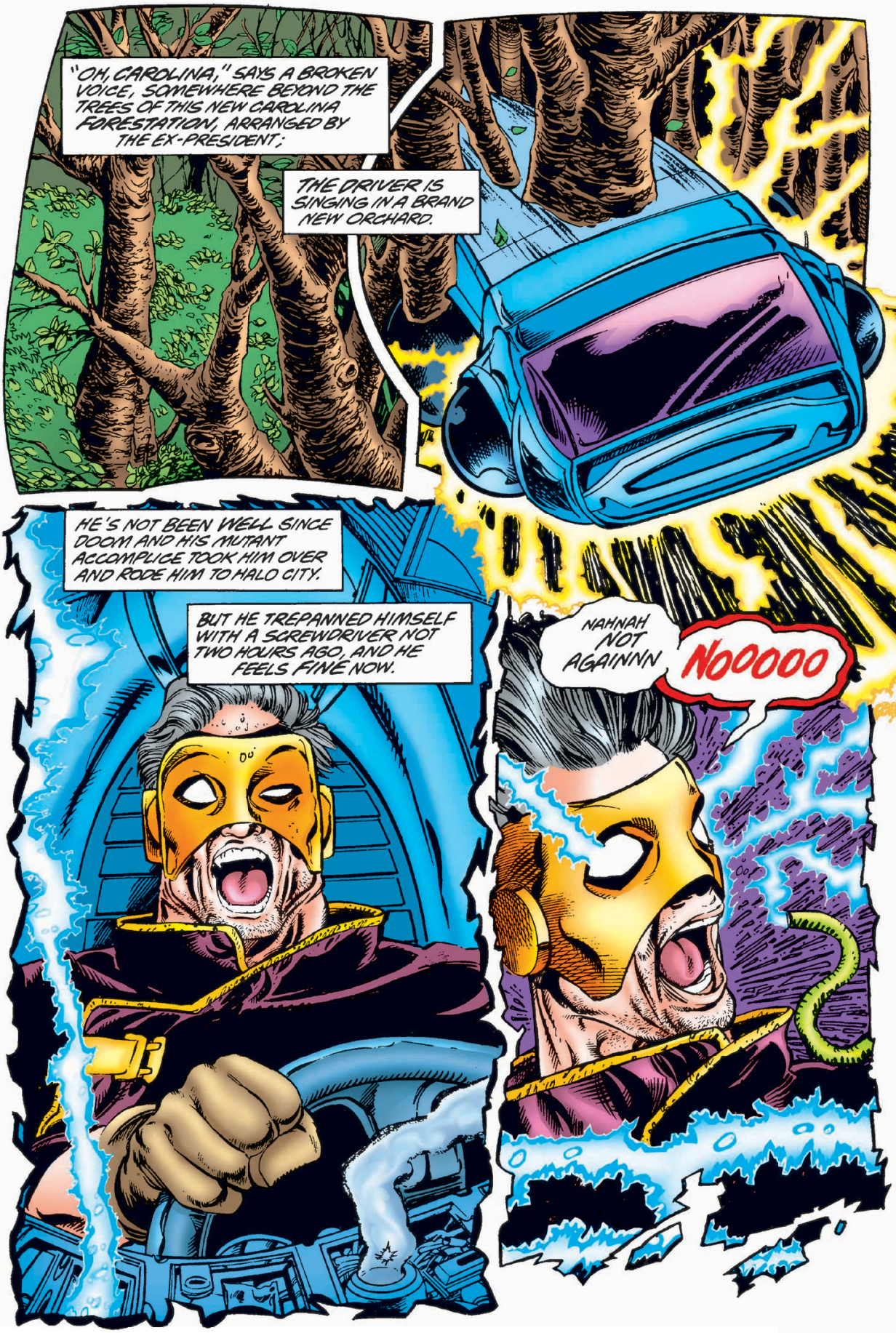
WASHINGTON; UPON THE SITE OF THE WHITE HOUSE, THE RED HOUSE...
...AND, WITHIN ITS OVAL OFFICE, THE PRESIDENT.
SO THIS GRAVE-ROBBER CREATES ZOMBIES?
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SENDING A STRIKE-FORCE INTO HALO CITY TO GRAB SOME VOODOO GUY, HEROD.
YOU'RE KIDDING ME.
I COULD GENERATE A WORKFORCE FROM THAT VOODOO GUY THAT'D NEVER NEED TO EAT OR SLEEP.
HIGH PROFIT, PRESIDENT ROGERS. COULD SLICE TWO YEARS OFF MY FIVE-YEAR PLAN.
AND, THAT REPTILE MORPHINE SOMERS IS SO DESPERATE TO PURCHASE IMMUNITY FROM PROSECUTION--
--THAT HE INTENDS TO HAND ME THE X-MEN TOO.
BLESS HIS SCALES.
CONTAINS: RAW ANIMAL BITS

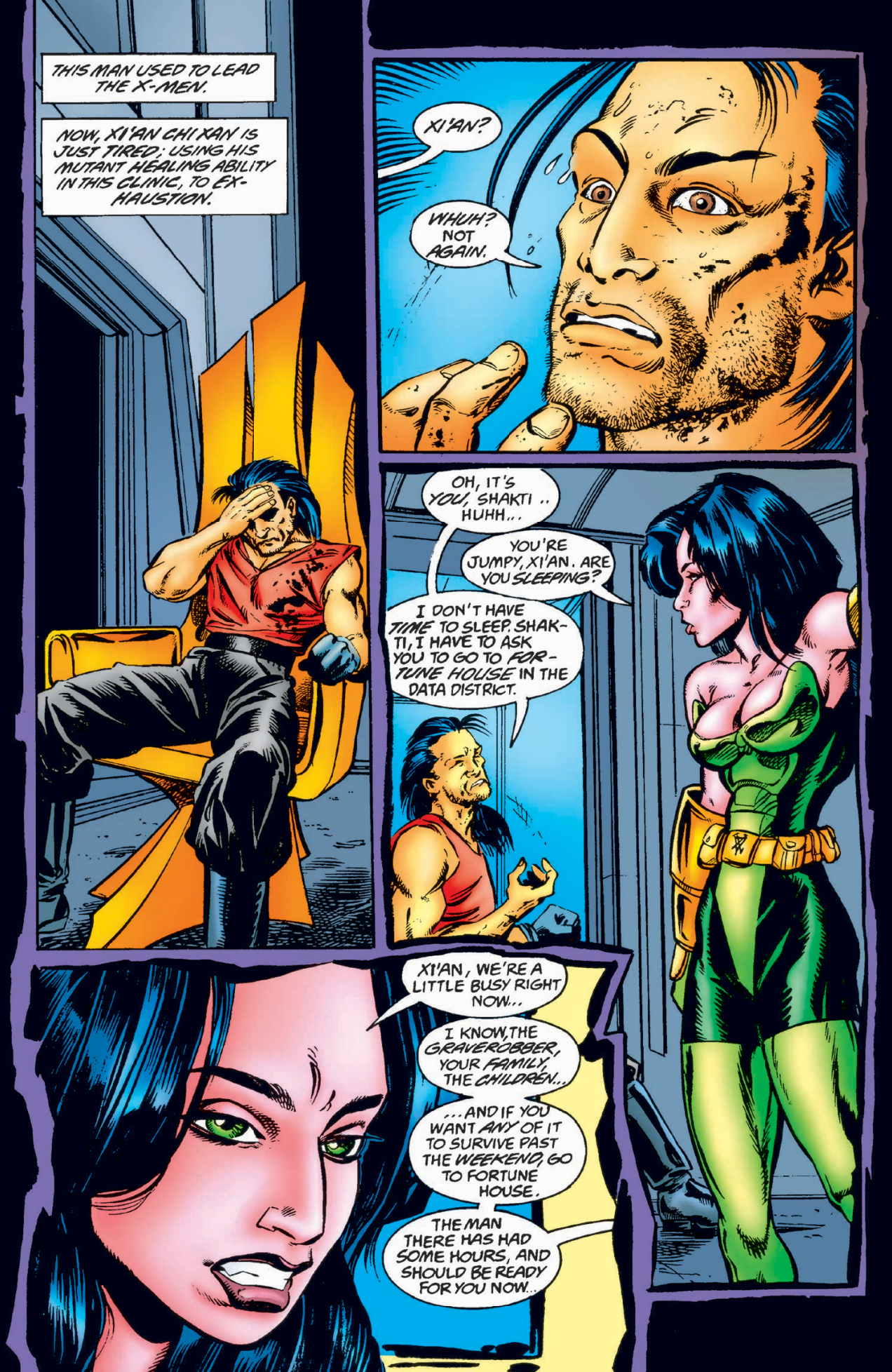

I BEGIN TO EQUATE THIS DOOM THING WITH THE ELVIS SIGHTINGS OF YOUR ERA.
I ASSUME ALL THIS HYSTERIA WAS BORN OF THE RAVINGS OF A DYING COP. NO MORE. NO ONE ELSE SAW HIM.
URP
WHAT ABOUT DOOM? I READ OVER SOME OF THE SHIELD REPORTS...
SNORT
HEESO HE'S DEAD, THEN. VAPORIZEDHEE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WHITEHEEHOUSE.
TIME TO HEEGET TO BUSINESS -- COMPLETE THE HEEEXTERMINATION OF THE SUPER HEROES --
--RUN THE HEE-MUTANTS INTO HEEHALO CITY AND OUTHEE OF THE HEEWAY--
SNORT
ATTABOY.

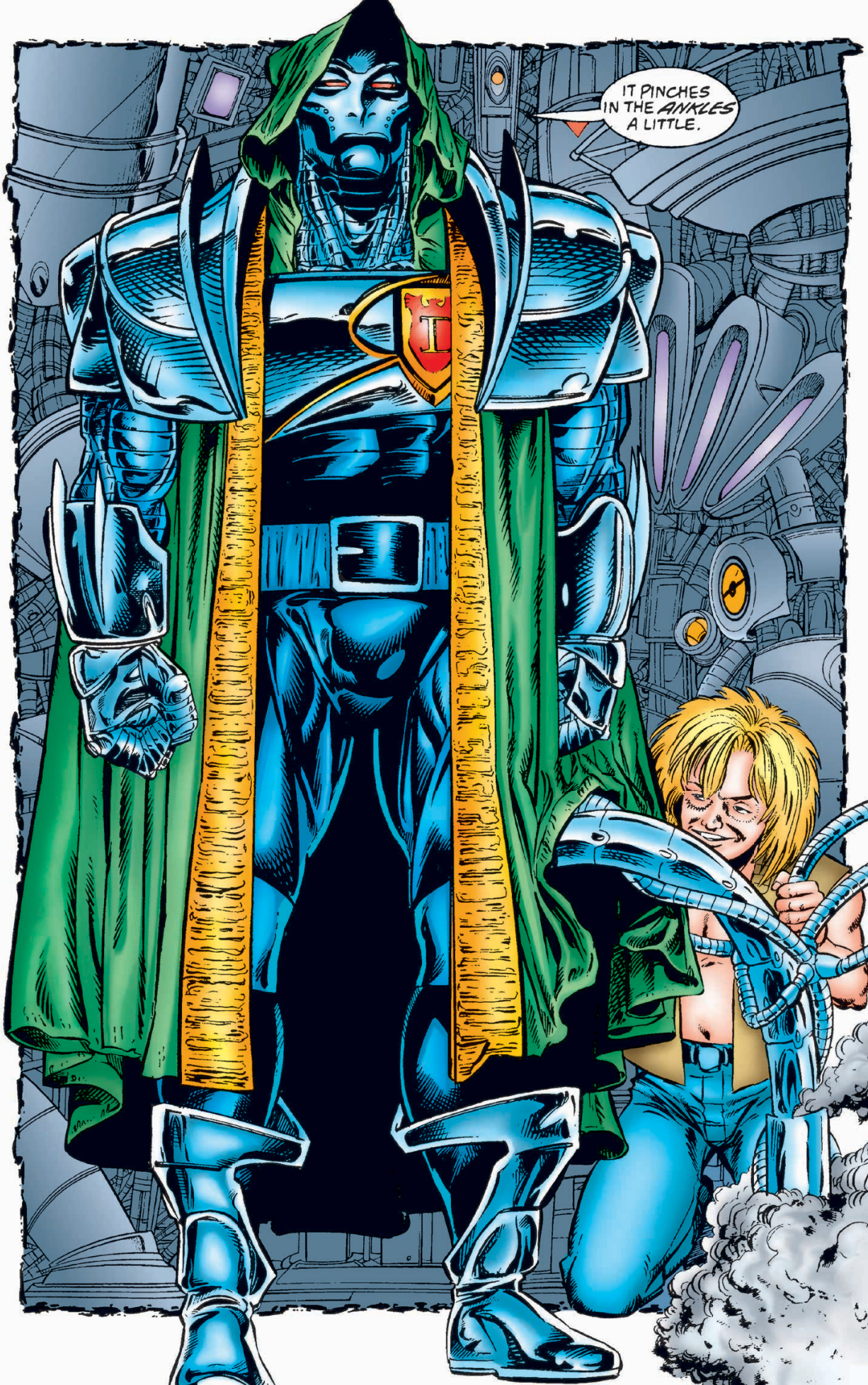

HALO CITY, ON THE EARTHQUAKE COASTLINE:
THIS IS THE PLACE.
XI'AN NEVER SAID IT WAS AN EMPTY OFFICE BLOCK, THOUGH...
FORTUNE HOUSE
MIND YOU, XI'AN DIDN'T SAY MUCH OF ANYTHING.
OKAYYY... READY OR NOT, HERE I COME...
ANYONE HOME?
C'MON... THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY HERE.
INDEED.

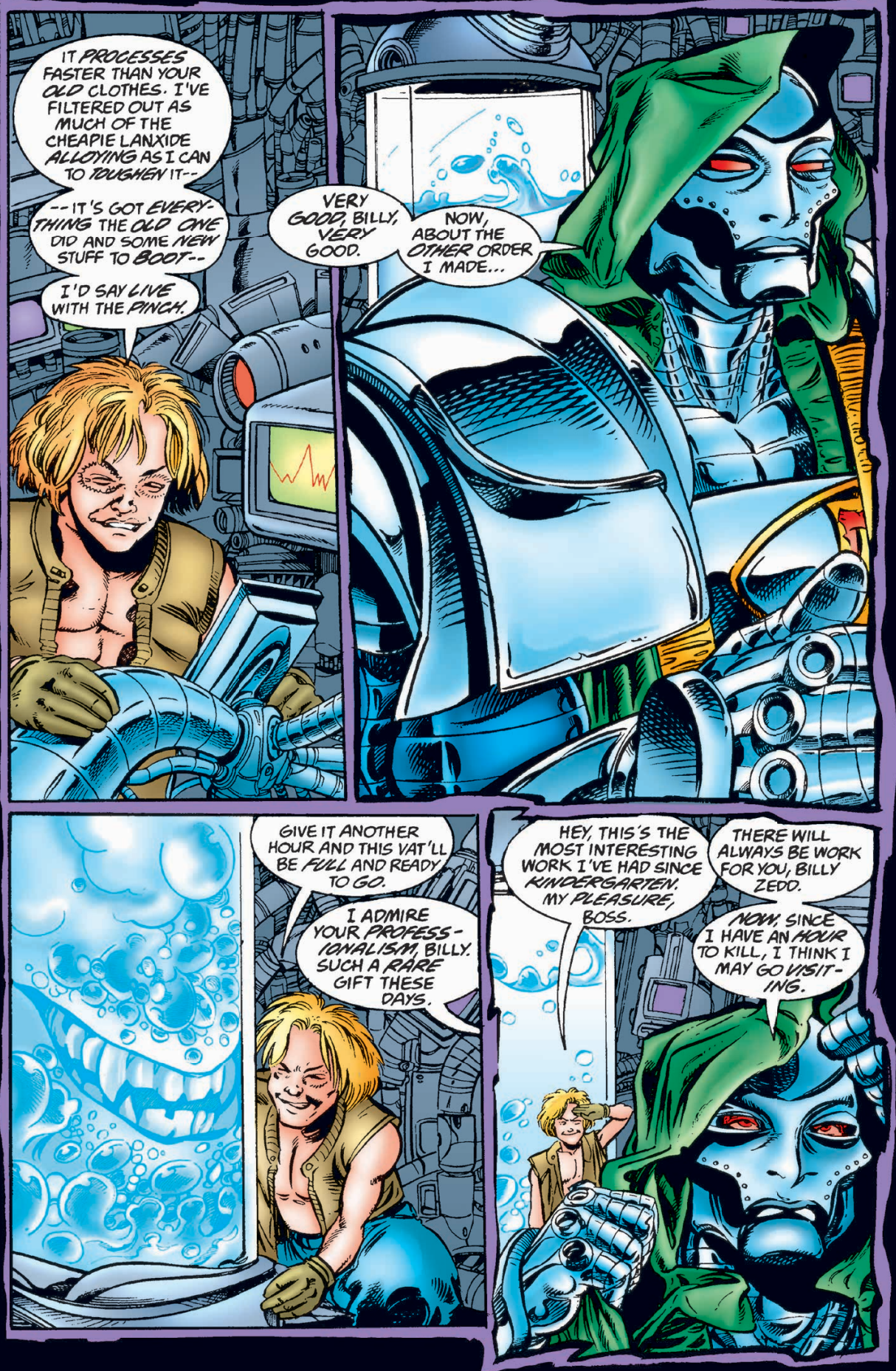

THERE IS SOMEONE HERE.
DOOM?
BUT YOU DIED DURING THE COUNTER-COUP, THE WHITE HOUSE ATTACK--
I REQUEST YOUR SERVICES, BILLY ZEDD. YOUR MUTANT ATTRIBUTE OF MAKING MACHINERY.
I NEED NEW ARMOR. AND I REQUIRE A GREAT DEAL OF NANOTECHNOLOGY.
AND, UNLESS YOU GRANT YOUR SERVICES-- HALO CITY WILL BE DESTROYED.

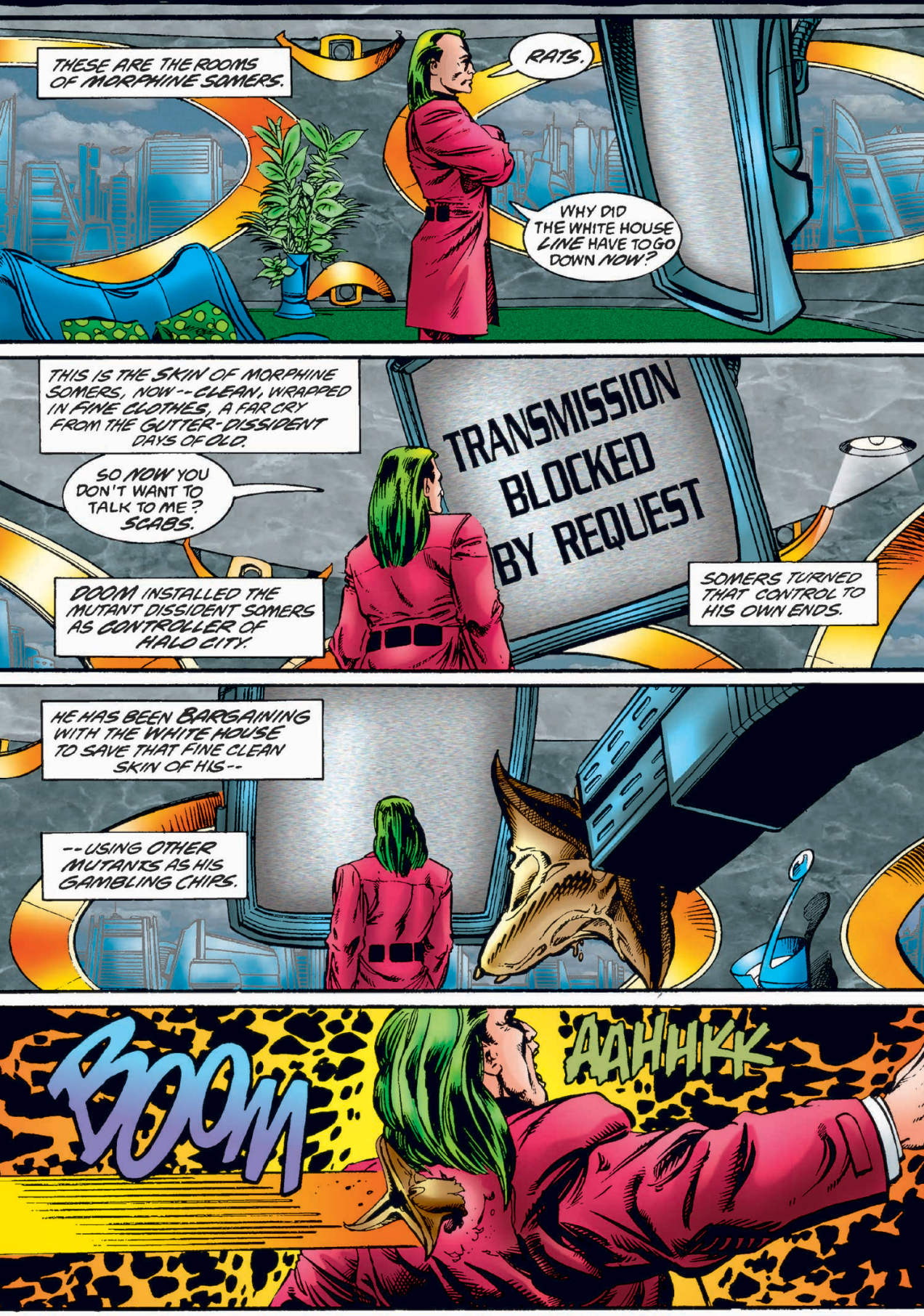

YOU BETTER HAVE PLENTY OF MATERIAL I CAN CANNIBALIZE-- AND NANOTECH IS GONNA TAKE SOME TIME--
--WHERE YOU GOING?
TIME, BOY, IS SOMETHING I HAVE LACKED EVER SINCE I CAME TO THIS CONTINENT.
BUT THAT WILL BE RECTIFIED, OH, YES.
KEEP UP, BOY.
I PRESUME THAT THIS WILL BE ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR YOUR TALENT TO COME TO GRIPS WITH.
OH, YEAH.
GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO THE SPECS YOU WANT YOUR ARMOR TO HOLD?
THE ATTRIBUTES OF THIS ARMOR, WHEN WORKING, SHOULD SUFFICE. THE DETAILS ARE IN ONBOARD FILES.
OTHER THAN THAT.. I GRANT PERMISSION FOR YOU TO BE CREATIVE.
SMOOTH. OKAY, WE'RE ON A DEADLINE HERE, MAN, SO LET'S GET CRACKING.

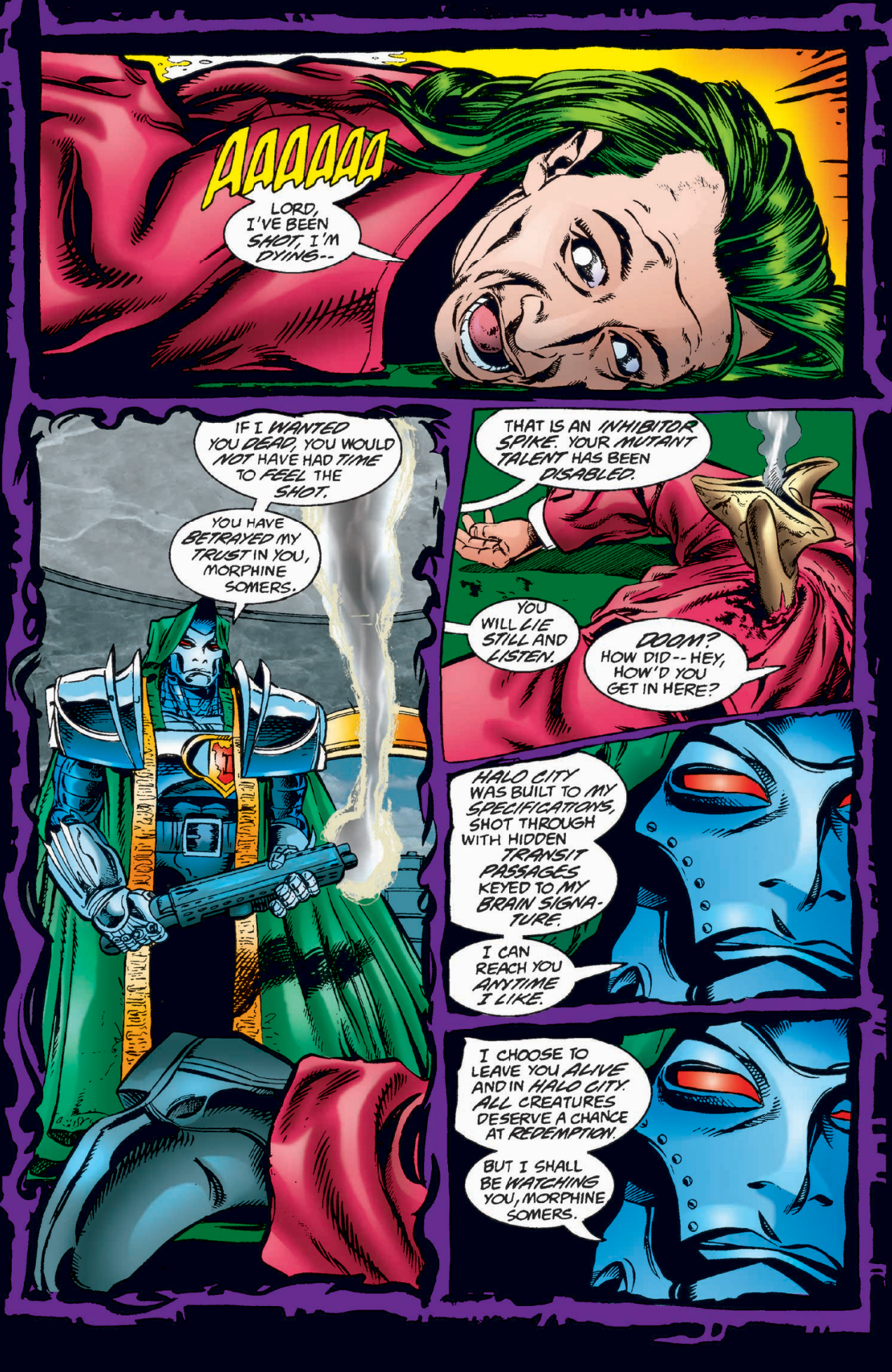

"OH, CAROLINA," SAYS A BROKEN VOICE, SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE TREES OF THIS NEW CAROLINA FORESTATION, ARRANGED BY THE EX-PRESIDENT;
THE DRIVER IS SINGING IN A BRAND NEW ORCHARD.
HE'S NOT BEEN WELL SINCE DOOM AND HIS MUTANT ACCOMPLICE TOOK HIM OVER AND RODE HIM TO HALO CITY.
BUT HE TREPANNED HIMSELF WITH A SCREWDRIVER NOT TWO HOURS AGO, AND HE FEELS FINE NOW.
NAHNAH NOT AGAINNN
NOOOOO

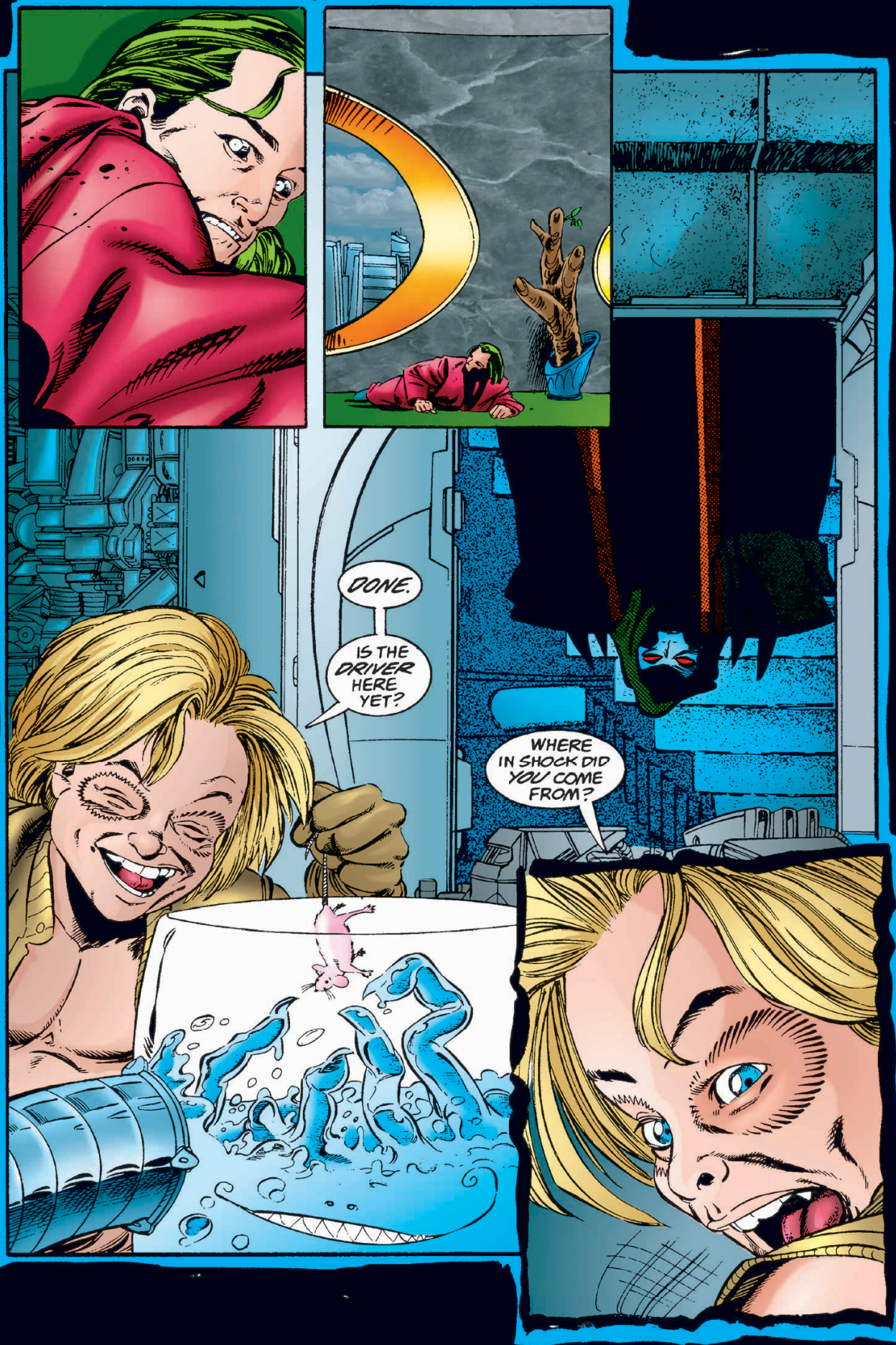

THIS MAN USED TO LEAD THE X-MEN.
NOW, XI'AN CHI XAN IS JUST TIRED; USING HIS MUTANT HEALING ABILITY IN THIS CLINIC, TO EXHAUSTION.
XI'AN?
WHUH? NOT AGAIN.
OH, IT'S YOU, SHAKTI .. HUHH...
YOU'RE JUMPY, XI'AN. ARE YOU SLEEPING?
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO SLEEP. SHAKTI, I HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GO TO FORTUNE HOUSE IN THE DATA DISTRICT.
XI'AN, WE'RE A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW...
I KNOW, THE GRAVEROBBER, YOUR FAMILY, THE CHILDREN...
...AND IF YOU WANT ANY OF IT TO SURVIVE PAST THE WEEKEND, GO TO FORTUNE HOUSE.
THE MAN THERE HAS HAD SOME HOURS, AND SHOULD BE READY FOR YOU NOW...


IT PINCHES IN THE ANKLES A LITTLE.


IT PROCESSES FASTER THAN YOUR OLD CLOTHES. I'VE FILTERED OUT AS MUCH OF THE CHEAPIE LANXIDE ALLOYING AS I CAN TO TOUGHEN IT--
--IT'S GOT EVERY-THING THE OLD ONE DID AND SOME NEW STUFF TO BOOT--
I'D SAY LIVE WITH THE PINCH.
VERY GOOD, BILLY, VERY GOOD.
NOW, ABOUT THE OTHER ORDER I MADE...
GIVE IT ANOTHER HOUR AND THIS VAT'LL BE FULL AND READY TO GO.
I ADMIRE YOUR PROFESS-IONALISM, BILLY. SUCH A RARE GIFT THESE DAYS.
HEY, THIS'S THE MOST INTERESTING WORK I'VE HAD SINCE KINDERGARTEN. MY PLEASURE, BOSS.
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WORK FOR YOU, BILLY ZEDD.
NOW, SINCE I HAVE AN HOUR TO KILL, I THINK I MAY GO VISIT-ING.

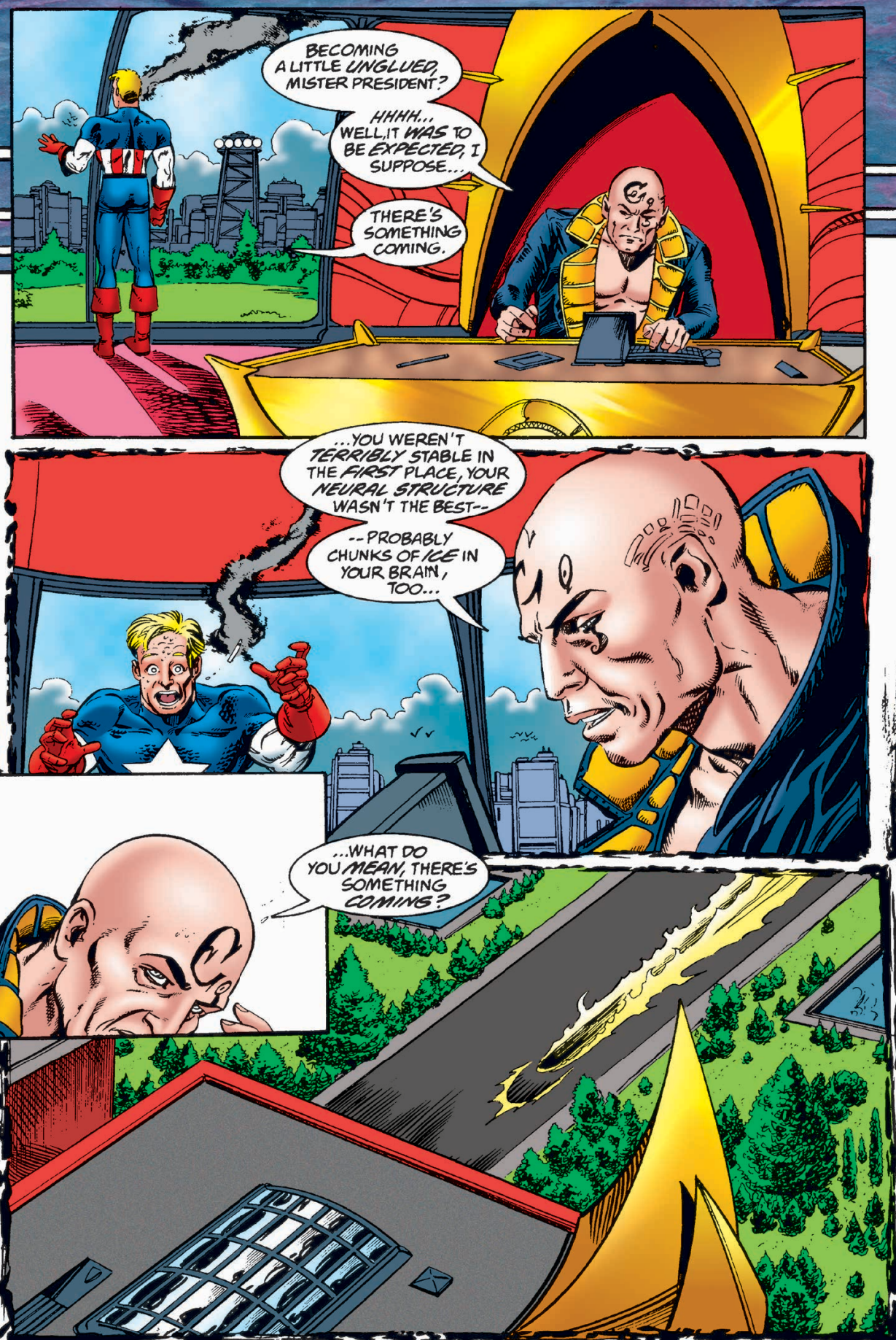

THESE ARE THE ROOMS OF MORPHINE SOMERS.
RATS.
WHY DID THE WHITE HOUSE LINE HAVE TO GO DOWN NOW?
THIS IS THE SKIN OF MORPHINE SOMERS, NOW--CLEAN, WRAPPED IN FINE CLOTHES, A FAR CRY FROM THE GUTTER-DISSIDENT DAYS OF OLD.
SO NOW YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO ME? SCABS.
TRANSMISSION BLOCKED BY REQUEST
DOOM INSTALLED THE MUTANT DISSIDENT SOMERS AS CONTROLLER OF HALO CITY.
SOMERS TURNED THAT CONTROL TO HIS OWN ENDS.
HE HAS BEEN BARGAINING WITH THE WHITE HOUSE TO SAVE THAT FINE CLEAN SKIN OF HIS--
--USING OTHER MUTANTS AS HIS GAMBLING CHIPS.
BOOM
AAHHKK

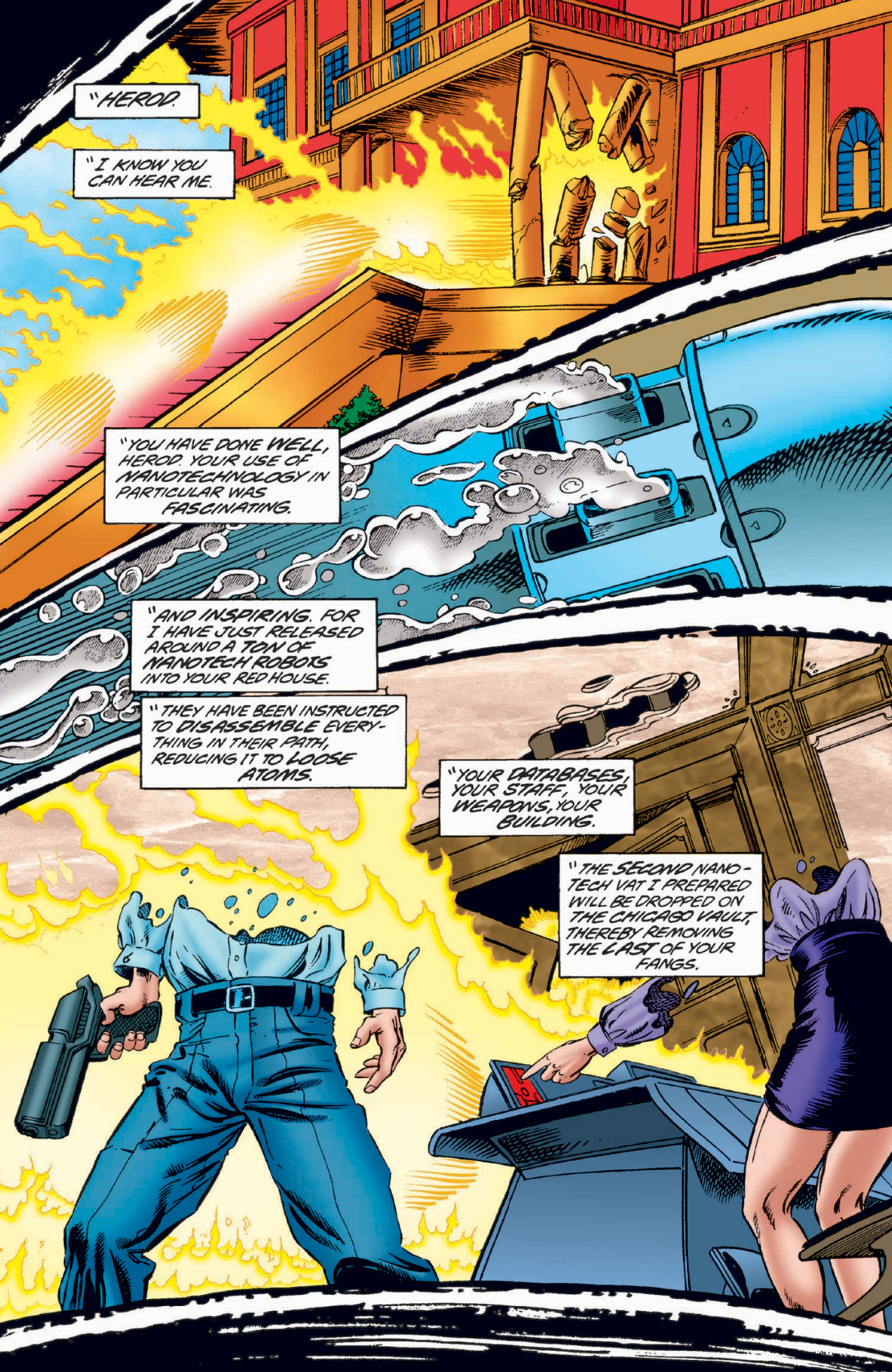

AAAAAA
LORD, I'VE BEEN SHOT, I'M DYING--
IF I WANTED YOU DEAD, YOU WOULD NOT HAVE HAD TIME TO FEEL THE SHOT.
YOU HAVE BETRAYED MY TRUST IN YOU, MORPHINE SOMERS.
THAT IS AN INHIBITOR SPIKE. YOUR MUTANT TALENT HAS BEEN DISABLED.
YOU WILL LIE STILL AND LISTEN.
DOOM? HOW DID -- HEY, HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?
HALO CITY WAS BUILT TO MY SPECIFICATIONS, SHOT THROUGH WITH HIDDEN TRANSIT PASSAGES KEYED TO MY BRAIN SIGNATURE.
I CAN REACH YOU ANYTIME I LIKE.
I CHOOSE TO LEAVE YOU ALIVE AND IN HALO CITY. ALL CREATURES DESERVE A CHANCE AT REDEMPTION.
BUT I SHALL BE WATCHING YOU, MORPHINE SOMERS.


DONE.
IS THE DRIVER HERE YET?
WHERE IN SHOCK DID YOU COME FROM?

PERHAPS I SHALL TELL YOU, BEFORE I DEPART; IS HE HERE?
TURNED UP IN THE BASEMENT A FEW MINUTES AGO. HOW'D YOU DO IT?
I HAD DEVICES FOR THIS PURPOSE LOCATED IN HALO CITY BY THE BUILDERS. IF ONLY I'D INTERPOLATED IT INTO MY ARMOR...
LEMME AT IT-- I CAN DO THAT--
PERHAPS ANOTHER TIME, BILLY.
FOR NOW, ATTACH FLOATERS TO THE VATS-- WE NEED TO LOAD THEM AND THEIR DELIVERY SYSTEM ONTO THE NITROBURN.
FAST WORK, BILLY. I'M IMPRESSED.
DRIVER-- BE ABOUT YOUR APPOINTED TASKS.
PANT- PANT-- WOULDN'T WANTCHA-- PANT- TO GETCHA ARMOR ALL DIRTY- PANT-
GET YOU I'LL GET YOU YOU SCAB YOU PUSLICKER YOU.

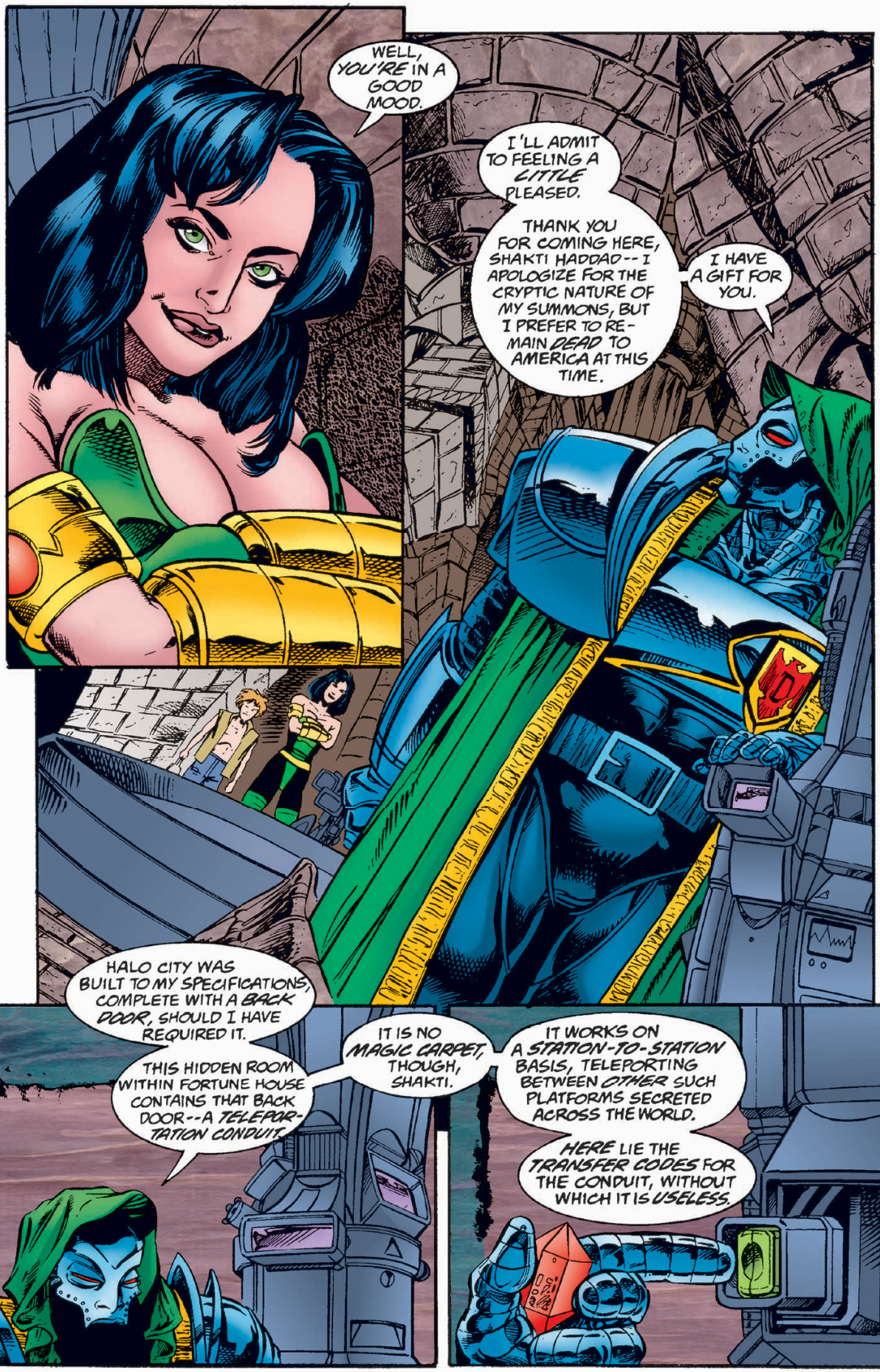
ALL UTTERLY TERRIFYING, I'M SURE.
MOVE.
"BORED."
"BOREDBORED BOREDBORED BORED.
"I'M BORED, HEROD.
"WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LET ME DO SOMETHING, HUH? HUH?"


BECOMING A LITTLE UNGLUED, MISTER PRESIDENT?
HHHH... WELL, IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED, I SUPPOSE...
THERE'S SOMETHING COMING.
...YOU WEREN'T TERRIBLY STABLE IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOUR NEURAL STRUCTURE WASN'T THE BEST--
--PROBABLY CHUNKS OF ICE IN YOUR BRAIN, TOO...
...WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THERE'S SOMETHING COMING?

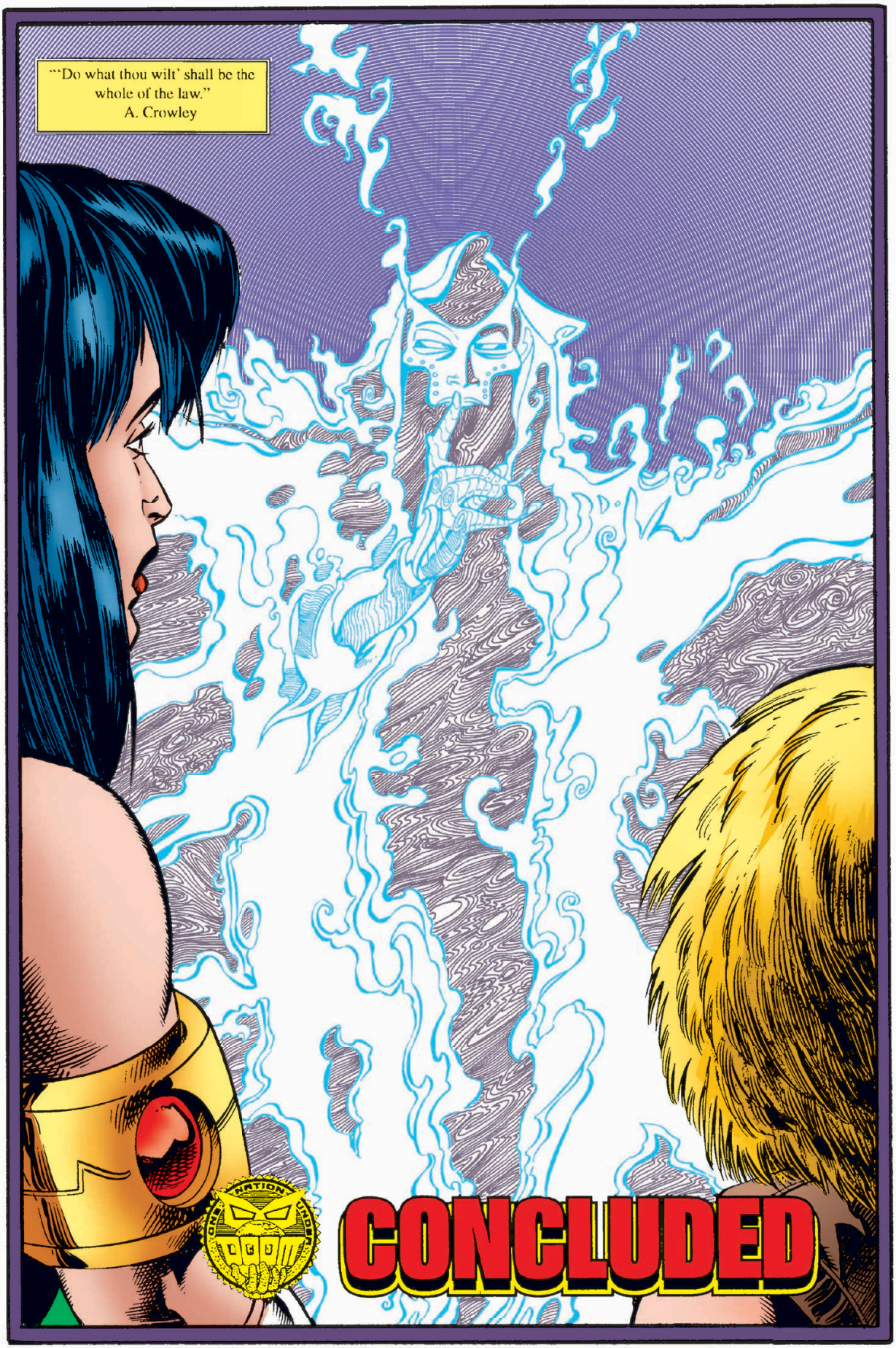

"HEROD.
"I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME.
"YOU HAVE DONE WELL, HEROD. YOUR USE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY IN PARTICULAR WAS FASCINATING.
"AND INSPIRING. FOR I HAVE JUST RELEASED AROUND A TON OF NANOTECH ROBOTS INTO YOUR RED HOUSE.
"THEY HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO DISASSEMBLE EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH, REDUCING IT TO LOOSE ATOMS.
"YOUR DATABASES, YOUR STAFF, YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR BUILDING.
"THE SECOND NANOTECH VAT I PREPARED WILL BE DROPPED ON THE CHICAGO VAULT, THEREBY REMOVING THE LAST OF YOUR FANGS.

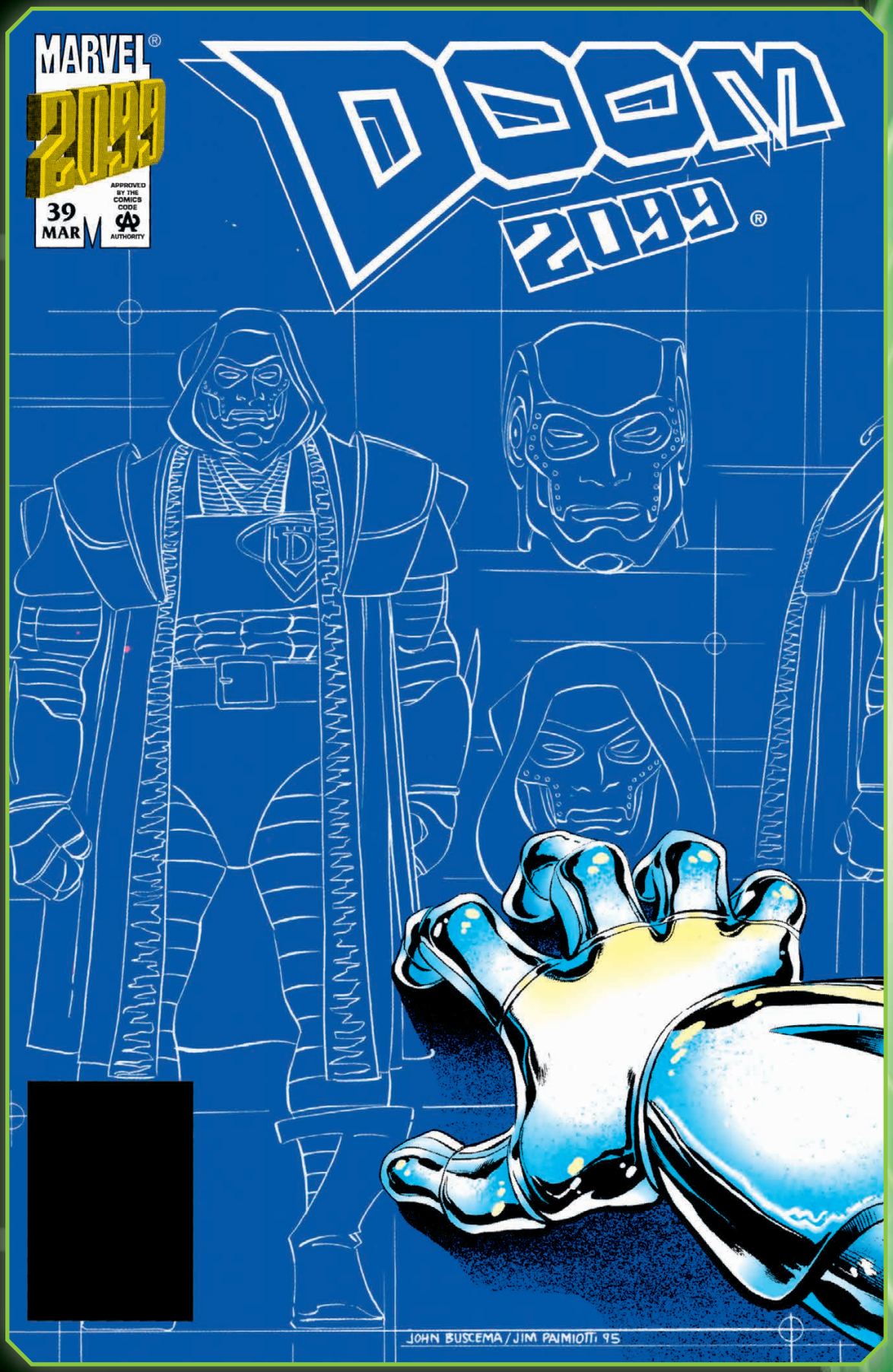
"YOUR RED HOUSE IS TURNING TO DUST AND AIR, HEROD."
I AM PARTICULARLY PLEASED WITH THE TWO SUBDIVISIONS OF NANOTECH ROBOTS INCLUDED IN THIS DELIVERY--
--ONE TO GENERATE A TEMPORARY DISPLAY SCREEN, SO WE COULD CHAT--
--AND ONE TO BOND INTO YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE AND CHEW INTO YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM, LEAVING YOU IN CONSTANT PAIN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
YOU WILL NEVER FORGET ME AGAIN, HEROD.

YOU, I CHOOSE TO LEAVE ALIVE. IT IS CRUELER.
OH, YOU WILL DOUBTLESS BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE PAIN FOR SHORT PERIODS... BUT YOU WILL ALWAYS KNOW IT IS THERE, WAITING.
AS AM I.


WELL, YOU'RE IN A GOOD MOOD.
I'LL ADMIT TO FEELING A LITTLE PLEASED.
THANK YOU FOR COMING HERE, SHAKTI HADDAD -- I APOLOGIZE FOR THE CRYPTIC NATURE OF MY SUMMONS, BUT I PREFER TO REMAIN DEAD TO AMERICA AT THIS TIME.
I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU.
HALO CITY WAS BUILT TO MY SPECIFICATIONS, COMPLETE WITH A BACK DOOR, SHOULD I HAVE REQUIRED IT.
THIS HIDDEN ROOM WITHIN FORTUNE HOUSE CONTAINS THAT BACK DOOR -- A TELEPORTATION CONDUIT.
IT IS NO MAGIC CARPET, THOUGH, SHAKTI.
IT WORKS ON A STATION-TO-STATION BASIS, TELEPORTING BETWEEN OTHER SUCH PLATFORMS SECRETED ACROSS THE WORLD.
HERE LIE THE TRANSFER CODES FOR THE CONDUIT, WITHOUT WHICH IT IS USELESS.

YOU ARE BY FAR THE WISEST OF THE X-MEN, SHAKTI.
THE YOUNG MUTANTS THAT THIS CITY IS CALLING X-NATION ARE PLACED IN YOUR CARE.
AND SO ARE THESE TRANSFER CODES.
THE CHILDREN ARE MORE THAN YOU KNOW.
THESE ARE CODES-- THESE ARE OUR SECRETS, SHAKTI. KEEP THEM WELL.
NOW I MUST DEPART THIS POISONED COUNTRY. BE SAFE, BOTH OF YOU.
WHERE'RE YOU GOING TO?

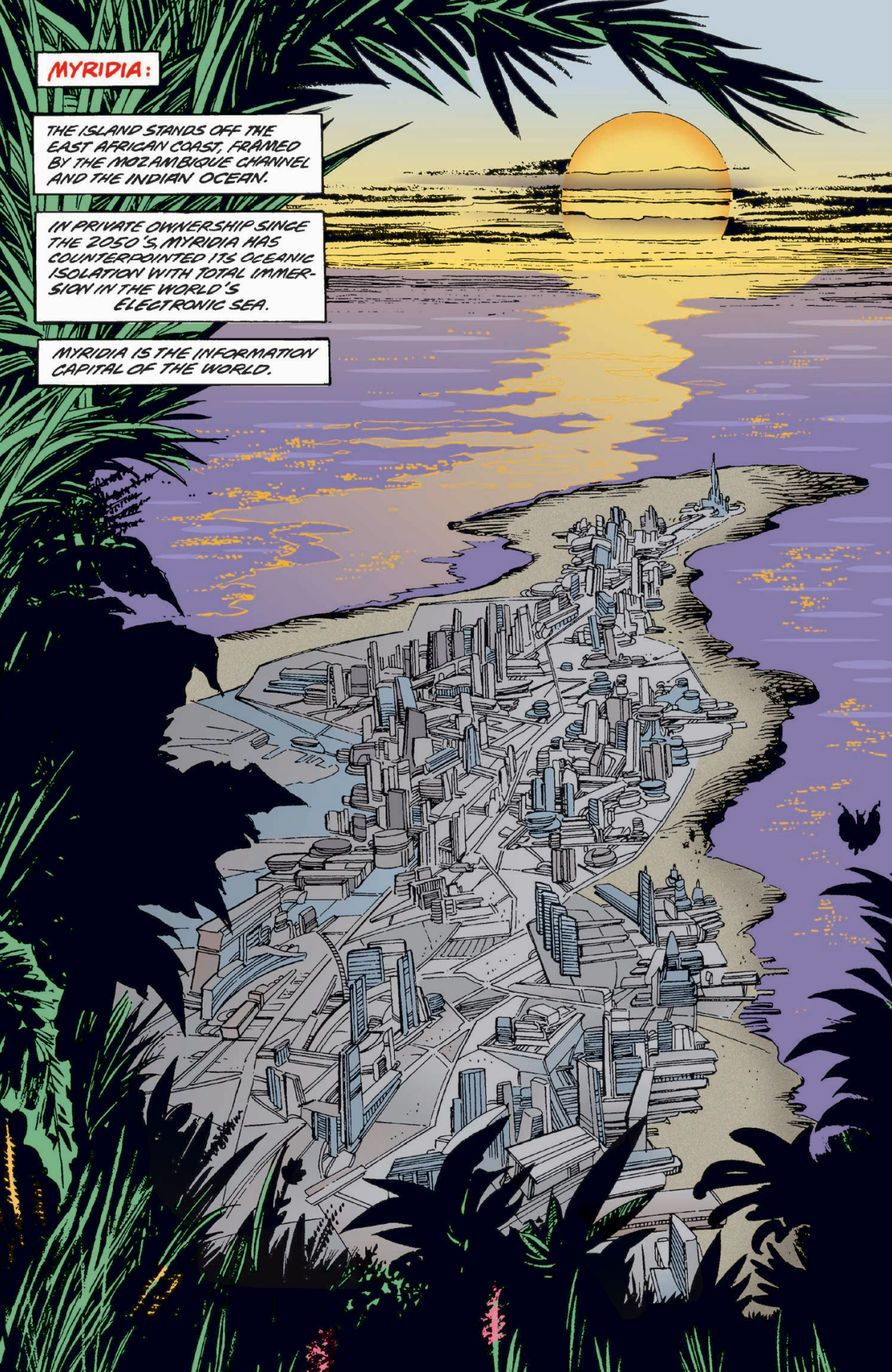

"'Do what thou wilt' shall be the whole of the law."
A. Crowley
CONCLUDED


MARVEL
2099
39
MAR
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DOOM 2099
JOHN BUSCEMA / JIM PALMIOTTI 95

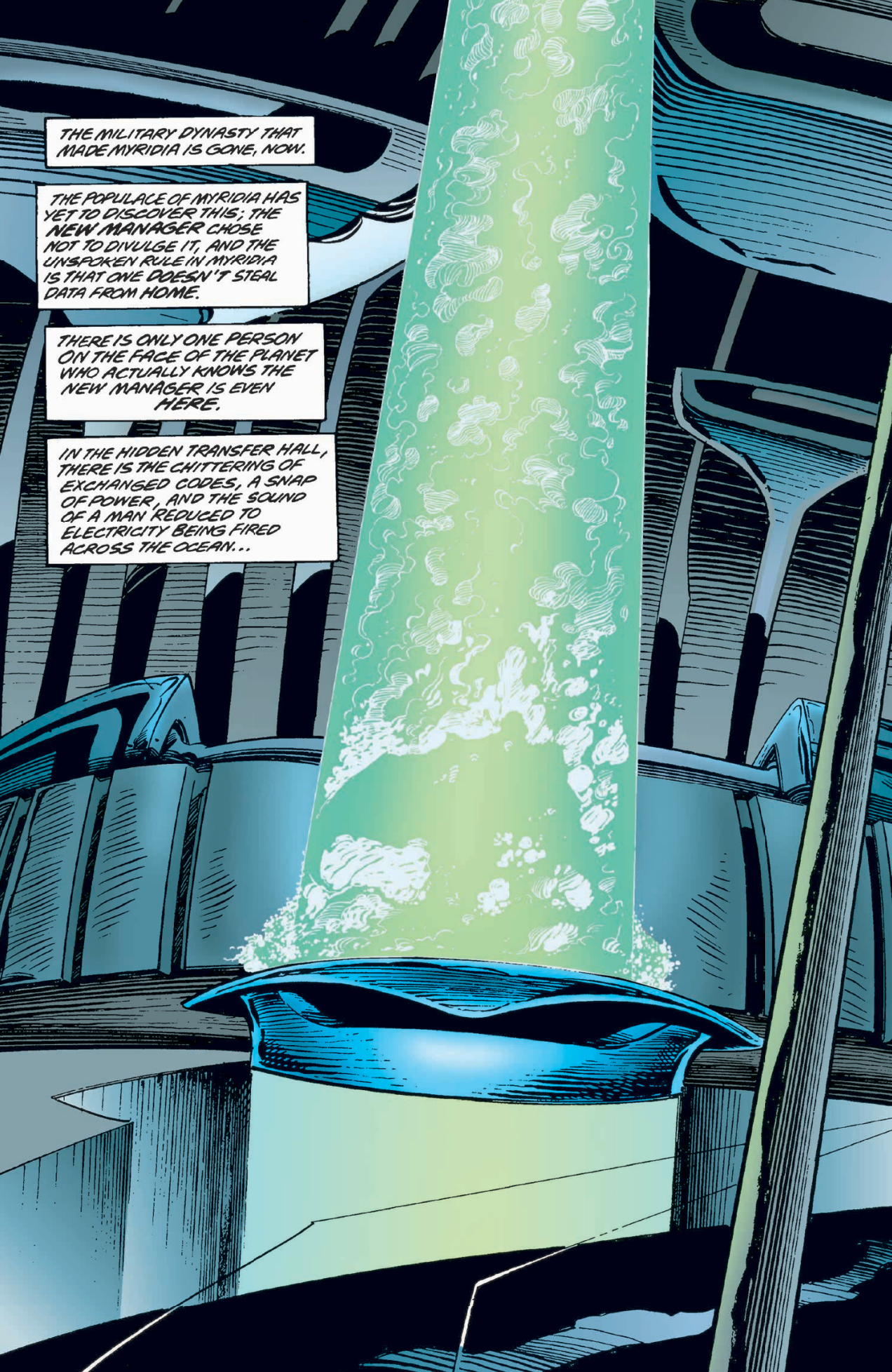
MAY the CIRCLE be UNBROKEN

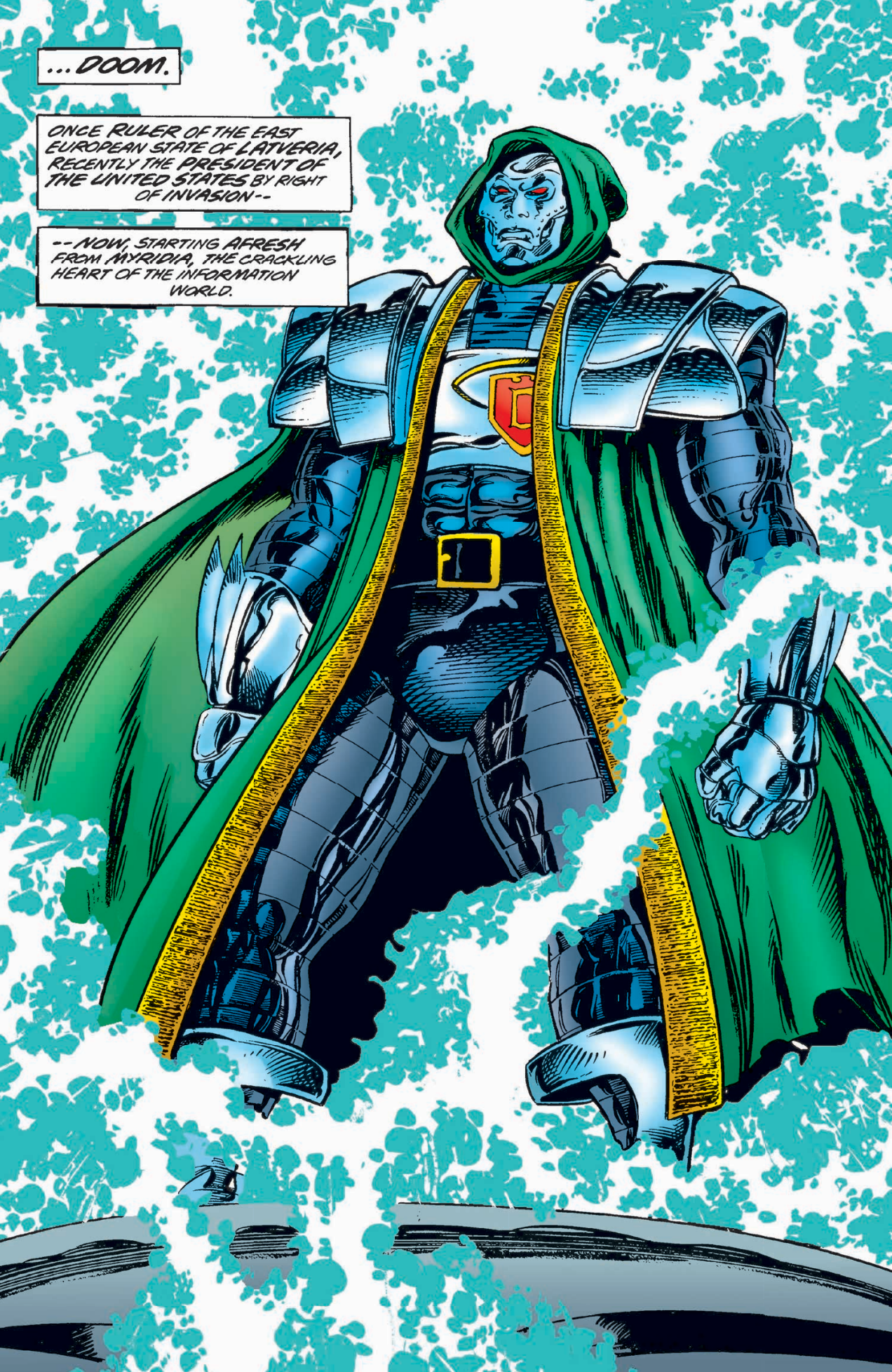
A STAN LEE presentation

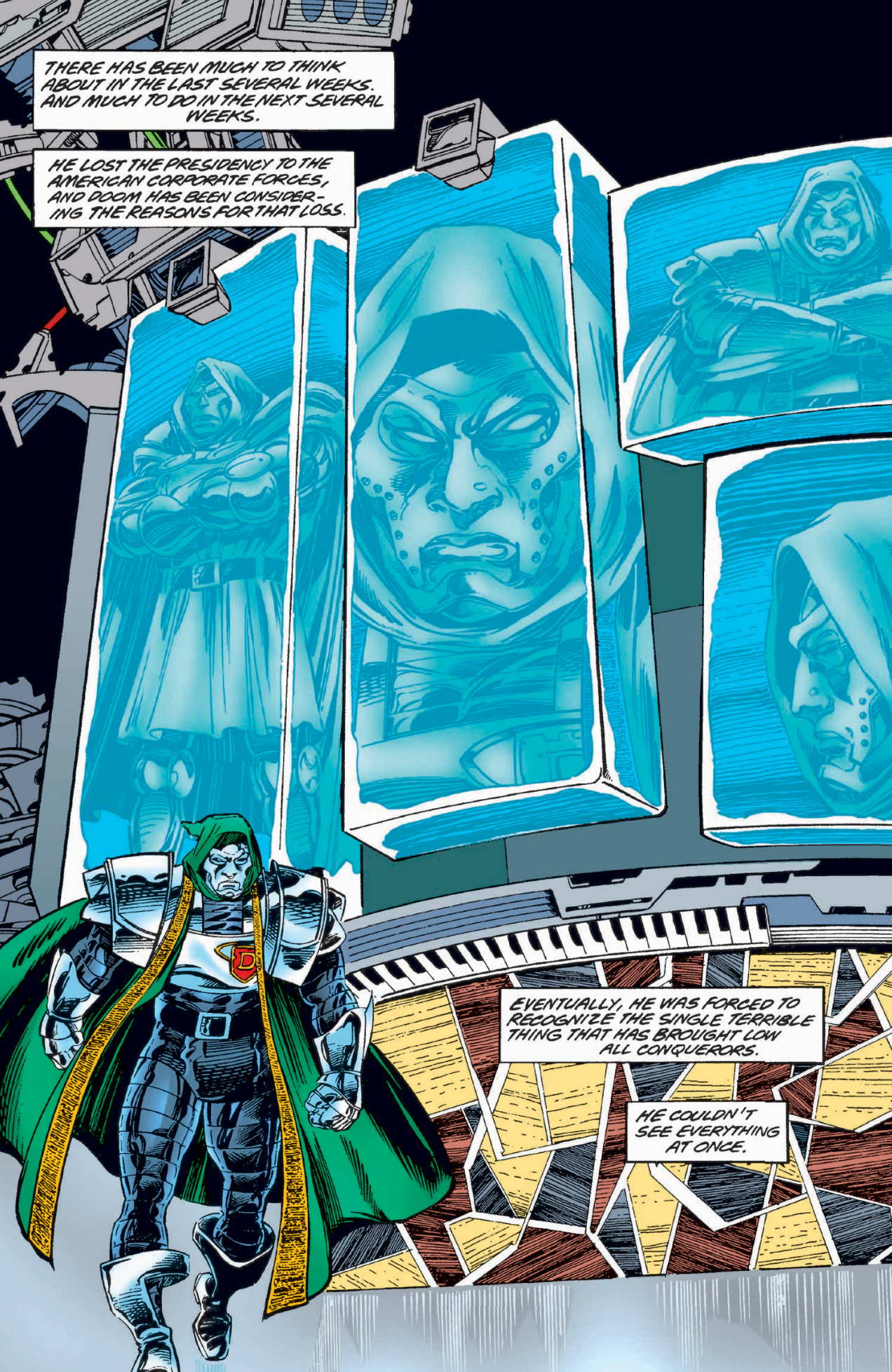
WARREN ELLIS-writer JOHN BUSCEMA-penciler SCOTT KOBLISH-inker JOHN COSTANZA- letterer
MEGAN McDOWELL-colorist MALIBU-computer separations JOEY CAVALIERI-editor BOBBIE CHASE-chief


MYRIDIA:
THE ISLAND STANDS OFF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST, FRAMED BY THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL AND THE INDIAN OCEAN.
IN PRIVATE OWNERSHIP SINCE THE 2050'S, MYRIDIA HAS COUNTERPOINTED ITS OCEANIC ISOLATION WITH TOTAL IMMERSION IN THE WORLD'S ELECTRONIC SEA.
MYRIDIA IS THE INFORMATION CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

AT FIRST, THE ISLAND NATION'S RULERS AND POPULACE GATHERED INFORMATION AS A WEAPON AGAINST THE WORLD -- SOMETHING WHICH THEY COULD BOTH TRADE IN AND DEFEND WITH.
HERE AT THE END OF THE CENTURY, WHERE IMPERIALISM IS SOMEWHAT REDUCED, MYRIDIA GATHERS DATA FOR ITS OWN SAKE.
THEY HAVE SPIES AND TAPS AND NEWSFEEDS AND SOURCES AND, YES, EVEN THIEVES RIGHT ACROSS THE WHOLE WIRED WORLD.
THEY ARE THE INFORMATION-RICH -- AND THEY REVEL IN IT.


THE MILITARY DYNASTY THAT MADE MYRIDIA IS GONE, NOW.
THE POPULACE OF MYRIDIA HAS YET TO DISCOVER THIS; THE NEW MANAGER CHOSE NOT TO DIVULGE IT, AND THE UNSPOKEN RULE IN MYRIDIA IS THAT ONE DOESN'T STEAL DATA FROM HOME.
THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET WHO ACTUALLY KNOWS THE NEW MANAGER IS EVEN HERE.
IN THE HIDDEN TRANSFER HALL, THERE IS THE CHITTERING OF EXCHANGED CODES, A SNAP OF POWER, AND THE SOUND OF A MAN REDUCED TO ELECTRICITY BEING FIRED ACROSS THE OCEAN...

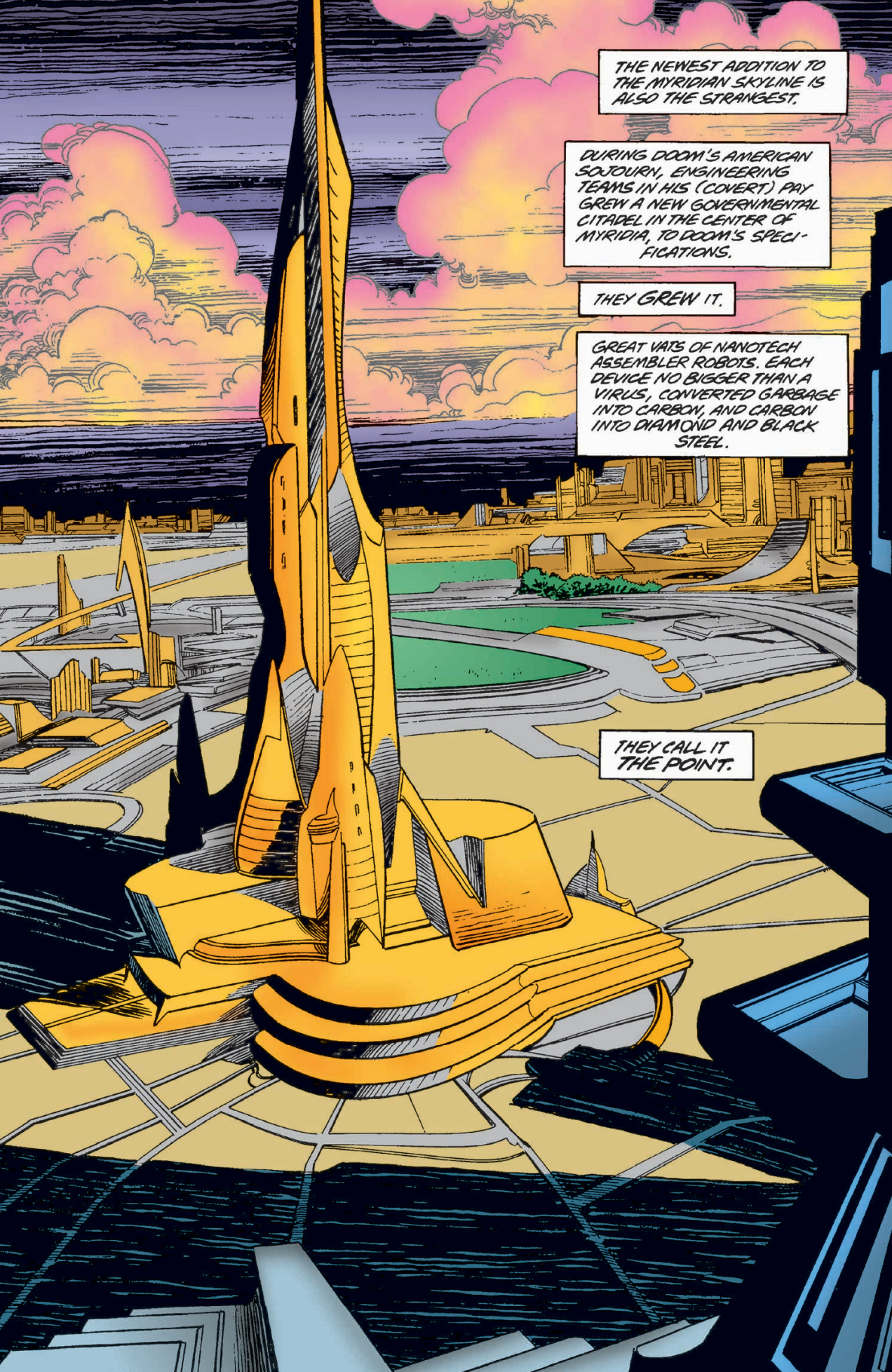

...DOOM.
ONCE RULER OF THE EAST EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA, RECENTLY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY RIGHT OF INVASION--
--NOW, STARTING AFRESH FROM MYRIDIA, THE CRACKLING HEART OF THE INFORMATION WORLD.

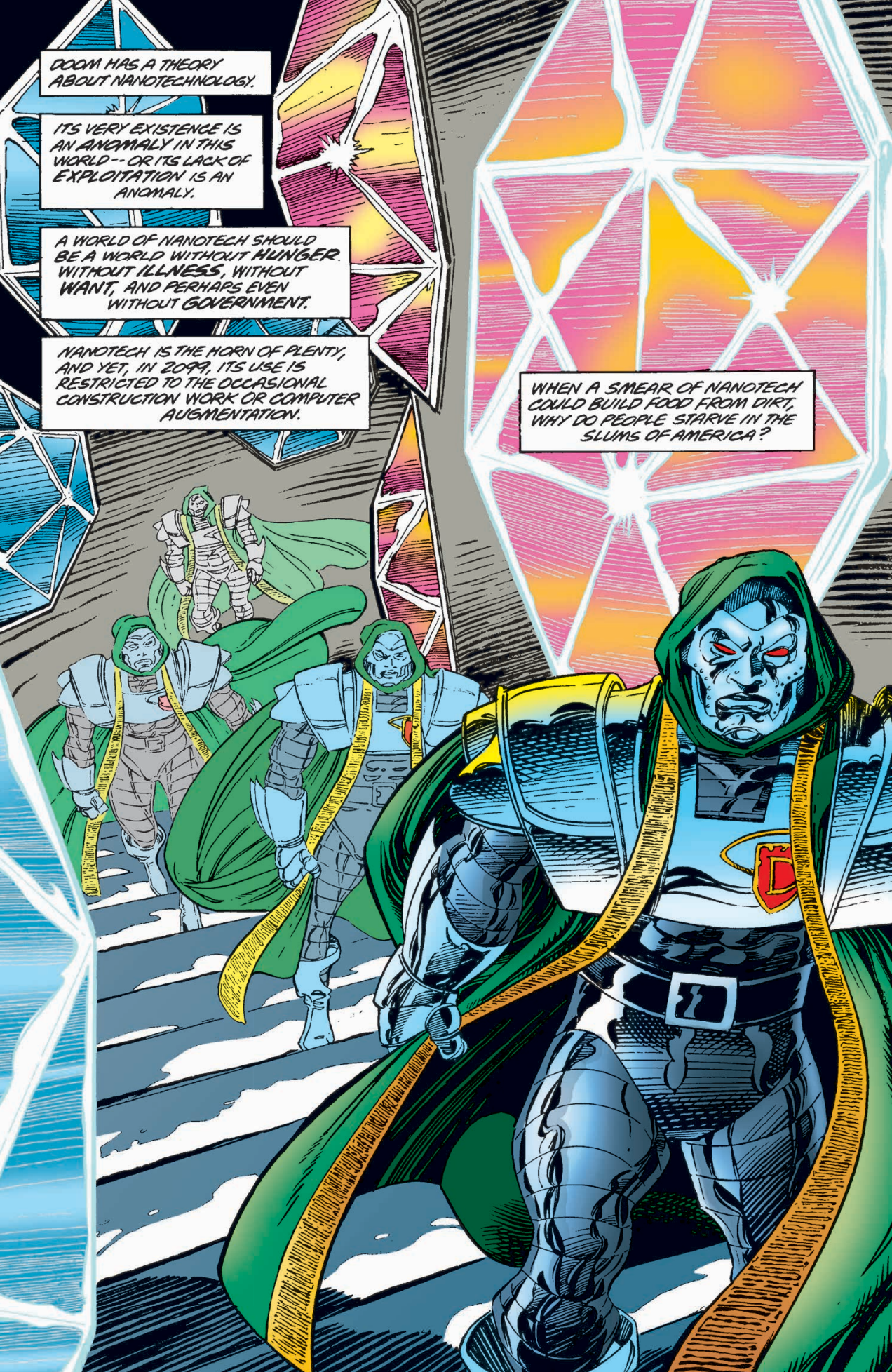

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TO THINK ABOUT IN THE LAST SEVERAL WEEKS. AND MUCH TO DO IN THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS.
HE LOST THE PRESIDENCY TO THE AMERICAN CORPORATE FORCES, AND DOOM HAS BEEN CONSIDERING THE REASONS FOR THAT LOSS.
EVENTUALLY, HE WAS FORCED TO RECOGNIZE THE SINGLE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAS BROUGHT LOW ALL CONQUERORS.
HE COULDN'T SEE EVERYTHING AT ONCE.

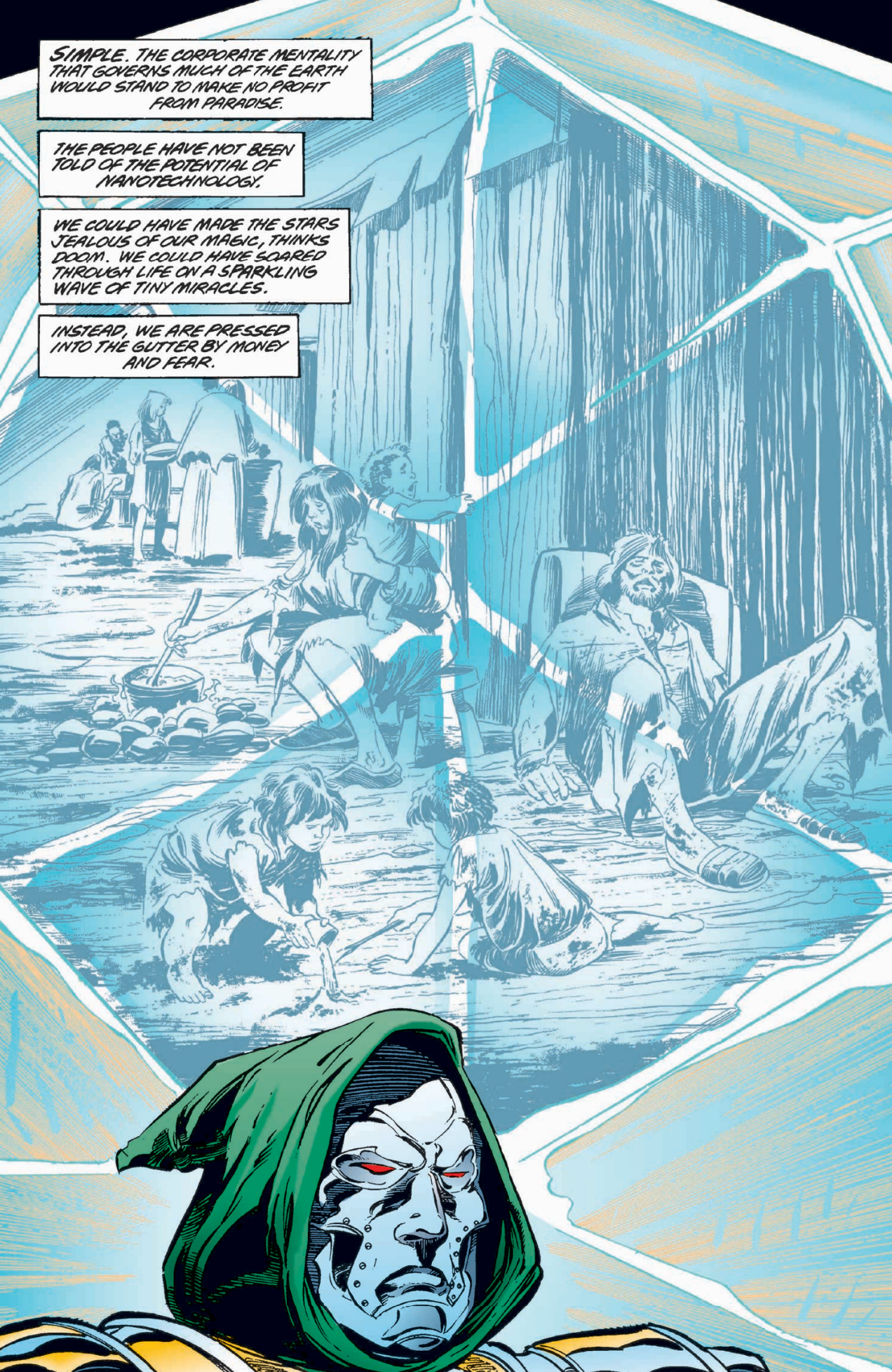
HE COULDN'T REPAIR THE ENVIRONMENT, TEND TO THE RUINED FABRIC OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, REBUILD THE STRUCTURE OF HUMAN RESOURCES AND SEE EVERY OTHER DETAIL OF THE COUNTRY.
AND SO CORPORATE SECRETS REMAINED SECRETS FOR JUST A DAY TOO LONG.
IT IS STILL GALLING TO THE MAN.
HE KNEW HE COULD DISSUADE AMERICA FROM MAKING A HELL OF EARTH IF HE OFFERED THEM HEAVEN...

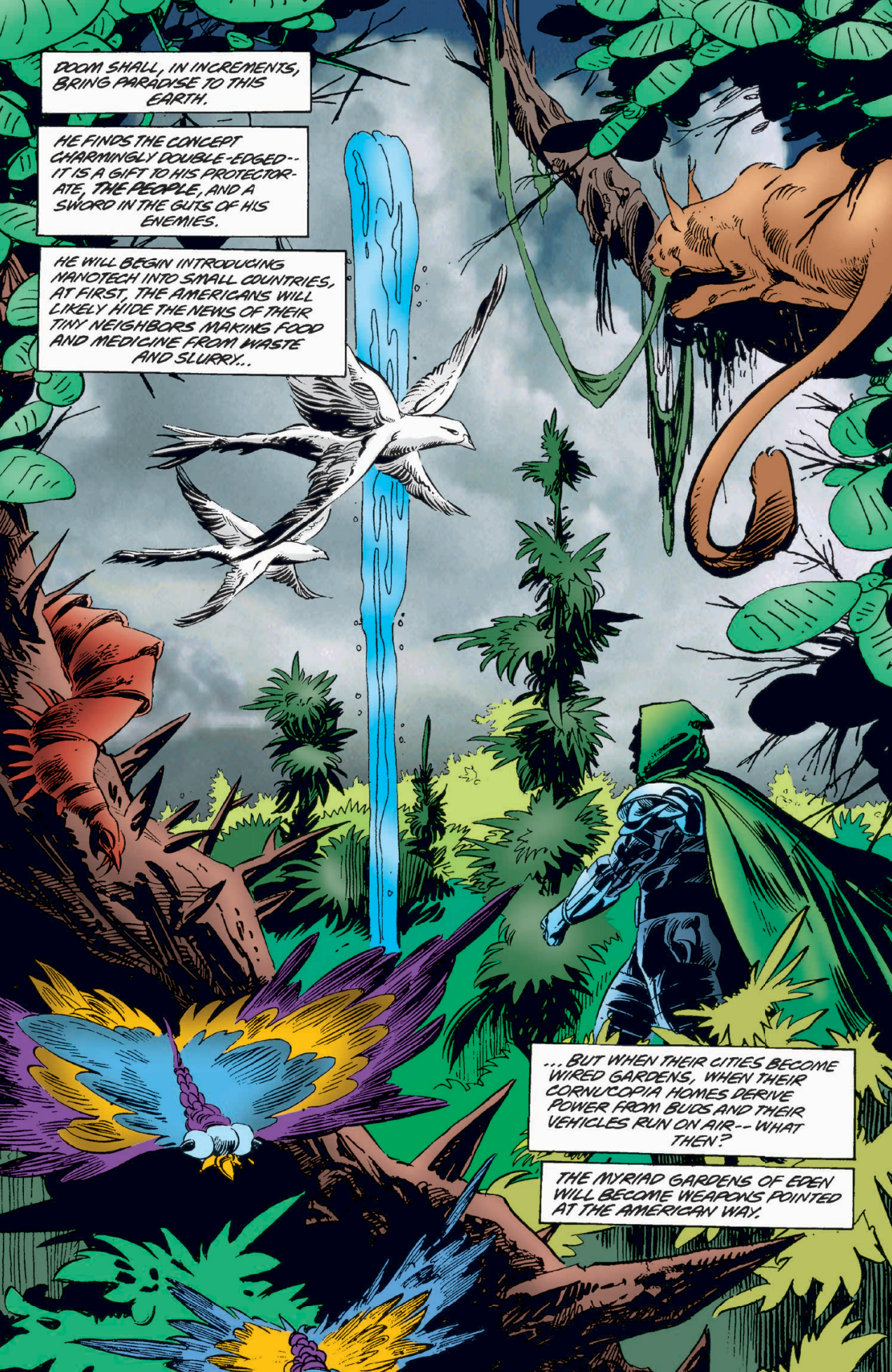
IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR PERCEPTION.
DOOM HAS COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT ATTEMPTING TO SEE AND CONTROL EVERY DETAIL OF ONE COUNTRY MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO SAVE THIS PLANET FROM ITSELF.
HOWEVER, FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF MYRIDIA, HE CAN VIEW A SMALL SELECTION OF PERTINENT DETAILS ON A PLANETARY BASIS--
--AND, BY MANIPULATION OF INFORMATION, CAN AFFECT SMALL, CHOICE ASPECTS OF WORLD CULTURE.
HE NEED ONLY FOLLOW THE RIPPLES AND REPERCUSSIONS OF ONE ACT.

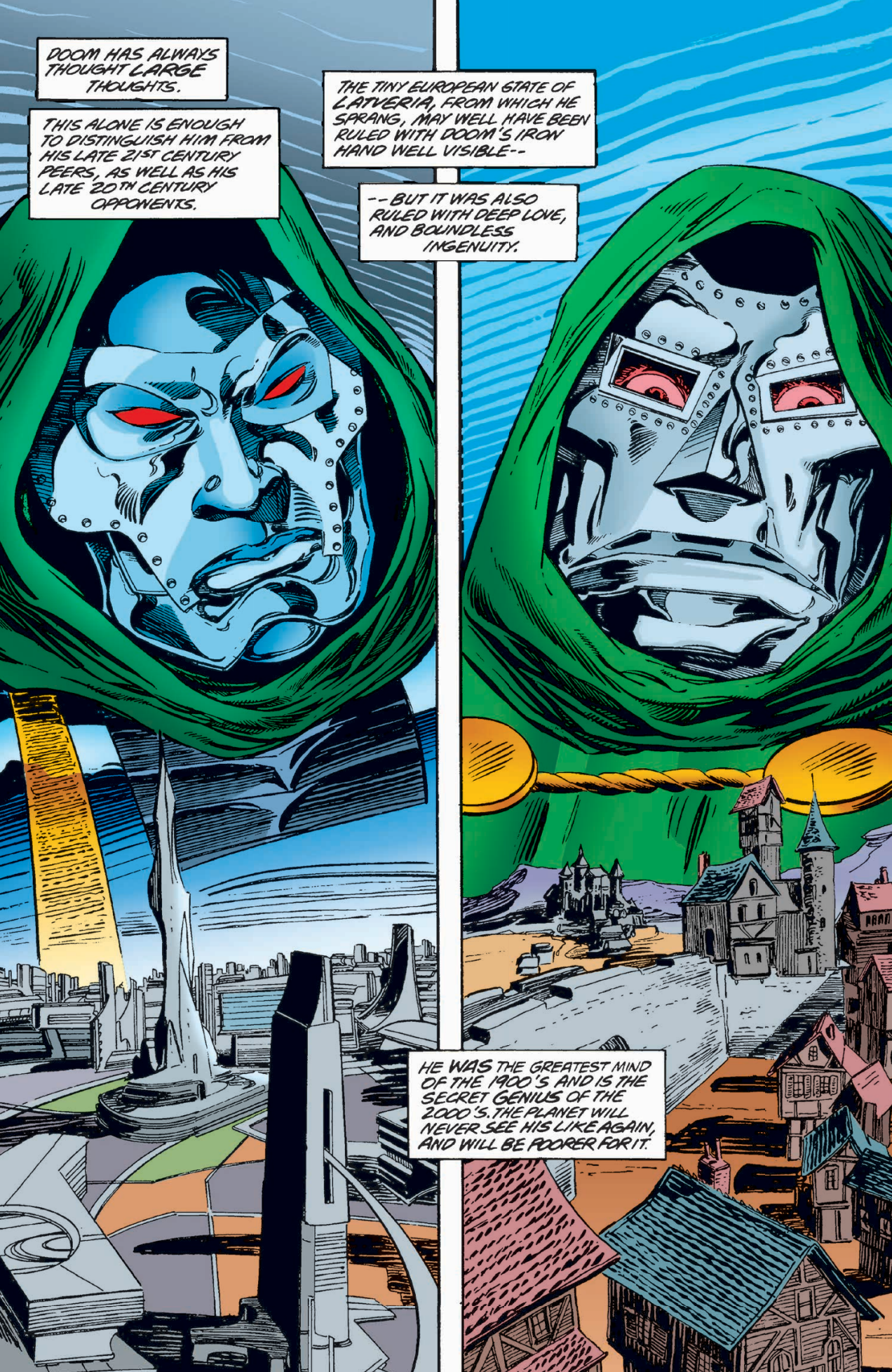
OR, PUT ANOTHER WAY--
--WHAT IF DOOM WERE TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD?

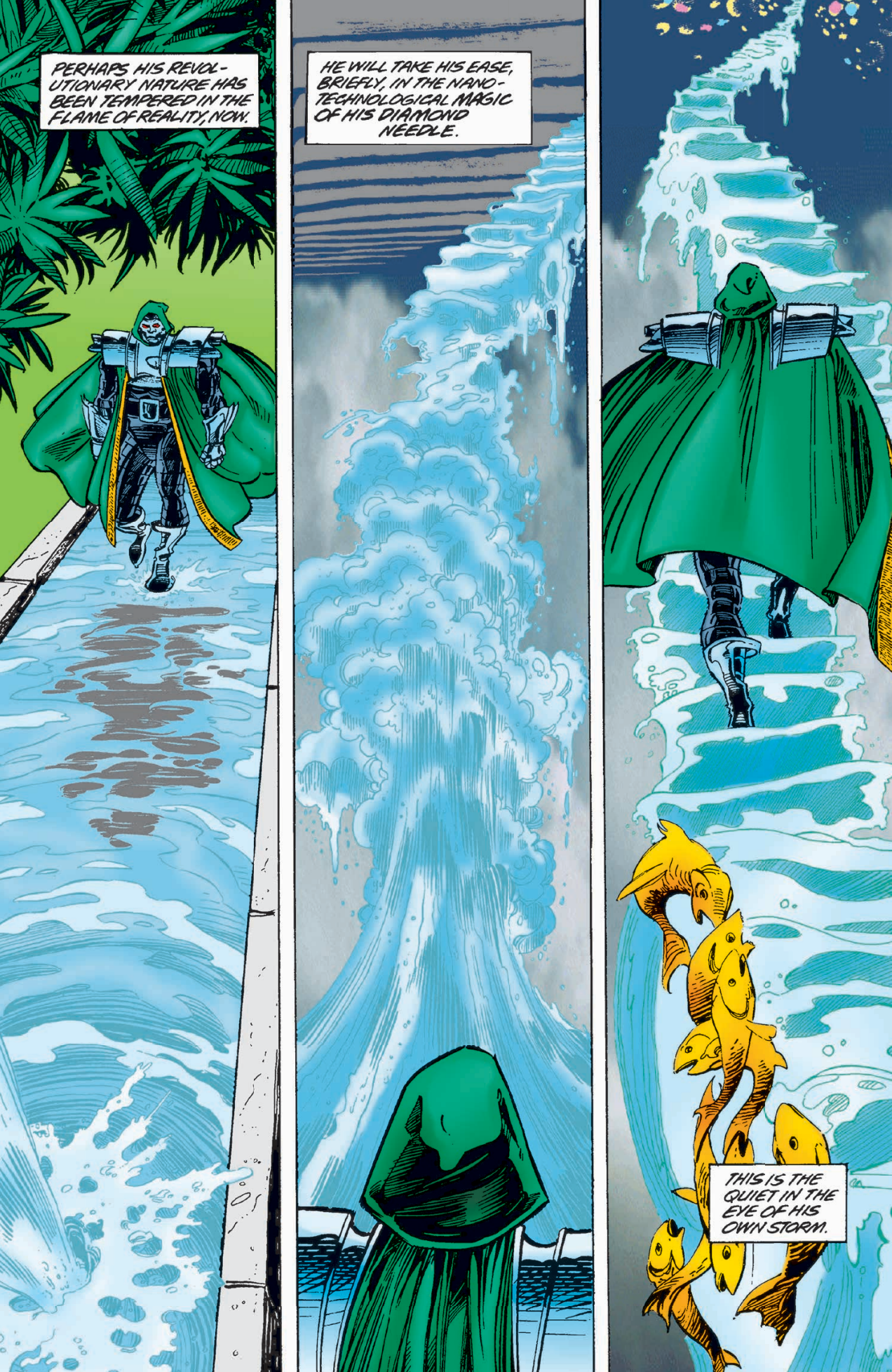

THE NEWEST ADDITION TO THE MYRIDIAN SKYLINE IS ALSO THE STRANGEST.
DURING DOOM'S AMERICAN SOJOURN, ENGINEERING TEAMS IN HIS (COVERT) PAY GREW A NEW GOVERNMENTAL CITADEL IN THE CENTER OF MYRIDIA, TO DOOM'S SPECIFICATIONS.
THEY GREW IT.
GREAT VATS OF NANOTECH ASSEMBLER ROBOTS. EACH DEVICE NO BIGGER THAN A VIRUS, CONVERTED GARBAGE INTO CARBON, AND CARBON INTO DIAMOND AND BLACK STEEL.
THEY CALL IT THE POINT.

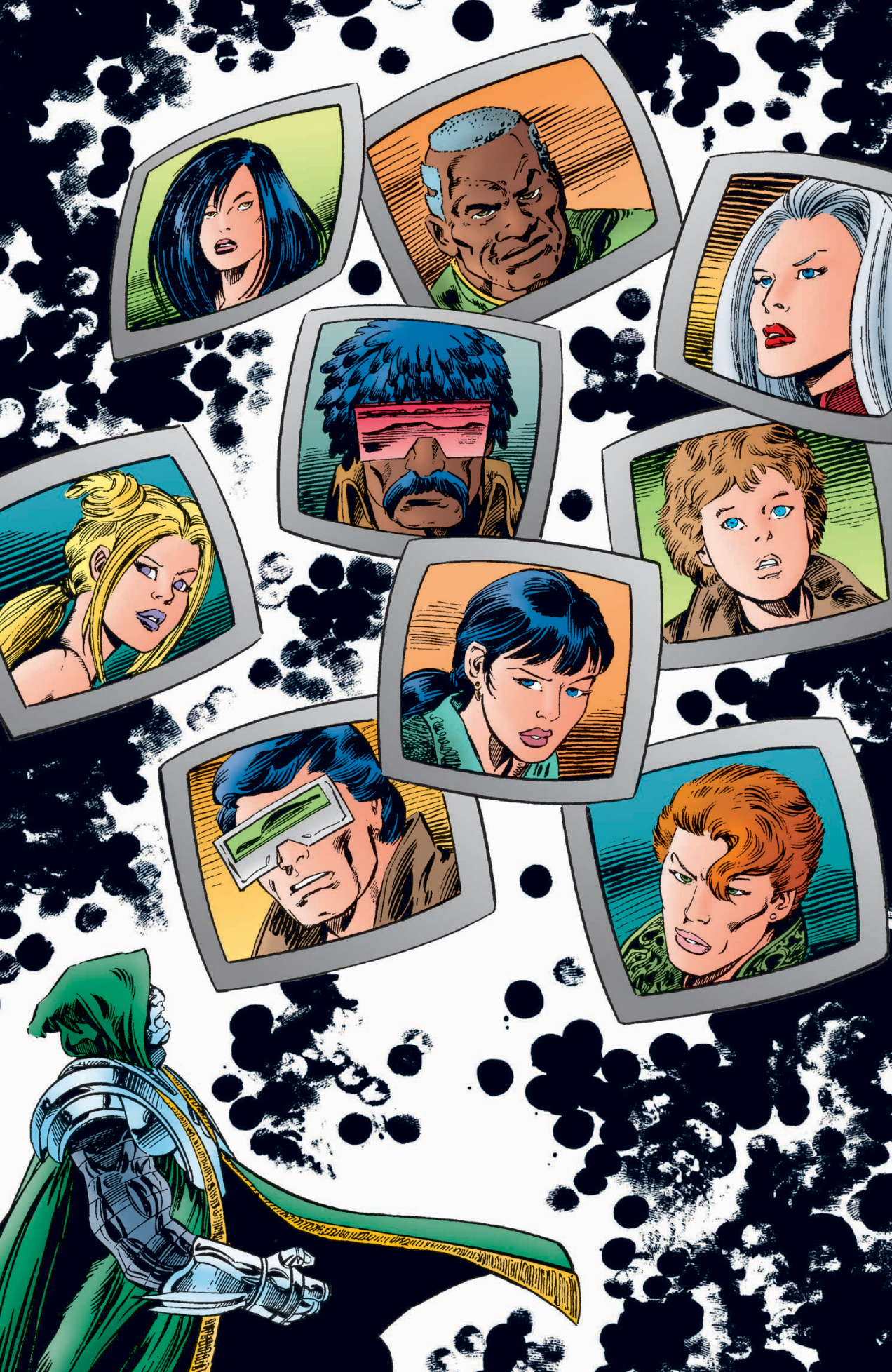

DOOM HAS A THEORY ABOUT NANOTECHNOLOGY.
ITS VERY EXISTENCE IS AN ANOMALY IN THIS WORLD -- OR ITS LACK OF EXPLOITATION IS AN ANOMALY.
A WORLD OF NANOTECH SHOULD BE A WORLD WITHOUT HUNGER. WITHOUT ILLNESS, WITHOUT WANT, AND PERHARS EVEN WITHOUT GOVERNMENT.
NANOTECH IS THE HORN OF PLENTY, AND YET, IN 2099, ITS USE IS RESTRICTED TO THE OCCASIONAL CONSTRUCTION WORK OR COMPUTER AUGMENTATION.
WHEN A SMEAR OF NANOTECH COULD BUILD FOOD FROM DIRT, WHY DO PEOPLE STARVE IN THE SLUMS OF AMERICA?

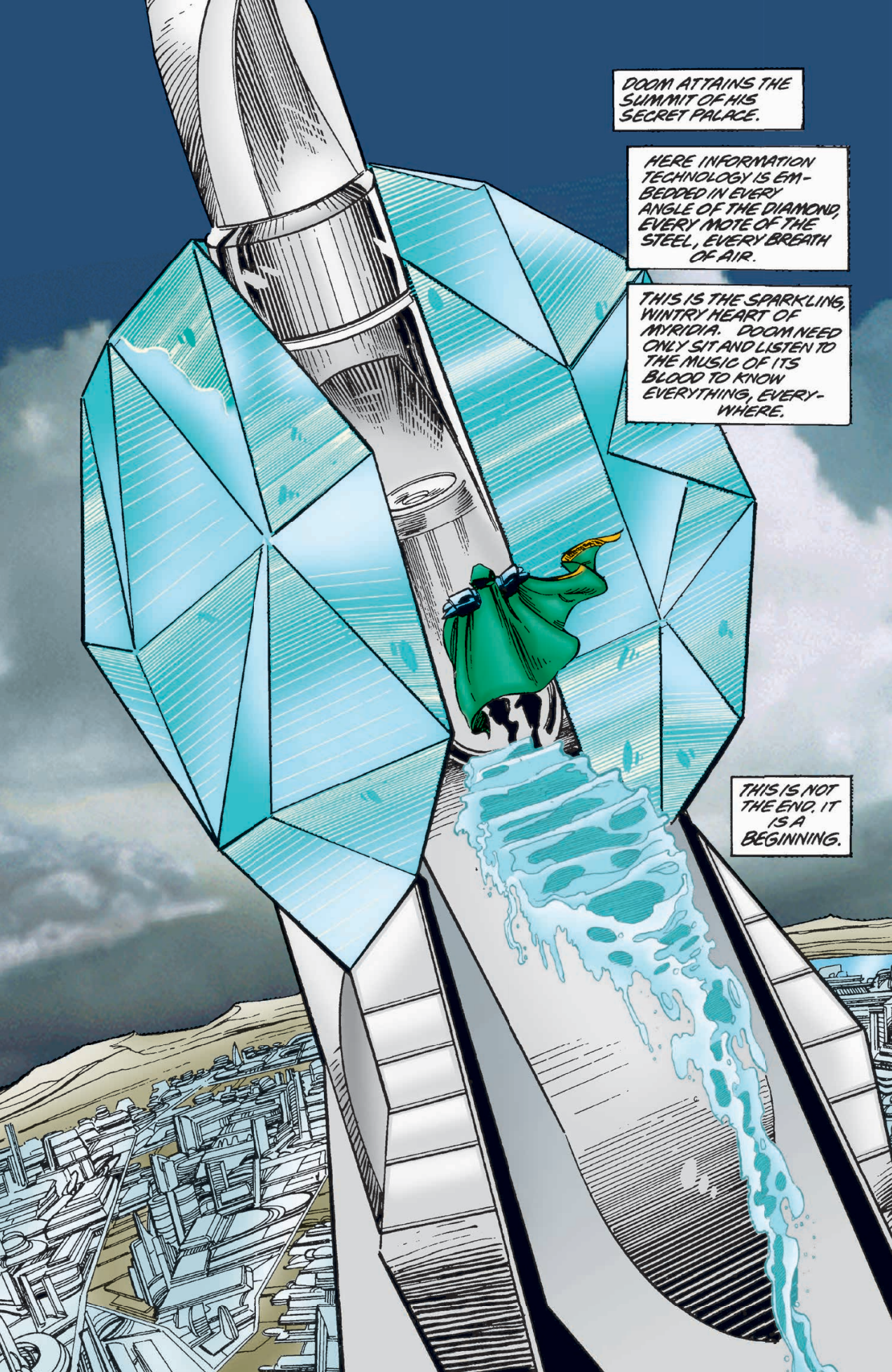

SIMPLE. THE CORPORATE MENTALITY THAT GOVERNS MUCH OF THE EARTH WOULD STAND TO MAKE NO PROFIT FROM PARADISE.
THE PEOPLE HAVE NOT BEEN TOLD OF THE POTENTIAL OF NANOTECHNOLOGY.
WE COULD HAVE MADE THE STARS JEALOUS OF OUR MAGIC, THINKS DOOM. WE COULD HAVE SOARED THROUGH LIFE ON A SPARKLING WAVE OF TINY MIRACLES.
INSTEAD, WE ARE PRESSED INTO THE GUTTER BY MONEY AND FEAR.


DOOM SHALL, IN INCREMENTS, BRING PARADISE TO THIS EARTH.
HE FINDS THE CONCEPT CHARMINGLY DOUBLE-EDGED-- IT IS A GIFT TO HIS PROTECTORATE, THE PEOPLE, AND A SWORD IN THE GUTS OF HIS ENEMIES.
HE WILL BEGIN INTRODUCING NANOTECH INTO SMALL COUNTRIES, AT FIRST, THE AMERICANS WILL LIKELY HIDE THE NEWS OF THEIR TINY NEIGHBORS MAKING FOOD AND MEDICINE FROM WASTE AND SLURRY..
...BUT WHEN THEIR CITIES BECOME WIRED GARDENS, WHEN THEIR CORNUCOPIA HOMES DERIVE POWER FROM BUDS AND THEIR VEHICLES RUN ON AIR-- WHAT THEN?
THE MYRIAD GARDENS OF EDEN WILL BECOME WEAPONS POINTED AT THE AMERICAN WAY.

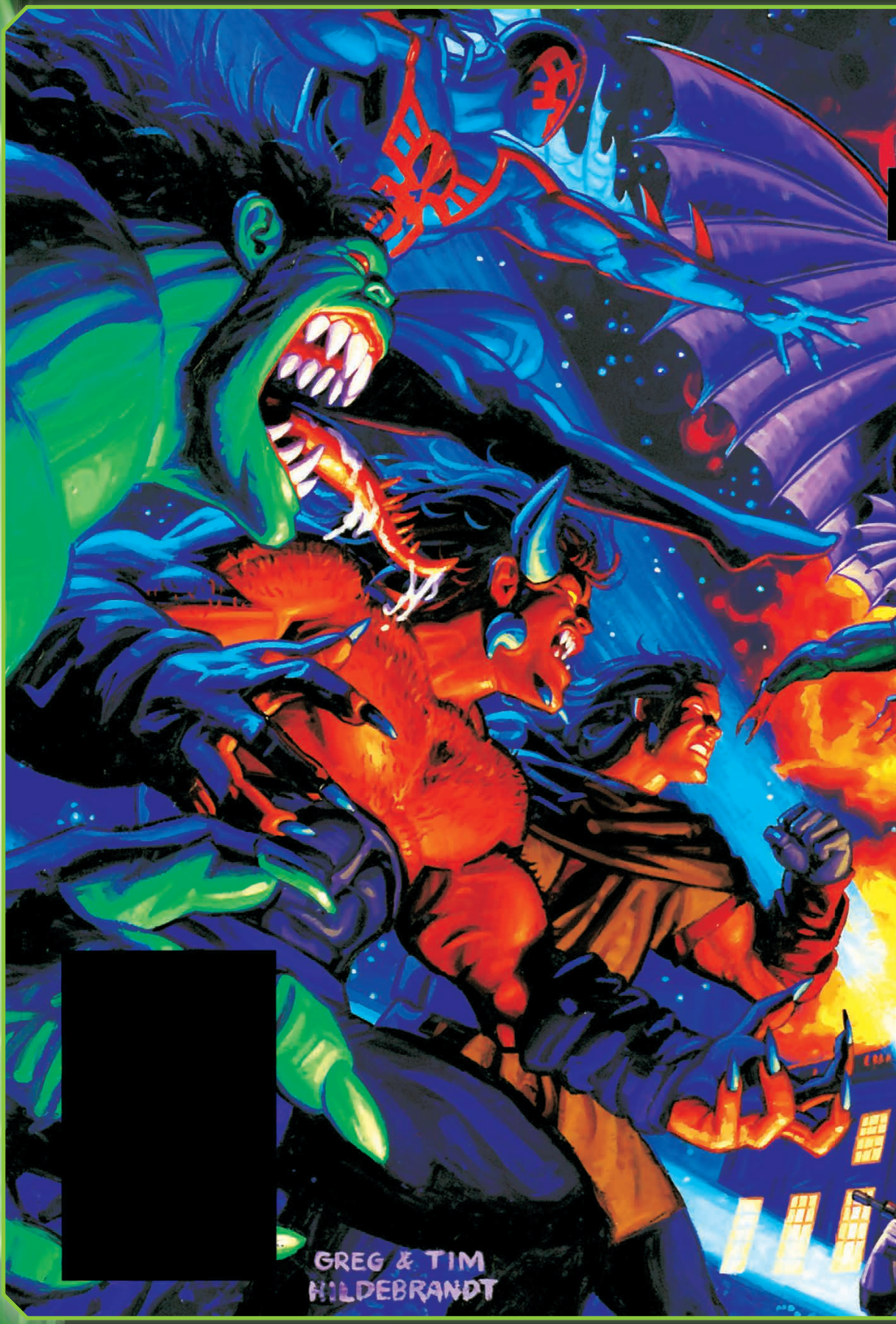

DOOM HAS ALWAYS THOUGHT LARGE THOUGHTS.
THIS ALONE IS ENOUGH TO DISTINGUISH HIM FROM HIS LATE 21ST CENTURY PEERS, AS WELL AS HIS LATE 20TH CENTURY OPPONENTS.
THE TINY EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA, FROM WHICH HE SPRANG, MAY WELL HAVE BEEN RULED WITH DOOM'S IRON HAND WELL VISIBLE--
--BUT IT WAS ALSO RULED WITH DEEP LOVE, AND BOUNDLESS INGENUITY.
HE WAS THE GREATEST MIND OF THE 1900'S AND IS THE SECRET GENIUS OF THE 2000'S. THE PLANET WILL NEVER SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN, AND WILL BE POORER FOR IT.


PERHAPS HIS REVOLUTIONARY NATURE HAS BEEN TEMPERED IN THE FLAME OF REALITY, NOW.
HE WILL TAKE HIS EASE, BRIEFLY, IN THE NANO-TECHNOLOGICAL MAGIC OF HIS DIAMOND NEEDLE.
THIS IS THE QUIET IN THE EYE OF HIS OWN STORM.




DOOM ATTAINS THE SUMMIT OF HIS SECRET PALACE.
HERE INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY IS EMBEDDED IN EVERY ANGLE OF THE DIAMOND, EVERY MOTE OF THE STEEL, EVERY BREATH OF AIR.
THIS IS THE SPARKLING, WINTRY HEART OF MYRIDIA. DOOM NEED ONLY SIT AND LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF ITS BLOOD TO KNOW EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE.
THIS IS NOT THE END. IT IS A BEGINNING.

HE IS DOOM, AND HE WILL MAKE THIS WORLD ANEW.
THEY WILL HATE HIM FOR IT, HE KNOWS. FOR THEY HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY DOOM DOES WHAT HE DOES.
AND SO, THERE AT THE POINT, HE TURNS AND WHISPERS HIS EXPLANATION TO THE NEW MORNING.
"I LOVE YOU.
"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?"
"A man who has not passed through the inferno of his passions has never overcome them."
-- CARL GUSTAV JUNG
"MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS"


GREG & TIM
HILDEBRANDT

2099™
WORLD OF DOOM
SPECIA

2099 IS DOOMED

Doom.

It's more than just an edict to the great unwashed masses. It is a name with which to be reckoned—a legacy left over from the 20th century. A pronouncement of all that is and is to come.

It also is the word that describes the name of the man who—this month—has either become America's greatest savior in the year 2099, or its greatest oppressor. For it is in the year of 2099 that the man named Doom will finally achieve his greatest victory: he will take over the United States of America.

According to Joey Cavalieri, who heads up the 2099 Universe, Doom has staged a bloodless *coup d'état* and set himself up as President of the U.S. because he (Doom) feels that the U.S. is the single greatest threat to his kingdom of Latveria, and the only way he can ensure the safety of his own people is to control the U.S. Needless to say, his actions will have resounding repercussions throughout the 2099 Universe. "One of the ironies that we hope to bring out," Cavalieri stated, "is, despite the fact that Doom is this fascist dictator who's ruling America with an iron hand, certain quality-of-life issues are starting to *improve*."

Included among those improvements are better police protection (citizens will no longer have to pay to be protected by the rent-a-cops); the establishing of a certain degree of justice (Black Cards that have allowed the rich to buy their way out of jail will be eliminated); cleaning up of the air and water (Environmental Maintenance Platforms will hover over every city in America); and the elimination of the Red Market (the buying and selling of humans for scientific experimentation). According to Cavalieri, Doom has, over the past several months,been marshaling his forces, finances, and resources, taking ever more bold steps in this direction.

While it is true that, in 2099, America has been ruled more by corporate entities whose world headquarters are housed on U.S. soil than by its politicians, it is precisely *because* of this that Doom has been able to take control of the country. His successes began when he firmly re-established his hold on Latveria, after which he took control of both Alchemax's sky island of Valhalla and the information databanks on the island nation of Myridia. Doom finally attracted the services of a contingent of cybergliders who then enabled him to attach America's finances, freeze everybody out, and work his way in.

Once in charge of the U.S. he immediately will begin to affect changes in the way the country is run. Ghost Rider is going to be deputized by Doom, to become the sheriff of Transverse City, and this is just *one* of the many ripples that affect all of the 2099 Universe. Now that Doom has established himself as political head of the U.S. he will wind up the head of Alchemax and the various other corporate multi-nationals.

A brief rundown of some of the immediate changes that will be occurring throughout the 2099 titles follows.

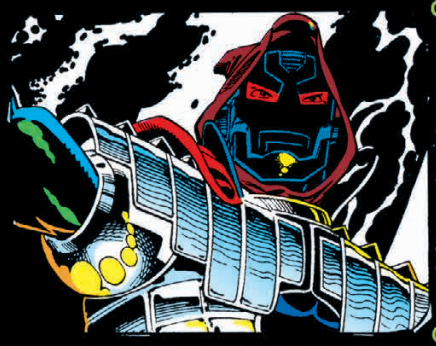
Doom

According to Warren Ellis, who is crafting Doom's takeover of the U.S., Doom is a megalomaniacal dictator who does the things he does because he is Doom, and therefore has the *right* to do such. Doom sees himself as the beloved benefactor and patron of his people, and therefore

"One of the ironies that we hope to bring out is,

he has the right to do whatever it takes to ensure their safety. "Much of what has happened in 2099 has been giving Doom what he wants," 2099 Group Editor Joey Cavalieri elaborated, "and he's always wanted control of America, so we gave it to him." Ellis chimed in that, even though Doom is not one to lightly put his trust in others, he has installed Fortune as titular head of Latveria because, "He trusts Fortune to put the welfare of the Latverian people first, as would Doom."

He appoints a mutant to his Black Cabinet, named Morphine Somers, to become the Minister of Humanity, who will eventually spin out into THE X-MEN 2099. Ellis described Somers as a twentysomething, slacker, cyberpunk with a shirt sporting a picture of Professor X and the legend, "Charley don't surf." John Moore, who will inherit Somers when the character crosses over into The X-MEN, stated that "Doom gets this guy and says, 'Look, there was never anybody more human than Charles Xavier, so I've created this Ministry of Humanity to eliminate genetic classes in the U.S.' So that's Doom's agenda concerning mutants."



Spider-Man

Peter David, scribe of SPIDER-MAN 2099, revealed that the futuristic webhead will be flip-flopping roles with the alter-ego Miguel O'Hara. "Miguel O'Hara doesn't trust Doom, but Miguel doesn't trust *anybody*. In terms of Spider-Man, it will be really nice for him to be able to help people without having to cover up his trail. To a certain extent he will be redefining his place in society." David pointed out that it was the oppressive nature of Alchemax that helped create Spider-Man, and fostered his need to strike out and strike back against the *status quo*.

He went on to say that one of the major effects of Doom's takeover of the U.S. in general, and of Alchemax in particular, is that it will free up Spider-Man from having to fight off constant threats from Alchemax goons, and he will become sort of a Captain America figure in Doom's makeover of the country. "Now for the first time Spider-Man will be using his powers for one reason only–humanitarian concerns, which is really not a bad situation to be in." Meanwhile, while Spidey becomes more visible, Miguel will essentially "go underground" within Alchemax, attempting to discover what Doom is all about and using the company's own systems to thwart whatever it is. "He's going to be working both sides of the fence," David commented. "He will, however, be in a somewhat ironic situation, in that since there are always people in opposition to the status quo, there will now start to arise people who rebel against the notion of Doom, and now Spider-Man finds himself on the wrong side. Or is he on the wrong side?"

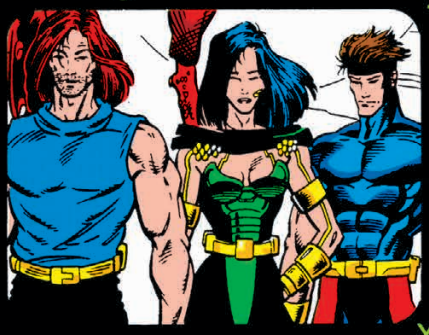
X-Men

Doom will immediately clean up the trade in the Red Market, which, according to X-writer John Moore, is "the illegal and not-so-illegal trade and sale of human beings as commodities for scientific experiments, as guinea pigs, and into out-and-out slavery." Moore went on to say that mutants are valued on the Red Market because of their genetic

despite the fact that Doom is this fascist dictator

anomalies. Doom will attempt to prevent the exploitation of these mutants, as well as the failed gengineering experiments, known as the degens. "It's a victory for humans who are treated like animals," Moore stated.

Moore indicated that leading up to X-MEN 2099 #25, he will be dealing with the Red Market and the assault on a particularly nasty segment of the Market run by the fringe group The Theater of Pain. Eventually, Doom will establish a separate city-state for mutants in the middle of the U.S.; this city-state will actually arise out of the mutant refugee camps already there (#s 27-28), and will come to house not only the mutants, but the degens and other human discards that have been spit out of "regular" society. "This will become a much bigger and much more officially sanctioned version of what Xi'an was doing with the archeology (at the beginning of issue #1)." Eventually, this city-state will come under the control of Morphine Somers, who will turn out to have his own agenda, and is *far less* altruistic than he originally appears.



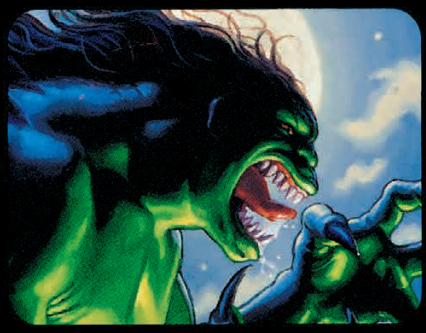
"I'm going to deal less with the specifics of Doom's America in the X-MEN plots from #s 21-25, although it will be in the background, and then deal more specifically with it in #25-28, which will deal with the refugee camps." He then went on to say that Las Vegas is going to become a quarantine fallout zone from an experiment that Halloween Jack has initiated, which cause the physical laws of another dimension to become imposed on the Las Vegas area. "It's sort of *Mr. Toad's Wild Ride*," Moore stated. Part of the repercussions of this experiment will causes Doom to come to an accord with Jack, who becomes the mad king of Las Vegas.

Moore also intoned that a character previously thought dead will be revived and installed as a West Coast operative of Doom.

The Hulk

Right from the get-go, Doom's presence in America will be very strongly felt in the Hulk's book. "The Hulk is protecting Lotusland Entertainment," writer Gerry Jones outlined, "which is a movie studio that is now starting to do some anti-corporate, populist propaganda, and the Hulk is helping out with that. When Doom comes along, though, he ends up maneuvering them (Lotusland Entertainment) into aligning with him, so the Hulk quits in disgust and goes underground, spearheading an underground, anti-Doom army." Jones continued by describing the Hulk of 2099 as an anti-authoritarian character who doesn't trust a dictator even if he's supposed to be benevolent. "Within a few issues he's going to be an underground guerrilla fighter."

As depicted in the Hulk's adventures, Southern California is a very chaotic area, with numerous people jockeying for power. According to Jones, Alchemax never really got Southern California under its control, so, prior to Doom's *coup d'état* it seemed as if it were possible for some more enlightened things to be achieved in the LA basin. The problem presented by Doom is that he has the wherewithal to actually dominate that area, thus closing down this final frontier of personal freedom–something he is very likely to do.



who's ruling America with an iron hand, certain

"Lotusland has also developed an opinion-shaping, gamma-radiation technology that has the potential to affect any person's perceptions and opinions, and Doom wants this for obvious political reasons."

Under Doom, Jake Gallows–the Punisher of 2099–will be granted official sanction to set up an elite special police force (The Punishment Police) to deal more effectively and straightforwardly with the rich Black Carders who attempt to utilize their wealth and power to circumvent the law. Gallows' activities have become revealed to the Public Eye by Doom, but instead of being punished, he is congratulated and allowed to reorganize SHIELD, with himself the head of a special cadre who answer only to Gallows, and go after the cybernostra mobsters.

Punisher

Thus, what comes to pass is the Punisher's fondest dream and everybody else's worst nightmare, as the Punisher and his corps are allowed to drag reputed crime bosses from their homes in the dead of night and execute them on the street without benefit of a court trial. As one of the creators who helped develop Judge Dredd, Pat Mills feels that PUNISHER 2099 will finally achieve the potential that Dredd never could. "There were certain things that we simply weren't allowed to do with Dredd that we can do with the Punisher." While this may sound like the way to win back the city for the righteous, Mills admits that therein lies the rub. "The whole nature of what he's doing is ultimately dubious."

Tony Skinner, who co-writes RAVAGE and PUNISHER with Pat Mills, acknowledged that one of the most permanent aspects of Doom's takeover will be an all-out confrontation between Ravage and Doom. For, as Doom leads an assault on Hellrock—a toxic island in the middle of the Atlantic where Ravage and his fellow mutates are holed up—Doom opts to attempt to simply remove them from the picture rather than waste his time and energies fighting them. Hence, Doom simply opens a dimensional portal, giving Ravage and his hoard (who have been looking for this mythical "Valley of the Beast" for some time) the "option" to walk through, never to be seen again. This turn of events occurs in RAVAGE 2099 #33 which is the final episode of the series.

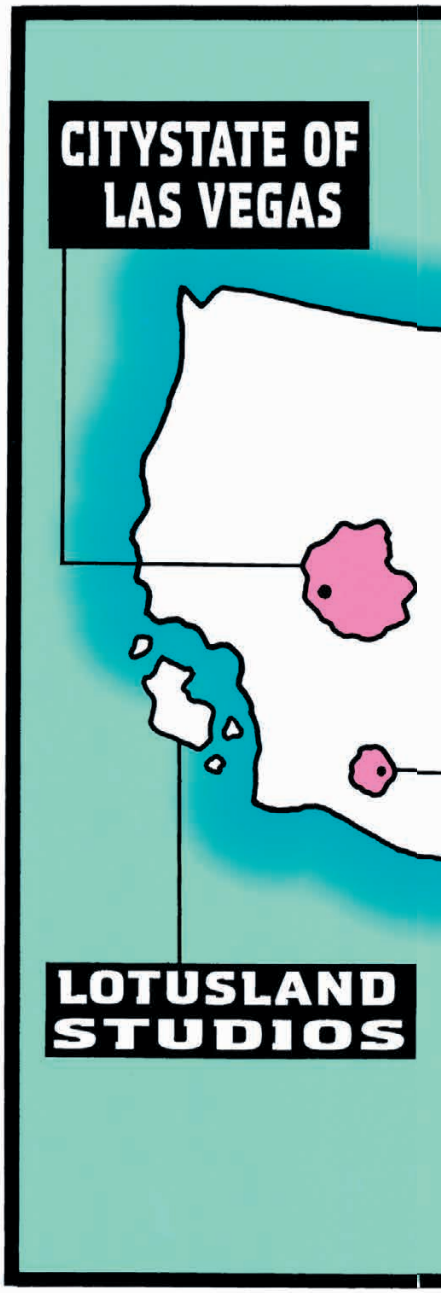
Ravage

Concluding his assessment of Doom's takeover of America Cavalieri stated, "I should point out that this is an event on the level of an earthquake or a general election, not a crossover *per se*. What this *is* is an attempt to pull the rug out from under the 2099 Universe and start over in a big way."

By the time the year 2099 comes around for real, freelance writer Robert J. Sodaro will be quite old.

quality-of-life issues are starting to improve."

AMERICA UNDER DOOM



Brave New World—Aldous Huxley, 1932
It Can't Happen Here—Sinclair Lewis, 1935
Gentlemen's Agreement—Laura Z. Hobson, 1953
The Man in the High Castle—Philip K. Dick, 1962

All these books warned America that in its soporific complacency lay its doom. And in 2099 A.D., the warning has been fulfilled. America the Beautiful, the Home of the Free and Land of the Brave, has fallen to the Latverian dictator, Dr. Doom.

Impossible? Fiction?

Oh, really?

VIOLENT PRECEDENT

Ever since the first prehistoric nomads crossed the ice—bridge that later became the Bering Strait, America has been ripe for the taking. Those Aleutian nomads wandered down the North American continent, eventually settling the lush Great Plains and giving rise to the early Indian civilizations. Later, Lief Erickson's Viking explorers would establish landholds on the northeast coast of what would later become Canada and the state of Maine. As years passed, and adventurous men such as Columbus, Magellan, and Drake discovered more of the New World, the monarchies of Europe claimed great sections of the continent, hoping to turn untouched wilderness and virgin resources into coffers of gold. . .and power.

The first European settlers were English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese fur trappers who established small trading posts along the coast and inner rivers. Then followed still more trappers, planters, and merchants. (America was not considered as a refuge for religious freedom until the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century—and even those who sought release from persecution were granted the right to settle in America on condition that they continue to trade with the mother country).

The European presence continued to spread, and its driving force was money and power. Wars sprouted, bloomed, and died as cultures clashed over who would control the rich bank of American resources. The French and Indian War, the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Indian Wars, the Texas War of Independence, the Spanish-American WarPthe United States came to maturity under the duress of individual men and women who *demanded* the right to control the stakes.

In unity, however, there is strength . . .and still more profit. Starting in the mid-1900s, the idea of incorporation as a means to attain great wealth and power took hold and expanded exponentially—so that by 2099, the U.S.A. has become, in reality, the "C.S.A."Pthe Corporate States of America.

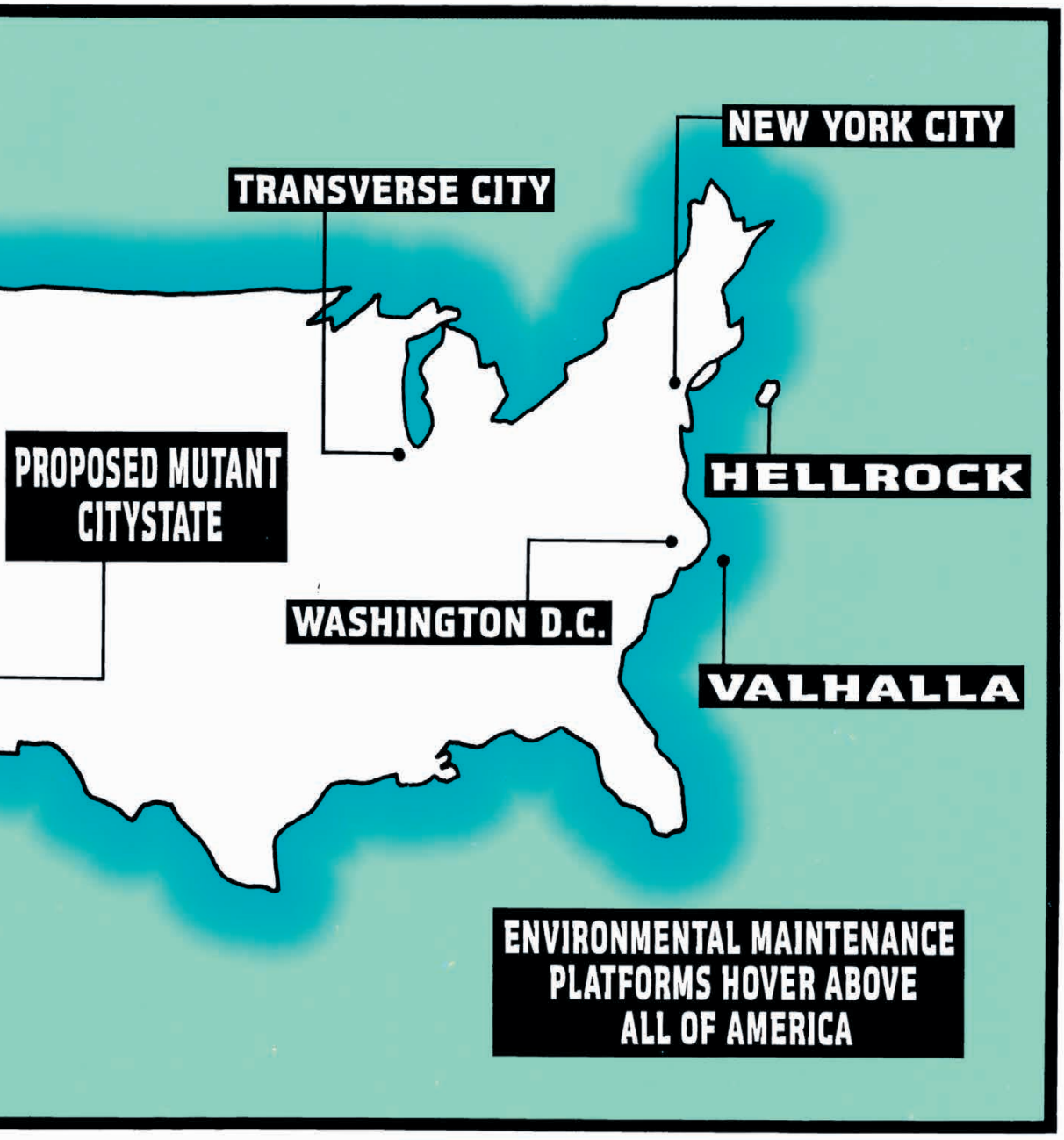
TO HAVE OR HAVE NOT

ALCHEMAX is the largest of these corporations, holding sway over the Eastern seaboard megalopolis of Washington—New York—Boston. Its seat of power is New York, home to Spider-Man 2099, and a place of the "haves" and the "have-nots." The "haves" live in the high-tech, ultra-sophisticated, ultra-skyscrapers that are built on and tower over the darker concrete canyons of the old city, where the "have-nots" struggle to survive.

Off-shore from Montauk Point, on the easternmost tip of Long Island is *Hellrock*, a toxic dumping ground where the society's worst reprobates are sent to do time. In this cesspool of humanity and humanity's drippings, Ravage 2099 struggles to survive and do what is right—an uphill battle all the way.

Although Washington, D.C. still exists, the government of the United States sits high above it in the floating city of *Valhalla*, sometimes called "Libera Cielo," which translates to "clear sky."

Dirty politics, gang warfare, and a struggling underclass combine to make *Transverse City*, south of Old Detroit, a dark underside of 2099



American life, and the perfect hellhole for Ghost Rider 2099 to seek vengeance.

The vast, rolling, empty stretches of the *Great American Southwest* have always been where men and women could test their moral fiber and integrity against the elements, a desert where the law lay on the side of the strongest and quickest. It's the place — in the controlled corporate society of 2099 — in which the outcast heroes the X-Men have established their clandestine base of operations.

Las Vegas has long been a symbol of the baser aspects of humanity, and in 2099 it continues to be the nexus of the sins of man. Run by Halloween Jack, Las Vegas has become an independent and surrealistic city-state, with its own rules and bylaws.

When "The Big One" finally hit *California*, early in the century, the quake sent most of the southern section of the state sliding into the sea. However, a portion of Los Angeles survived — as an island. The studio and media moguls of Old Hollywood formed *Lotusland Studios*, a gigantic entertainment and communications corporation responsible for the production of everything the citizens read and watch. Lotusland is also the home base of Hulk 2099.

But America proved to *still* be ripe for the taking, and so Dr. Doom took it.

Now absolute dictator of the country, Doom has disincorporated all previous economical and political holdings. Alchemax, Hellrock, Transverse City, Lotusland, Libera Cielo are no more. Understanding human psychology, Doom has allowed Halloween Jack to continue his nefarious leadership of Las Vegas, which will remain independent within Doom's empire. But even Jack will pay a price for his freedom. It only remains to be seen *how*.

As for the heroes of 2099 in this brave, new world?

Only time will tell.

*Writer **Mindy Newell**, best known for her Catwoman mini-series for DC, has been in the comic industry since 1984 and an editor for Marvel's Special Projects division since 1990. Mindy is currently pursuing her writing career.*

AMERICA, O 'TIS OF

WARREN ELLIS GIVES A GUIDED TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES OF DOOM

Warren Ellis by Steve Pugh

For the record, according to **DOOM 2099's** new writer — Warren Ellis — Dr. Doom's conquest of the United States in 2099 is *not* his fault. *Well, not entirely.*

"For months, everyone has been blaming me for this," he said, his British accent erupting with laughter when he is called the "major architect" of the plot. "At the 2099 [creators'] conference [last year], all the other writers rode in, spoiling for a fight: 'Where is this English guy who hasn't even written an issue of this yet, and he's messing with our lives.' All I said to Joey [Cavalieri, 2099 group editor] when I took over the book was I wanted to make it even more political and apocalyptic. Then he rang me up a few days later saying, 'We've just had one of those Marvel 17-hour business lunches and we've come up with this really great idea; could Doom take over America?' I thought about this for

moment, realized I was probably working for the wrong people, and said, 'Sure, he could.' They said, 'OK, work it up.'"

None of this should lead anyone to believe, however, that the 26-year-old writer is unhappy with the prospect of "President Victor Von Doom." On the contrary, he expressed delight; it's just that, in his words, "No sane person rings you up and asks if your comic's character could take over a large subcontinent. I'm sorry, it just *doesn't* happen. *I* usually do this to editors. *I* ring up editors, and say, 'Hey, my guy's going to kill Satan next issue. Is that OK?' And *they* run off screaming. *It doesn't happen to me.*"

Ellis's swift rise, his becoming one of Marvel's most sought-after writers, seems based entirely on his ability to create wonderfully devastating takes on familiar characters. When asked why he prefers to explore darker themes in his writing, he postulated that the reason might be as simple as the old adage, "Write about what you know." He offered, "I simply find it more interesting. I don't know anyone who doesn't have large shadows cast across their life. Maybe this simply suggests I know the wrong people."

As regular writer on **HELLSTORM (#12-on)**, he ripped the skin off all previous Daimon Hellstorm incarnations and remade the book into a singularly shadowy and powerful descent into darkness. In his first issue since becoming regular scribe for **EXCALIBUR**, he excavated a dark side to Kitty Pryde as the Soul Sword reasserted itself, with America's sweetest mutant as its mistress. He has been entrusted with a four-issue "major re-vamp" of **THOR** coming in 1995, and is resurrecting another of Marvel's darkest characters, **DRUID**, for a regular monthly comic launching in March, edited by Marie Javins. An Ellis-penned **SATANA** one-shot to be penciled by Steve Pugh is in the works; he wrote the 1994 **GHOST RIDER** annual, and filled in on **GHOST RIDER #55**. And in **ASHES**, a two-issue painted miniseries (a la **MARVELS**), he has planned the ultimate, twisted spin on the **WHAT IF** series, "*What if everything* in the Marvel Universe went wrong."

His list of credits, teamed with his "Metalscream 2099" shorts, in **2099 UNLIMITED**, made Cavalieri's choice of Ellis to write **DOOM 2099** seem a natural. Indeed, Ellis supposed that Cavalieri asked him in the first place, "obviously believing I would have some understanding of a complete megalomaniac bastard."

Whether the U.S. takeover was his idea or not, Ellis's plans for **DOOM 2099** are equally "apocalyptic," and unhampered by the usual need for crossover coordination among writers, he will have a lot of rein to explore them. Only **RAVAGE 2099** will *directly* cross over with one issue of **DOOM 2099**, though every 2099 title will be impacted. Ellis does, though, get a chance to

have fun with guest appearances by Jake Gallows, better known as the Punisher 2099, when Doom appoints him as the head of the "new state-owned" police force, S.H.I.E.L.D. Gallows' title will aptly be "Minister of Punishment," although Ellis said calling the agency S.H.I.E.L.D. was not his idea.

Even before Cavalieri's phone call, Ellis said, he was fascinated by the "political science fiction" elements of the series under first writer John Moore's groundbreaking dominion on the book. All the way back to Doom's origins in the 1960s, Latveria's armored dictator's tendency towards evil — like that of Magneto — has been tempered by shades of gray. And Moore's Doom — or more correctly, the man who believes himself to be Victor Von Doom transported a century into the future — has been portrayed as a visionary genius and anti-hero with questionable motives, rather than as the ruthless super-villain known to most recent Marvel readers.

"Doom, at heart, is a revolutionary, and there's no such thing as a revolutionary who's all bad," Ellis offered. "Even [the French Revolution's] Robespierre had a couple of good ideas. He was a barking lunatic whose hobby was lopping people's heads off, but he had a few good ideas. Doom's very first detailed act in the Marvel Universe was when he took control of Latveria from a bunch of calcified aristocratic types, presumably around the mid-'50s. Doom may do monstrous things, but he is *not* a monster."

As for how his characterization of Doom differs from that of John Moore, he noted, "I basically did my own take on what John had been doing, though John's Doom is probably a lot more mellow than mine. The Doom I'm writing is capable of very, very extreme angst. Sometimes, it's a loss of self-control, but most often it is directed towards getting a reaction. Everything he does is a political act."

Doom's actual takeover of the USA — all jokes aside — Ellis added, was inevitable. All that was necessary was to take the strands of already established action and braid them together. "To be honest, it probably began at the start. There was a structure that John Moore had in his early DOOM 2099s, all through the initial revolution, which was that [Doom] would go to a place for a secret reason. He would have an ostensible reason for visiting, but he would come away with a scrap of knowledge or a piece of technology or some kind of intelligence, and you assumed he was putting it to good use, but you never actually saw it again. I assumed that from the start, once Doom had wrested control of Latveria away from Tyger Wylde, that he had a game plan. The game plan was this — all this intelligence he has been gathering was to be directed towards *one* purpose, *the eventual takeover of America.* The obvious threads are laid in #26, but I consider everything he has done previously to be leading up to this."

At least, the EMPs will run on time.

Ellis's Doom completely ignores the formality of even a mock election; "he assumes the presidency by right of revolution, which can be overturned by Congress. Of course, he thoughtfully has Congress bombed." A "less mellow Doom," however, does not mean that Doom the revolutionary will not be doing some *good* things along the way. Indeed, ironically, Ellis revealed, many of his actions as president may be preferable to the policies of the corporations, like Alchemax, that had run the East Coast cities. "The one thing to remember through all this is Doom can run America better than the Americans can at this point. He's far more benign than this loose conglomerate of mega-corporations could ever be. It's going to be repressive and nasty, and things are going to happen that are going to frighten people — Doom is not a man who engenders trust and comfort in people — but yeah, he's going to do a better

job of running it than the mega-corps ever will."

Indeed, much of Doom's impetus for the overthrow may be environmental. "He is always thinking of Latveria," Ellis explained. "He wants Latveria to survive, but in order for Latveria to survive, he has to save Latveria from the world, which means he has to save the world from itself. He must be the architect of a new peace, and the biggest threat to the continued existence of the planet in 2099 is America. Therefore, he must begin by saving America from itself, actively restructuring the country."

For example, one very visible result of Doom's domination will be the relaunch of a fleet of Environmental Maintenance Platforms (EMPs), seen in earlier issues of **DOOM 2099** but discontinued by the corporations. Already in #26, Doom has launched a fleet of these "big, floating things with propellers" over Latveria to monitor the environment, cleanse the air of pollutants, and regulate the climate and ozone layer. The proliferation of EMPs, according to Ellis, "will irreparably change the landscape of America. Every time you look up at a city building, you won't be able to miss these things happening in the sky. Everywhere you look, there will be the sign that Doom has been there."

At Doom's side, so to speak, is his top presidential aide, Wire, who came back from the dead "in fine old comics tradition" in a new body (in #27 — he died in #24). The glib, smart-talking Internet surfer now has two bodies: a physical one into which Doom has revived him, and a cyberspace one. This duality allows him to be Doom's secret link to the other-reality of cyberspace, which in the 2099 universe has advanced to the point that landmass domination means little without a sharp ear to virtual reality.

Unfortunately, Ellis added, Wire has not been unaffected by his own death and rebirth. "He's something of a loose cannon because, unfortunately, he has recently gone completely mad. Thanks to this wonderful 'get out of jail free' card that Duke Stratosphere gave him, he's been existing in cyberspace as mind without meat — pure mind. In the interim, he had been shacking up with Paloma, whom I refer to in my notes as a 'cyber goddess' and probably the most powerful single functioning artificial intelligence within cyberspace. She actually has some kind of supernatural pull upon the physics of cyberspace. Then he's pulled back into a new body in order to become a servant to Doom, and the transfer has left him quite blisteringly insane."

Doom's other main sidekick, Fortune, will fare far worse. Angered at her entering the employ of the cyber-generated Neon Angel [#24], Doom has left her behind to rule Latveria and, according to Ellis, she will stay there for an unspecified future. "He says, 'You've betrayed me, hmmm, what do I do with you? Make too much of a mess to shoot you in here. I know, I'll just leave you behind, and if you do it again, I'll chop your head off or something."

As for Poet, Ellis said only that he is dead, and will remain so. Ellis is no stranger to the cyberpunk alternate reality planes in which Wire and Fortune are caught and to which Doom has traversed several times. Indeed, his first break in comics was a cyberpunk serial called "Virtual Kiss," which appeared in a British newsstand magazine called *Blast*. His first graphic novel/mini-series, *Lazarus Churchyard* (Tundra UK), about a man with a death wish but who could not die, also displayed a cyberpunk edge. And some other cyberpunkish "strips" he wrote four years ago will finally be printed in an upcoming issue of *Heavy Metal*.

"I followed the old 'Mirrorshades' movement for years," he said, referring to a groundbreaking fiction anthology that has become synonymous with the cyberpunk literary movement led by science fiction writer William Gibson *(Neuromancer)*. "They continue to be an influence, but cyberpunk has become so generic now that I'm constantly trying to find new notes to strike with it, trying to find new takes on it."

Forget America. Ellis takes over Marvel Comics.

His influences, however, are much wider. In terms of comics, as a child, he read mostly British-produced material, but he was aware of the Fantastic Four and Dr. Doom. He remembers in particular British comics versions of U.S. TV shows like *The Six Million Dollar Man.*

"When British artists and writers got hold of these characters, something different happened. They were utterly drug-soaked, absolutely psychedelic, very strange takes on traditional TV characters." Then in 1977, on his ninth birthday, the first issue of Britain's quintessential dark, futuristic adventure comic — *2000 AD* — hit newsstands, starring Judge Dredd.

Like fellow British comics writers Alan *[Watchmen]* Moore and Neil *[Sandman, Alice Cooper]* Gaiman, Ellis's influences run the entire creative gamut. "It's a case of leaving yourself open to absolutely everything, reading voraciously and anything, absolutely anything," he stressed. "If you read only science fiction, you're not going to write good science fiction. You have to read everything. Just look at what I've got on the desk here — a book on the Mafia super-trials, a book on film noir, and a book of Lester Bangs' music journalism — and all three of those have actually ended up in the last two **DOOM** scripts. I think the big trick in writing is probably not to concentrate exclusively on writing. If you can't bring something from real life into your work, then you're not a writer, you're probably just a typist."

Indeed, one of Ellis's ambitions at some point is to actually pen a book on how to write comics. "There are a couple out here [in England], but somehow they've managed not to have been written by people who write comics professionally. Something like that might have some use. It might just be utter arrogance talking, but it strikes me that if there is to be a book on writing comics, then maybe it should be written by someone who writes comics professionally rather than some wannabe working out of a shed somewhere."

Ellis actually prefers to write full script versus "Marvel-style," in which a writer creates a plot, the penciler draws the pages and sends them back to the writer, who then writes the script. For all his Marvel projects, including **DOOM 2099**, he makes the full-script style a condition upon his taking on the assignment, although he invites his artists to discuss any point with him, he said. The language barrier unfortunately prevented Ellis from having the collaboration he would have liked with Argentinean Leonardo Manco on **HELLSTORM**, but he said that he would like to have a closer contact with **DOOM 2099** artist Pat Broderick. "*Not* having contact with artists is something I'm not used to. If I have asked for something that can't be drawn, I'd like it if the artist rung me up and said, 'I can't draw this; no one can draw this — can we do this instead?' Then we could work something out."

Because Moore did his run on **DOOM 2099** in Marvel style, however, Ellis did end up scripting two issues [#24 and #25] that he did not plot. The funny thing, Ellis observed, was that he had already written #26 and #27, so it was like going backwards. "[John] had run out of time for the dialoging phase, and at that point I was pretty much the only other person who had written **DOOM**. They asked me to basically pinch-hit for John and produce the dialogue for those two issues, which was hellishly difficult. I had only worked Marvel-style twice before, but because the plot and art had already been produced, these pages were just sitting there waiting for the dialogue stage. It was weird. The idea of actually writing the dialogue for someone else's story was new for me."

Ellis's career has been one of hard work and dues, and recently as 1992, things were not so good for him. Even during his first breaks with "Virtual Kiss" and *Lazarus Churchyard,* he says he was barely scraping by to make a living from his writing. Before that, in the mid-to-late '80s, he held what he describes as "all the disgusting jobs that look so good on the dust-jacket of the first novel. You always see a picture of some big manly writer, 19-stone [266 lb.] in a lumberjack shirt, and there's a list of his jobs — toilet cleaner, dung shoveler. It's like the writer has had this marvelous life

of privation and danger and all before they settled down and became a writer. I've done all that, stacked peat and dung for a living, ran a bar. . ."

When a bookshop he was managing went out of business in 1990, he fortuitously sold his first written work to a small British independent comics publisher called Trident. "I thought, 'I'm not going back on the dole' [British equivalent of welfare], because I'd already done two years on the dole and it's soul-crushing," he recalled. "'To hell with it, I'm either going to make a living off the writing or I'm going to starve and die.' So I starved and nearly died for two years or so."

His first hint at what it was like to have even meager financial security was when he sold *Lazarus Churchyard* to Tundra UK in 1991, but the young company was unable to make a satisfactory profit and swiftly went out of business. Ellis found himself calling up every comics connection he could think of, willing to do any work that was available. Just when he was resigned to having to take another dead-end job, he received a call from DC Comics Editor Archie Goodwin asking to buy a Batman story he had submitted two years before. "On the strength of that, I rang up Marvel," he said. "I got my first job from Marvel, and things have snowballed from there."

Ironically, that first Marvel assignment — an eight-page short for an **AKIRA** tribute one-shot — never saw print, but Ellis has had no complaints. After all, he is getting to play with some of the most popular comics characters in the business. For example, one of the most fun aspects of working on **EXCALIBUR** has been getting to mess up the characters caught in the chaos of the recent "Age of Apocalypse" plotline. "I got to do something with Nightcrawler that occurred to me as soon as I started writing the character," he said. "[It was] one of those stupid little ideas that occur to you at two in the morning — why doesn't he use his teleportation as a weapon. At one point, someone is picking a fight with him, and someone waves a finger at him. He grabs that finger and then teleports five feet away taking the finger with him. It would seem to me very obvious."

Today Ellis lives in a house built in the 1920s, that he bought recently in South End on Sea — a seaside resort town just south of London in the county of Essex. He lives there with his girlfriend and "three cats, two rats, a chipmunk, two rabbits, and a guinea pig, all of which are hers." At the time of the interview it wasn't quite as late as the Nightcrawler brainstorm, but nearly midnight as he was sitting at his desk, still planning a few more hours of writing before turning in. "I very rarely start work before midday, and for the last two weeks I haven't finished much before two in the morning."

As for Doom, the man behind the armor and mask in 2099, he is unsure of his identity — an issue which Ellis says he'll leave hanging until at least issue #38 — "as far as I'm concerned, he's convinced he's Victor Von Doom, and that's good enough for me." Warren Ellis, however, is certain that he is a writer, and while two novels he has planned and possible forays into television script-writing and journalism remain goals for the future, for now he will be developing his own dark take on Doom and whichever other Marvel characters get thrown his way.

Freelance journalist Anya Martin has interviewed numerous literary purveyors of darkness from Clive Barker to Anne Rice. Her essay on the rock 'n' roll/horror connection, "Rocking the Midnight Hour" will be featured in Splatterpunks II: Over the Edge. (NOR, Ltd.)

DRESSING THE TROOPS

ONE NATION UNDER DOOM necessitates a frightening new atmosphere for the 2099 books. Group Editor Joey Cavalieri and Associate Editor Matt Morra began a search for an artist who could design the intimidating "neo-fascist" costumes of Jake (The Punisher) Gallows, **S.H.I.E.L.D.** troops, and members of the Punishment Police. They wanted someone who has, according to Morra, "a sense of evil; someone who could make it look *rude*."

During a 2099 writers' conference, writer Pat Mills suggested Kevin O'Neill, with whom he had produced *Metalzoic* for DC and **MARSHAL LAW** for Epic, Marvel's creator-owned imprint. "Joey and I instantly agreed," Morra said. "Nobody can make evil look more evil than Kevin O'Neill. It's a God-given gift."

The editors' instincts proved correct. "As soon as we opened the package [of O'Neill's initial sketches], we knew we hired the right man. He brings to this a wonderful design sense. Forget super hero; he's got a different slant on things," Morra noted.

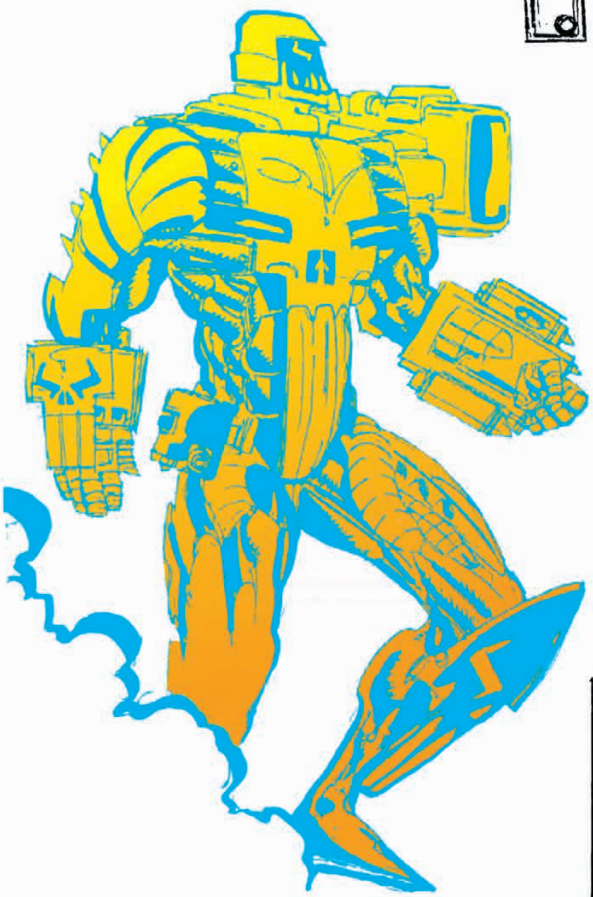
Kevin O'Neill's background differs from many comic book artists. Born just outside of London in Eltham, England in 1953, he grew up drawing as a hobby and dreamed of a career in comics *animation*. He was never formally trained as an artist, but took a job in the seventies as an office boy in the comics division of IPC Magazine, a British publishing conglomerate. There, he eventually worked on humor strips and was introduced to Mills, the creator of a weekly comic called *2000 A.D.* They hit it off and teamed up to freelance for two other comics, *Ro-Busters* and *Nemesis Warlock*.

During a phone conversation, O'Neill discussed his approach to designing the new look for Jake Gallows, the Punishment Police, and for the *S.H.I.E.L.D.* agents of 2099.

EARLY CONCEPT SKETCHES AND EVOLUTION

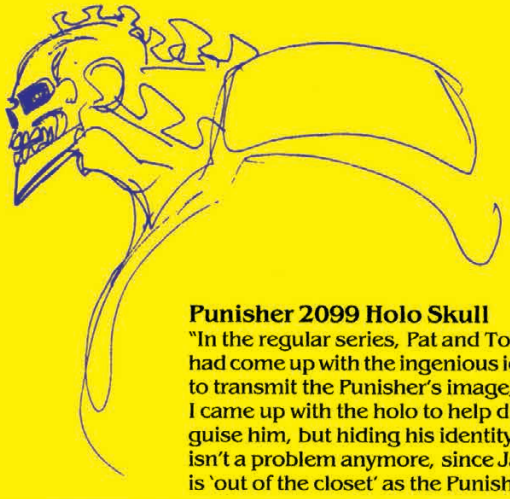
Punishment Police (early sketch)

"We're not going with this one, unfortu nately. I thought it would be funny to have a uniform with instructions flashing 'stop, go, freeze.' I thought it would be great fun if graphics were to pop up, also, for the hearing impaired. I wanted to use 'Yield for Shield' in this one for old times sake."



Punisher 2099 Battle Suit

"This is an early try of playing around with the Punisher logo on his chest; the eyes are sort of coming out of his ribs. I tried putting the skull in other places — on his shoulder, for example — but if you take the skull off his chest, he's not Jake Gallows anymore. He's just another foot soldier then. [There's also] a skull motif on the boot, but it seems too coordinated. It gets almost camp."

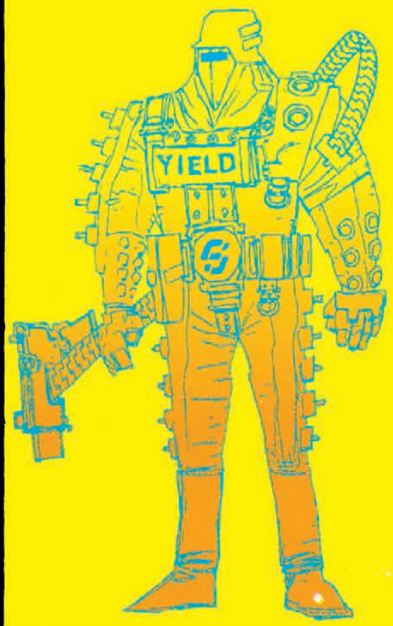


Punisher 2099 Holo Skull

"In the regular series, Pat and Tony had come up with the ingenious idea to transmit the Punisher's image, so I came up with the holo to help disguise him, but hiding his identity isn't a problem anymore, since Jake is 'out of the closet' as the Punisher."

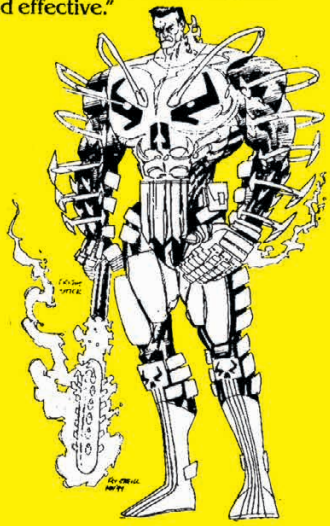
Shield Foot Soldier

"I based this on the guys who clean up toxic spills and just played around with that image, but Marvel wants their characters to have a skin-tight look. Matt thought it was too complicated."



Punisher 2099

"This is the first proper sketch I did of Jake, but it didn't have the imagery you needed for the head of the Punishment Police. He doesn't look like the head of *anything;* he just looks like a psychopath out on his own. The hoop idea was to cage him in, protect him during battle. The hoops would retract when he was just standing around, but it didn't work. It was too unwieldy. I like the fright stick. I think it could look good and effective."



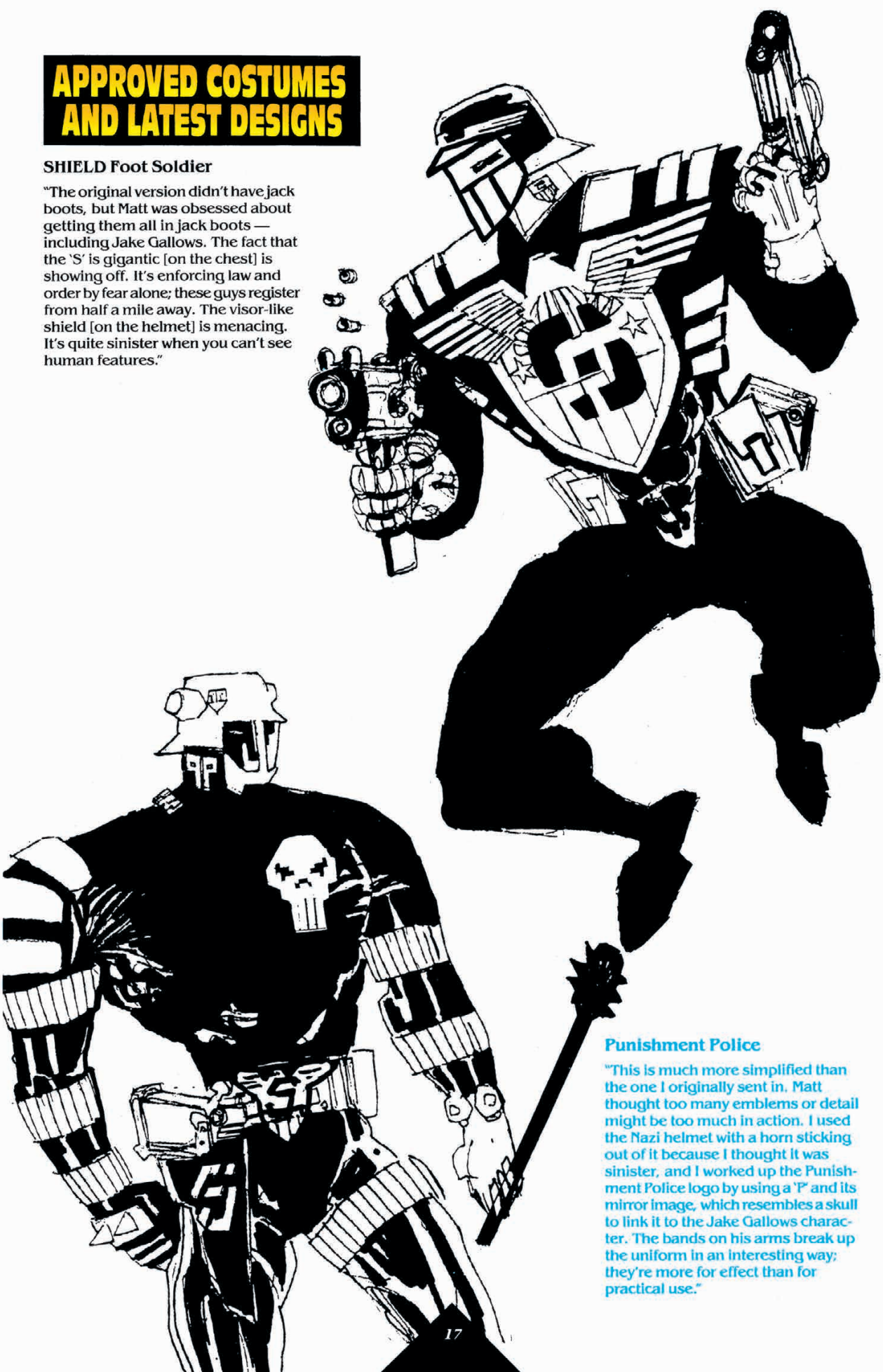
Punishment Police Officer

"I worked this one up because I thought some of the Punishment Police would be officers — they wouldn't all be infantrymen. I have no idea if Matt is using this, but I thought it would add some detail to the Punishment Police, and I think the SS imagery would work quite well. German soldiers in the last war had gas masks on their belts, so I thought if [the Punishment Police] had something that looked radioactive in the same place, it would be really effective. The riding crop in his hand is also a Nazi image — it's just another way of intimidating people. The stiff collar was popular in eighteen and nineteenth century military costumes. It enables even a geeky looking guy to carry it off."

APPROVED COSTUMES AND LATEST DESIGNS

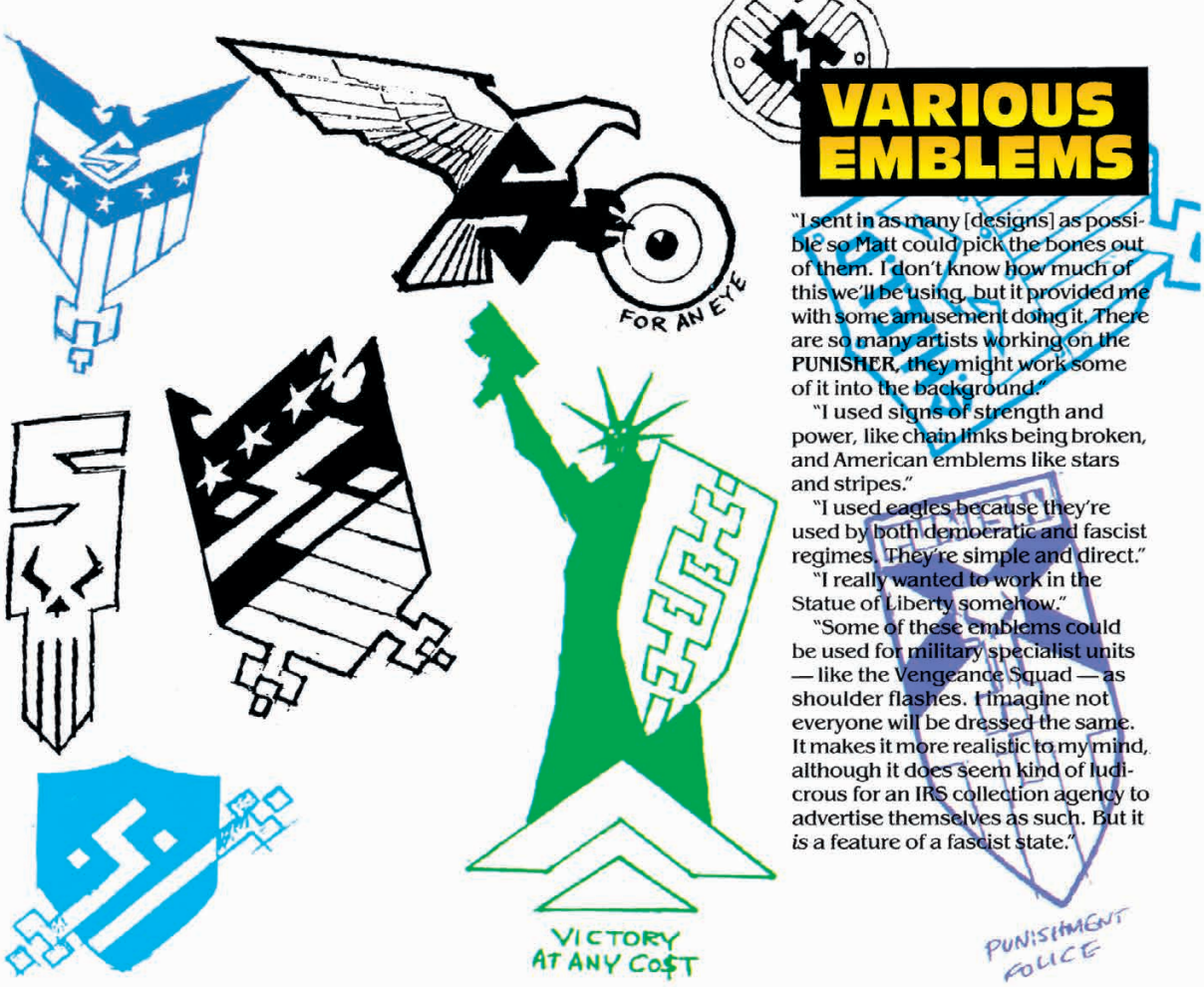
SHIELD Foot Soldier

"The original version didn't have jack boots, but Matt was obsessed about getting them all in jack boots — including Jake Gallows. The fact that the 'S' is gigantic [on the chest] is showing off. It's enforcing law and order by fear alone; these guys register from half a mile away. The visor-like shield [on the helmet] is menacing. It's quite sinister when you can't see human features."



Punishment Police

"This is much more simplified than the one I originally sent in. Matt thought too many emblems or detail might be too much in action. I used the Nazi helmet with a horn sticking out of it because I thought it was sinister, and I worked up the Punishment Police logo by using a 'P' and its mirror image, which resembles a skull to link it to the Jake Gallows character. The bands on his arms break up the uniform in an interesting way; they're more for effect than for practical use."



VARIOUS EMBLEMS

"I sent in as many [designs] as possible so Matt could pick the bones out of them. I don't know how much of this we'll be using, but it provided me with some amusement doing it. There are so many artists working on the **PUNISHER**, they might work some of it into the background."

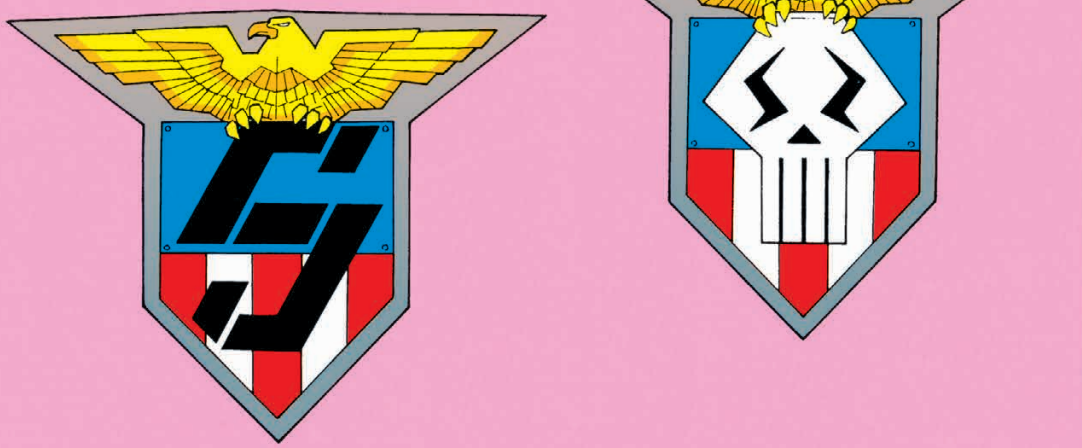
"I used signs of strength and power, like chain links being broken, and American emblems like stars and stripes."

"I used eagles because they're used by both democratic and fascist regimes. They're simple and direct."

"I really wanted to work in the Statue of Liberty somehow."

"Some of these emblems could be used for military specialist units — like the Vengeance Squad — as shoulder flashes. I imagine not everyone will be dressed the same. It makes it more realistic to my mind, although it does seem kind of ludicrous for an IRS collection agency to advertise themselves as such. But it *is* a feature of a fascist state."

APPROVED EMBLEMS



"These aren't particularly flamboyant, but they work. The eagle on top with its talons around the skull and the 'S' binds the Punishment Police and **S.H.I.E.L.D.** together. To design these] I looked at the **S.H.I.E.L.D.** emblem from the '60s, which seemed graphically lost, so I brought it back to a badge-like graphic."

In addition to writing for Collectors' Previews, **Terry Hernon** *also writes short stories and is mother to a five-month-old baby named Maggie MacDonald.*

THE CODE OF CITIZEN CONDUCT OF THE UNITED STATES

SEPTEMBER 2099

MY CONTRACT WITH AMERICA

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Dear Citizen:

As you no doubt now know, the peaceful transfer of power has once again taken place in this proud nation, to which the rest of the world looks for a model of freedom and liberty. The United States of America continues to remain true as a model experiment in democracy.

With that nature, various hypotheses may be tried. Our Nation has most recently experimented with a capitalistic oligopoly, which resulted in the wanton exploitation of resources; in the curtailment of basic public rights, such as protection from crime *regardless* of ability to pay; in the stifling of freedom of expression; and in rampant injustice based upon economic class.

All this ends today. Our Nation has a new experiment: autocratic democracy. As your new President, I have already embarked upon a historic legislative crusade: The First One Hundred Minutes. In this time, I have passed sweeping laws that will improve the economy and the environment; guarantee public access to information, housing, education, and medical care; lift the arts from censorship; end discrimination based on biological status; ensure crucial personal liberties; and firmly establish the Presidency — the Executive Branch — as the paternal power we have always wished it to be.

It is morning in America. Our enemies fear us. Our allies, sensibly, also fear us — for it is fear that commands respect. As the world's preeminent superpower, we pledge never to diverge from this position.

As always, the critical component in this nation's destiny is you, the Citizen. The character and quality of our people are second to none on Earth. Because of your enduring faith, our resources and our capacity to lead remain unparalleled. And each Citizen, as caretaker of the American spirit, carries a responsibility to our Nation's present prosperity *and* to its future growth.

This responsibility, a cherished product of American strength, comes not from vagueness, but from clarity; not from confusion, but from certainty; not from questions, but from answers.

The answers are here, in this **Code of Citizen Conduct of the United States of America,** a summary of major laws and regulations now in effect. It applies to all Citizens, residents, and visitors within the U.S. and its territories and subsidiaries, including the American lunar colonies, the Martian colony *Mars One,* and the undersea pilot project *Atlantis.* You must read it, understand it, and abide by it.

We have presented this overview in as clear and simple a fashion as possible. No adult Citizen shall attempt to contend any misunderstanding on his or her part. For your benefit, we have painstakingly analyzed American literacy and intelligence levels; therefore, **it is impossible to misinterpret any edict, law or regulation of this Code.**

Thanks, at last, to this newfound clarity and direction, our country can move confidently forward. Families will be strengthened. Free expression will appear to flower. And Citizens need no longer feel want or fear, so long as they support this great nation. **Who among us would have reason to not do so?**

Because you truly understand and support your government's goals, you the Citizens of this republic, can ensure that our Nation will stand for years to come, growing to extend its influence not only throughout the Earth, but throughout the stars.

And woe be to any who would halt the triumph of our will.

DR. VICTOR VON DOOM
PRESIDENT, U. S. A.

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AFTERWORD

THE CODE: WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

The Code of Citizen Conduct of the United States of America serves you, the Citizen, by providing clear, unambiguous directives regarding the new national order. Here is everything a Citizen needs to know regarding public and private conduct, over and above the local regulations and laws of your city, state, or Indygov. Our Nation has a proud history of compliance with the law and it is our intent that we not only continue this tradition, but expand upon it.

Each Citizen is required to read, memorize, and know each tenet of the Code. While penalties for *not* doing so will be swift, severe, and inevitable, your government is fully confident that such incidents will be rare.

The proud Citizens of the United States of America are to be considered now put on notice to such consequences, and under the regulations of the newly implemented "Personal Responsibility Act," will accept full and unequivocal accountability for same.

COMPLIANCE WITH THE CODE

The Minister of Order has been designated the National Compliance Officer. This Ministry will have ultimate responsibility for overseeing compliance with all applicable laws and regulations, the Code of Conduct, and all related national policies and procedures. All are available for download and review via the Net. **It is within every Citizen's access, and it is every Citizen's responsibility to comply with all aspects of the Code.** All elements of the Code are subject to Executive Branch review without notice.

REPORTING CODE VIOLATIONS

If you know of or suspect a violation of the Code, you must immediately report that information to the National Compliance Officer. Reporting of violations may be made from any private or public comlink, via e-mail, or via private-access or **CYNEX** public-access cyberspace messaging.

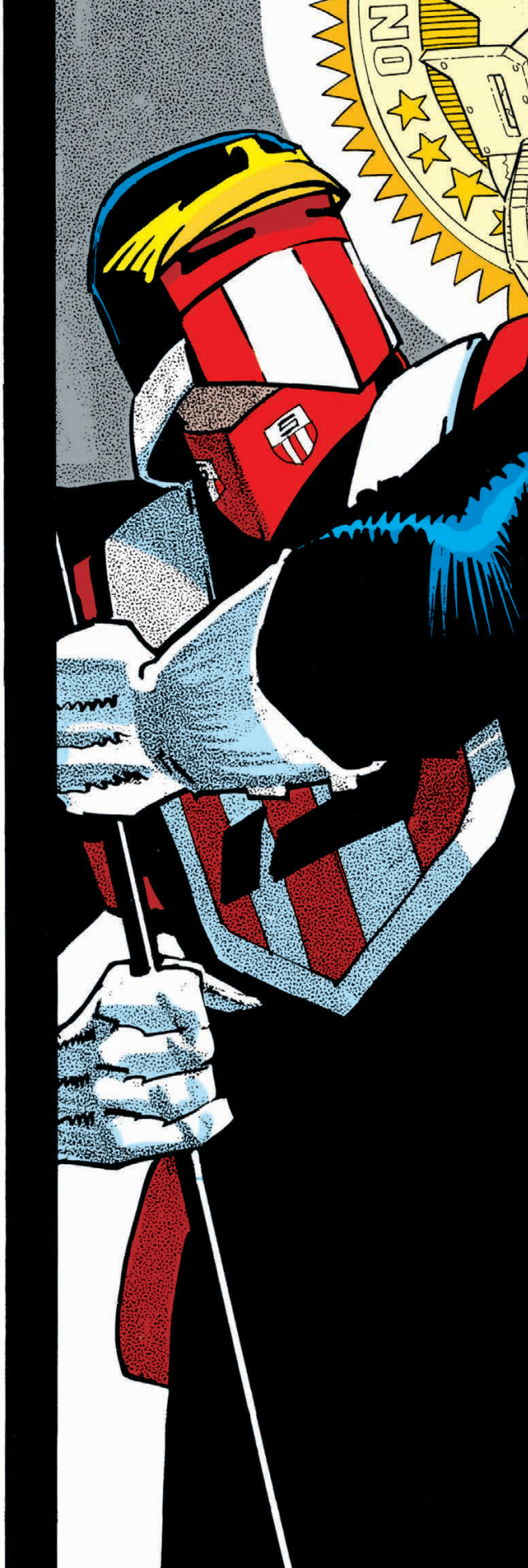
It is not required you give your name when reporting violations, as comlink and cyberlink technology will automatically identify you. Your identity will be maintained in confidence to the extent practicable under the circumstances.
to the extent practicable under the circumstances.

If you are involved in the violation, the fact of your reportage, together with the degree of your cooperation, will be given consideration in the investigation and any resulting disciplinary action. No person reporting a violation shall suffer public embarrassment or be subject to retaliation. Any Citizen responsible for reprisals against such individuals will be subject to disciplinary action, up to and including summary execution. The submission knowingly false reports will constitute a violation of the Code and will also result in disciplinary action.

All reported violations of the Code will be promptly investigated by the office of the National Compliance Officer, with **SHIELD** officials and other appropriate officials. Citizens are required to cooperate.

Policing and Military Agencies

All Citizens are entitled to equal security and protection under the law, without regard to ability to pay. All



former Unsupervised Zones are entitled to police protection and to the rule of law.

All policing and militia functions hereby fall under the purview of the Minister of Punishment.

Agencies Outlawed

All Corporate, private, and public-private police, military, and paramilitary forces, including but not limited to the Public Eye (New York City), Central Security (Transverse City), Angel's Breath (Washington, D.C.), and Sweet Dreams (SoCal) are hereby disbanded, as is the freelance-operative Guild of Independent Elite. No federal military shall be established, other than the Presidential guard, the Panther's Rage.

Agencies to be Obeyed

The *Wrongdoer Punishment Act* transfers all police functions to the newly formed Ministry of Punishment force, **SHIELD.** Under this agency is established an investigative/tribunal/correctional unit — the Punishment Police—the powers and functions of which are detailed under Code section entitled "The Judiciary."

Separate and distinct from **SHIELD** shall be the Presidential guard, **the Panther's Rage,** answerable solely to the Executive Branch and to President Doom. The Executive Branch may additionally appoint Federal Marshals anywhere at his discretion.

All military, national defense, and first-strike capabilities shall be the sole province of the Executive Branch.

Recognizing Amendment II of the Constitution of the United States of America ("A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed"), the *Murder Prevention Act* herewith establishes a well-regulated Militia to provide a first line of defense in the event of extraordinary attack by the enemy. This well-regulated Militia shall remain inactive until such time as called upon to duty by **SHIELD.** Size and armament of such local units shall be *strictly* regulated.

Executive Agencies

The Executive Ministries exist to maintain order and liberty in our Republic. Their directives have been arrived upon after painstaking research and calculation. Citizens, for the good of the Nation and of themselves, will obey them directly regarding all matters. Details appear further within the Code. This summary overview serves to assure Citizens and the government that the duties of each are clear, and no questions need be necessary or tolerated.

• **The Minister of Order** is responsible for overseeing compliance with all laws, regulations, codes, and policies; supervising maintenance of the environment; maintaining data on superhuman sightings; approving corporate activities; settling labor disputes; and appointing Indygov mayors.

• **The Minister of Punishment** is responsible for appointing and administering judges; administering the Punishment Police; overseeing local Militia; and maintaining data on organized crime.

• **The Minister of Enemy Relations** has primary responsibility for all matters involving the United States and foreign governments or other foreign entities, and is responsible for matters pertaining to citizenship; other Ministries have secondary responsibility for matters falling into their purview.

• **The Minister of Humanity** has primary responsibility for all mutant affairs; other Ministries have secondary responsibility for mutant-citizen matters falling into their purview.

• **The Minister of Well-Being** operates the housing, medical, transportation, and educational agencies; and oversees and approves any medical experimentation.

• **The Minister of Signal** has primary responsibility for all non-criminal matters pertaining to the Net and the media; other Ministries have secondary responsibility for Net and media matters falling into their purview.

• **The Judiciary**

All Citizens are entitled to equal recognition before, and access to, the judicial process. To this end, the slow, anachronistic, hierarchical structure of local, state, Federal, and appellate courts, and The Supreme Court, are disbanded. Their functions are hereby absorbed by the Executive Court (civil and criminal divisions).

Recognizing the time-consuming burden of jury duty and resulting lost productivity on the part of the Citizen, juries are hereby eliminated in favor of special-master judges (civil and criminal divisions). Court appeals are limited to one, in cases of reasonably suspected judiciary misconduct or technical error.

Judges are responsible for sentencing, at their discretion.

The Punishment Police will have the power of summary judgment and sentencing up to and including capital punishment of perpetrators caught in the commission of a crime. However, any officer of the Punishment Police, and his/her superior(s), found to have delivered summary sentencing to a *non-guilty* party will be subject to identical punishment.

Citizens are entitled to presumption of innocence. Plaintiffs must bear the burden of proof. Citizens have the right to be free of harassment or brutality, physical or verbal, from members of the police. However, members of the police may defend themselves to extreme prejudicial degree.

Citizen and police disputes will be judged by a joint tribunal of the Ministers of Punishment and Order.

Judicial sentencing and punishment may take the form of imprisonment and/or fines for civil offenses, or neurological micro-surgery and/or geri-toxin injection for criminal offenses. Summary punishment by the Punisher Police may take whatever form is available and expedient, at their discretion.

No convicted defendant may lower his sentence by any means, including cash, goods, services, time off for good behavior, or other reasons or parole.

POLICIES OF THE CODE

Rights and Responsibilities of Citizenship

All Citizens, regardless of gender, race, color, creed, religion, age, marital status, biological status, sexual orientation, physical disability, or national origin, are entitled to certain unalienable rights at the Executive Branch's discretion.

Citizenship is conferred upon persons born in the United States or its territories (but not its colonies), or those born of Citizen parents in foreign countries. Dual citizenship is automatically conferred upon all Latverian citizens and all Americans of documented Latverian descent.

Naturalized citizenship is available to immigrants or United States-subsidiary colonists, subject to the policies and regulations of the Immigration and Naturalization Office of the Minister of Enemy Relations.

Moon-born or Martian-born colonists hold colonial citizenship and may neither emigrate nor apply for United States citizenship, except under the *Extraordinary Alien* provision. A decision on the under-

development Atlantis subsidiary is pending.

Citizens may travel freely within American borders, including the island states of Hawaii and California, and may enter and leave the country freely.

Citizens may vote in non-binding elections.

Mutants and Other Alternative Individuals

Believing mutation a natural event in the course of human history, the Executive Branch hereby rescinds the *Genetic Purity Mandate.* Mutants are granted full and equal citizenship. Use of mutant power for unfair interpersonal or economic advantage is a violation of the Code, subject to the policies and regulations of the Minister of Humanity.

Believing in the dignity of human life, we hereby enact the *Human Experimentation Research Protocols* and the *Degen Citizenship Mandate.* Corporations may no longer engage in human experimentation. The current and extant subjects of Corporate human experimentation ("Degens") are granted full and equal citizenship.

Reparations of an amount to be determined by the Minister of Humanity shall be disbursed to surviving mutants and degens, or to their estates. For the purposes of better understanding of human genetics, a federally funded Mutant Research Sanctuary — to be presided over by an appointed mutant governing board — shall be established under the auspices of the Avalon Act.

The Machine Relations Act, granting citizenship to robots of the classification "Intelligent Autonomous Mechanism," is hereby rescinded.

Right to Bodily Self-Determination

Each Citizen has the right to an intact body. No one may buy, sell, barter, or trade organs or other body parts, nor buy, sell, barter or trade a whole body for mind-transfer ("bodyhopping") or any other purpose. Cybernetic-organism ("cyborg") transplantation may be done in only accordance with medical rules, regulations, and policies outlined in the *Medical Information Administration Holobook.*

Currency, Credit, and Financial, Stock and Commodities Markets

Uni-drafts and *mega-dollars* shall continue to be the American currency. Unlimited-credit drafts ("Black Cards") are hereby prohibited. Platinum, Gold, and Green Cards shall continue to be available pursuant to the standards, regulations, and related policies of the Executive Branch Asset Administration.

Banks and other financial institutions are hereby nationalized and, in order to insure that their operations will be conducted according to the highest ethical and professional standards, their activities supervised and regulated by the Executive Branch.

Free trade being essential to a healthy economy, the various financial, stock, and commodities markets and exchanges shall continue to operate as they are, pursuant to regulation and oversight by the Executive Branch.

Education

All Citizens are entitled to a free education through the college level at public pre-schools, elementary schools, secondary schools, and universities. As this obviates the need for private schools and promotes a distinct, recognizable, and homogeneous national character, private schools are hereby deemed unnecessary. Religious instruction may be undertaken in addition to, but not in place of, public schooling.

Minors choosing not to attend school may be placed at boarding-school camps, with subsequent curtailment of physical and geographical space and movement. Adults choosing not to attend college may have citizenship revoked as a consequence.

All students shall be tested annually via neurotech electrochemical-spectrum readings to determine intelligence. Students falling below the subsequently projected achievement may be required to attend vocational training, or to join the Clean Corps of municipal sanitation/waste-reclamation workers.

Housing

All Citizens are entitled to safe, appropriate housing. The government shall build and maintain public units sufficient to provide for its Citizens, with the goal of helping Citizens reach self-sufficiency and to eventually obtain private, self-purchased units.

Those who do not do so within a federally mandated timeframe calculated by local employment and economic patterns may have citizenship revoked as a consequence.

Medical Care

All Citizens are entitled to free medical, dental, and mental-health care, including preventive care, emergency care, and long-term nursing care. The government shall build and maintain medical facilities and hospices sufficient to provide for its Citizens.

Recognizing the inevitable historical cycle of new diseases and pandemics, all Citizens' medical records shall be databased at the Medical Information Administration of the Minister of Well-Being, with privacy assured to the extent practicable under the circumstances.

Political Activities

Recognizing that the Constitution of the United States of America does not mandate political parties, the Executive Branch hereby prohibits the formation of such parties.

Citizens are prohibited from raising or supplying funds, assets, services, or facilities on behalf of a political party or the candidate of such. Civil and criminal sanctions that may be imposed for violations are extremely severe.

Family

Believing the family to be the cornerstone of American society, and interpersonal relationships to be the bedrock of liberty, the *Childbirth-Regulation Mandate* is hereby rescinded. Citizens are not required to seek official permission for pregnancy and childbirth, nor, conversely, for legal termination of pregnancy.

"Family" is defined as any combination of humans, mutants, and cyborgs, consisting of an individual and his or her dependent minor children, if any, or a pair of consenting adults and their dependent minor children, if any, co-habitating for purposes including, but not limited to, procreation, social interaction, economic stability, or community harmony.

No type of family unit shall have more or different legal consideration than any other type of family unit.

Religion

Recognizing the devout and eternal nature of religious beliefs, the Executive Branch strongly reaffirms the longstanding American policy of separation of Church and State. No national religion shall be established or condoned, nor any religion or its adherents persecuted for their beliefs.

Organizations which deify *confirmably* non-divine objects or entities, such as the *Church of the Identified*

Flying Object, are not considered to be religions and shall be regulated as business enterprises.

Cultural Activities

Recognizing the important role played by art, drama, literature, and entertainment ("Cultural Activities") in development and nurturing the human spirit, Cultural Activities shall not be unreasonably regulated or constrained.

Entertainment-media Corporations, remaining subject to the rules, regulations and policies governing all Corporations, are hereby nationalized.

Controlled Substances

Recognizing that the prohibition of narcotic, stimulant, and hallucinogenic drugs ("Controlled ubstances") has resulted in street violence, black-marketing, currency-laundering, and criminal acts of violence and intimidation, the manufacture, sale, and private use of controlled substances shall henceforth be decriminalized. Only federally approved Controlled Substances, **chemically engineered to be non-addictive,** shall be allowed. "Total Reality" drugs shall continue to be illegal.

Manufacturing or sale of alternate concentrations or formulae, or close chemical relatives ("designer drugs"), shall be a capital offense. Federal control over manufacturing licenses shall be organized in such a way that no corporation may have a monopoly on any controlled substance.

Use of Controlled Substances during the operation of vehicles or during the hours of job performance is prohibited. Civil and criminal sanctions that may be imposed for violations are *extremely* severe.

Approved Controlled Substances are currently limited to the synthetically derived chemicals trademarked as Rapture, Rhapsody, Shriek, and Mr. Ed; and to the naturally derived Black Lotus Extract, Dragonflower, Cocaine, Heroin, and Marijuana. This list is subject to continual review and change without notice. Alcohol shall remain available, though the use of alcohol during the operation of vehicles is prohibited.

Tobacco products — an atmospheric pollutant — remain illegal in all public spaces, and in private spaces not ventilated and filtered in accordance with the *International Emergency Pollution Powers Act.*

Personal Weapons

All non-Militia firearms shall be illegal to possess, buy, or sell. Firearms and police/military armament currently in private possession shall be purchased by the government.

Knives shall be exempt, subject to the rules, regulations and policies of the *Bladed and Non-Bladed Instruments Act.* Ceremonial weapons likewise shall be exempt, subject to the rules, regulations and policies of *Cultural Artifacts Act.*

Biological, chemical, or nuclear weapons shall be illegal for private use.

Use of weapons (including sporting gear and household items converted to weapons use) in the commission of a crime constitutes a capital offense.

SUPERHUMANS

Recognizing the longstanding American tradition of self-sufficient individuality and heroic iconography, the activities of non-criminal, costumed, and non-costumed adventurers ("Super Heroes") shall not be outlawed, subject to continual review.

No formal registration of Super Heroes is currently in effect.

"Super Hero" is defined as any pro-social, non-criminal human, mutant, cyborg, or artificial individual, either of Earth or elsewhere, with powers far beyond those of mortal humans, and involved, fulltime or part-time, with vigilante activity. Such powers include strength, speed, agility, or durability statistically beyond that of human maximum as determined by the Medical Information Administration database; possessing any confirmable degree of telepathic, telekinetic, energy-manipulative or metamorphic abilities; or possessing bodily additions, — natural or artificial — supplying normally-impossible abilities.

"Adventurer" is defined as any pro-social, non-criminal human, mutant, cyborg, or artificial individual, without such powers and involved with vigilante activity.

Those covered under the appellations "Super Hero" and "Adventurer" include those so named by Executive Branch, and self-declared individuals. In either instance, civilian identities must be revealed to the Executive Branch, and will be maintained in confidence to the extent practicable.

Super Heroes and Adventurers must accept the regulations and responsibility of voluntary Auxiliary Police. They may use reasonable force in the apprehension of suspects, pending police arrival, and may defend themselves to extreme prejudicial degree, except against the police, any other government officials, or any megacorp officer or employee.

They may *not* interfere with the police or judiciary in the conduct of their duties.

Super Heroes and Adventurers, acknowledging they are a voluntary backup force to the regulated Police, and thus have no need for independent organization, may not work in consolidation with other Super Heroes as a formal or informal team. Temporary exceptions may be made in documentable emergencies.

Citizens must report in a timely fashion all personal encounters with Super Heroes and Adventurers.

Approved Super Heroes and Adventurers

The following list, subject to continual update, details the official status of known Super Heroes and Adventurers, and instruction for appropriate behavior by Citizens when encountering such individuals. **All other Adventuring or Super-Human entities should be considered hostile, dangerous, and a threat to the Nation.** Personal encounters with ***or sightings of*** such individuals must be reported immediately to the Minister of Order.

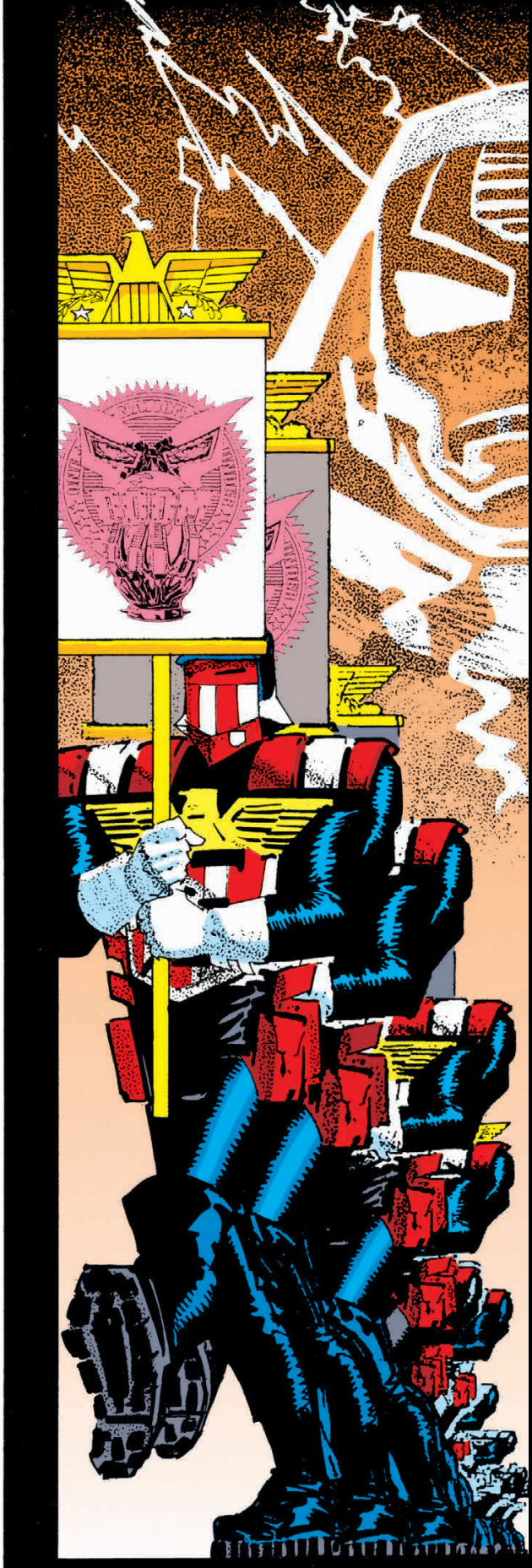
• **Spider-Man** is the formally appointed Special Agent/ Super Hero Liaison.

General description: Spider-Man, based in New York City, is a masked, super-strong, super-agile male with retractable talons on feet and hands, venomous fangs, extremely fast reflexes, an effective sixth sense ("spider sense") alerting him to danger, and weapons and transportation equipment including sticky, firable, air-solvent webbing. Highly mobile, he is often found in glider-mode self-transport via light-byte airfoils on his blue-and-red attire.

Behavior when encountering: Approach with a low degree of caution. Spider-Man exhibits quirky personality traits including an attempted sense-of-humor and an idealistic response to Citizens in danger. However, he has been found to be temperamental and immature, and thus capable of erratic and unpredictable responses.

• **Ghost Rider** is the formally appointed Federal Marshal for Transverse City.

General description: Ghost Rider is a humanoid,



quasi-human male entity consisting of a Modified Cybertek 101 chassis housing a metatasking nuero-mimetic network. He is robotic-appearing, though not a robot, with a gleaming metallic skull and robotic-appearing arms able to transmogrify into various metallic weapons. His usual mode of transportation is a stealth-equipped Ford Velociraptor 900XL skycycle with a-grav propulsion, supercharged turbo-thrusters and pseudo-leather upholstery.

Behavior when encountering: Most Citizens encountering Ghost Rider will be either A) suspects, who are required to surrender and obey orders immediately, or B) fellow officers, who are instructed to follow procedural protocol. Other Citizens may approach with medium-high caution, as Ghost Rider exhibits generalized, non-specific anger, bitterness, and anti-authoritarian hostility, and thus may offer misdirected violence.

• **X-Men and Affiliate Western Mutants** are the formally appointed Special Agents for the Security of Avalon:

Shakti Haddad (no alias): Female telepath; unmasked; capabilities include dampening targets' motor functions.

Krystalin Ogada (no alias): Female; unmasked; capable of creating atmosphere-porous crystals of various sizes; can fire as projectiles or trap targets within.

Timothy Sean Fitzgerald (a.k.a. Skullfire): Male; unmasked; energy-siphoning abilities; capable of firing absorbed-energy blasts.

Henri Huang (a.k.a. Meanstreak): Male; unmasked; super-speed.

"Eddie": Male; unmasked; metal-mimetic skin.

Bloodhawk: Red-skinned, humanoid, lizard-like male; unmasked; natural wings offer flight capability.

La Lunatica a.k.a. (Luna): White-skinned female; unmasked; capable of absorbing various spectra of neural energy.

• **Others:**

Junkpile is a deputized **SHIELD** agent. His powers and abilities are ***CLASSIFIED.***

Ethan Shields (a.k.a. Galahad) is a member of Stark-Fujikawa internal security. He has no official status, and no authority to intervene in public affairs.

Rogue Adventurers

The following adventurers are to be considered dangerous and a threat to the security and well-being of the Nation, and are not to be confronted or approached. Citizens are required to report any and all sightings of these individuals to the Minister of Order:

The Hulk (alias: CLASSIFIED): Superhumanly large, muscular, powerful, green-skinned male; unmasked; generally found in SoCal region; affiliated with rebel management forces involved in illegal takeover of Lotusland Entertainment. **Extremely dangerous and savage. Do not approach. Reward for verifiable data re: any and all activities.**

Duke Stratosphere: Human male; unmasked; often encountered as Cyberspace archetype; rebel programmer of exceptional ability; Cyberspace explorer with misguided anarchistic humor, resulting in surreal and irrelevant cyberscapes; dishonorable and capable of treachery; generally of no immediate threat to Citizens, but treasonous nonetheless. **Considered subversive. Do not engage in dialog. Reward for verifiable data re: any and all activities.**

The Net Prophet: Humanoid male; unmasked; extremely dangerous reality-manipulation ability; found as both physicalized self and Cyberspace archetype; the Executive Branch concludes that apparent good intentions may be a facade for plans of world domination, making The Net Prophet **extremely dangerous and subversive. Do not engage in dialog. Reward for verifiable data re: any and all activities.**

Metalscream a.k.a. John _____: Male; unmasked; occultech necromancer; generally found in Arizona cloaked house, "The Mantic Gallery"; engaged in apparent superheroic activities of as-yet limited scope. Not yet considered dangerous, pending further actions.

The Sisterhood of Tears: Self-described "holy order" of vampiric entities, including **Sister Lucia,** a teacher and wandering vampiress generally wearing a traditional nuns' habit; and **Lachryma (a.k.a. Becka McBride)** a female vampiress engaged in apparent superheroic night activities of as-yet limited scope. **All members of the sisterhood are considered extremely dangerous and subversive. Do not approach.**

Hap Hazzard: Male; unmasked; Virtual Reality holo-character given physical form; generally found in SoCal region; charged with ionic energy allowing virtually unlimited Net access, transmogrification of machinery, and reality-manipulation; engaged in apparent superheroic activities of limited scope. Not yet considered dangerous.

All other adventurers are to be considered Criminal Adventurers unless declared otherwise by the Executive Branch.

MEGACORPORATIONS

Corporations, megacorporations, and multinational partnerships with a significant presence in the Nation (herewith "Corporations") are hereby nationalized. The term "significant presence" is defined solely by the Executive Branch.

The Confederation of World Industries, composed of **Alchemax, Stark-Fujikawa,** and **Synthia Agri-Business,** is hereby disbanded. Each company will continue to operate as an independent concern, subject to Executive Branch oversight.

Each Corporation, recognizing itself as a responsible member of the Republic and of the global community, will conduct business in a manner consistent with both the spirit and the letter of the law.

Summary of Key Laws and Related Policies

• Corporation profits above a federally mandated percentage shall be retained in the National Enrichment Fund for disbursement at the sole discretion of Executive Branch.

• Corporate executives must observe a salary cap equal to the annually reviewed and publicly listed federal maximum. Cash and non-cash bonuses may not exceed a federally mandated percentage.

• Corporations may not restrict government access to any business, financial, or technological information of any kind, means, or media. Monopoly corporations may not restrict public access to information, with the exception of research-and-development data; such data may be made public at any time at the discretion of the Executive Branch.

• Corporate actions may not lead to direct or indirect environmental damage. Questions as to whether an action may produce foreseeable environmental damage may be directed to the Minister of Order. Should environmental damage result from Ministerial approval, the Minister shall be held responsible, provided all Corporate data was accurate and timely. No toxic pesticides, herbicides, or fertilizers will be applied to ground, air, water, flora, or fauna. Harvested renewable resources must be replaced on a 3:1 ratio.

• Corporations are prohibited from mining or trading in the following minerals without a permit: Tritonium, Vibranium. Corporations are prohibited from manufacturing the following alloys without a permit: issued by the Minister of Order: Adamantium, Castrodinium. All mining contracts must be approved.

• Corporations may not engage in human experimentation. Clinical trials of medicines, drugs, technologies, and procedures may be conducted at Federal research centers under the auspices of the Minister of Well-Being. Animal research will be allowed by Ministry Permit only upon proof that cyber-simulation will be inadequate.

• Corporations may conduct no business whatsoever with Corporations listed on the *Executive Branch Enemies File* of companies determined to have committed Code violations. In cases of company termination or bankruptcy, all goods or trade pending will be fulfilled through the Federal Corporate-Euthanasia Council.

• Corporations may trade internationally only with countries (or with Corporations incorporated in such countries) having Favored-Nation status. Extraterrestrial trade with other than American lunar or Martian colonies is prohibited.

• Corporations may not trade with entities or organizations recognized by the Minister of Punishment as belonging to, or affiliated with, organized crime, including but not limited to:

The Cyber-Nostra
The Ninja Nostra
The Greater Nevada Syndicate.

• Corporations may utilize no security force outside the perimeters of their Corporate facilities and offices, unless for transportation of Corporate goods or personnel.

• Corporations may not exert direct economic leverage against another Corporation by selling or trading goods or services at below cost, or by offering incentives with the net effect of selling or trading below cost.

• Corporations may not knowingly make any false statement whatsoever to a government official, nor conceal any material fact in an investigation.

• Corporations may not commit or induce to commit the illegal transfer of proprietary or classified information.

• Corporate facilities, personnel, and intangible holdings may at any time be redirected to projects deemed by the Executive Branch as in the national interest, and any Corporate transaction may be negated for like reason.

Labor and Employment Law

All Citizens and Corporations must comply with all applicable United States and foreign labor and employment laws. Citizens and Corporations shall observe non-discriminatory employment, and health and safety policies and programs.

If a Citizen believes he or she has been subjected to unlawful employment discrimination, the Citizen must contact the office of the Minister of Order. All complaints will be investigated swiftly and in as confidential a manner as possible. Corrective and disciplinary action will be taken.

Summary of Key Labor Laws and Related Policies

• Corporations may offer no lifetime employment contracts without reasonable escape clauses.

• Corporations may not base hiring decisions on, nor terminate employment due to, gender, race, color, creed, religion, age, marital status, biological status, sexual orientation, physical disability, national origin, veteran status, or reportage of Code violations.

• Terminations due to cause must be documented and the records permanently maintained. Terminations due to corporate downsizing may take place only after executive salary and bonuses have been decreased a percentage equal to personnel cuts.

• Corporate employees may unionize for purposes of collective bargaining, but may not strike. Disputes and adjudication will be judged by the Office of the Minister of Order.

• Corporations may not utilize child labor, slave labor, or *de facto* variations of such, nor trade with any Nation or Corporation that does so.

• Corporations must offer paid family leave, vacations, and federally mandated paid holidays.

• All businesses with five or more full- or part-time employees must offer a minimum wage equal to federal minimum. This wage must rise semi-annually based on local unemployment levels and company profitability. Full-time work shall be offered first to part-time employees, unless they are minors.

• All outside contractors ("freelancers") must be compensated a federally mandated royalty percentage for all commercial uses of technologies created by such. Freelance artists, writers and other intellectual-property creators must be compensated a federally mandated royalty for all subsequent uses and sales of a work beyond first paid publication, use, or display.

• Employees and freelancers may not engage in any scheme to defraud the Corporation or a customer, supplier or other entity out of money, property, or services.

INDEPENDANT MUNICIPALITIES

In order to encourage the geographical flourishing of ideas, and to reduce the monopolistic concentration of power, the Executive Branch supports the long and established American tradition of local communities. The population of Indygovs are to be accorded all commercial, educational, judicial, and security-related benefits of Corporation-based communities.

Indygov mayors will be appointed by the Minister of Order. Mayors will appoint community and school boards for the purpose of responding to unique local needs. All decisions of such boards must comply with federally mandated directives.

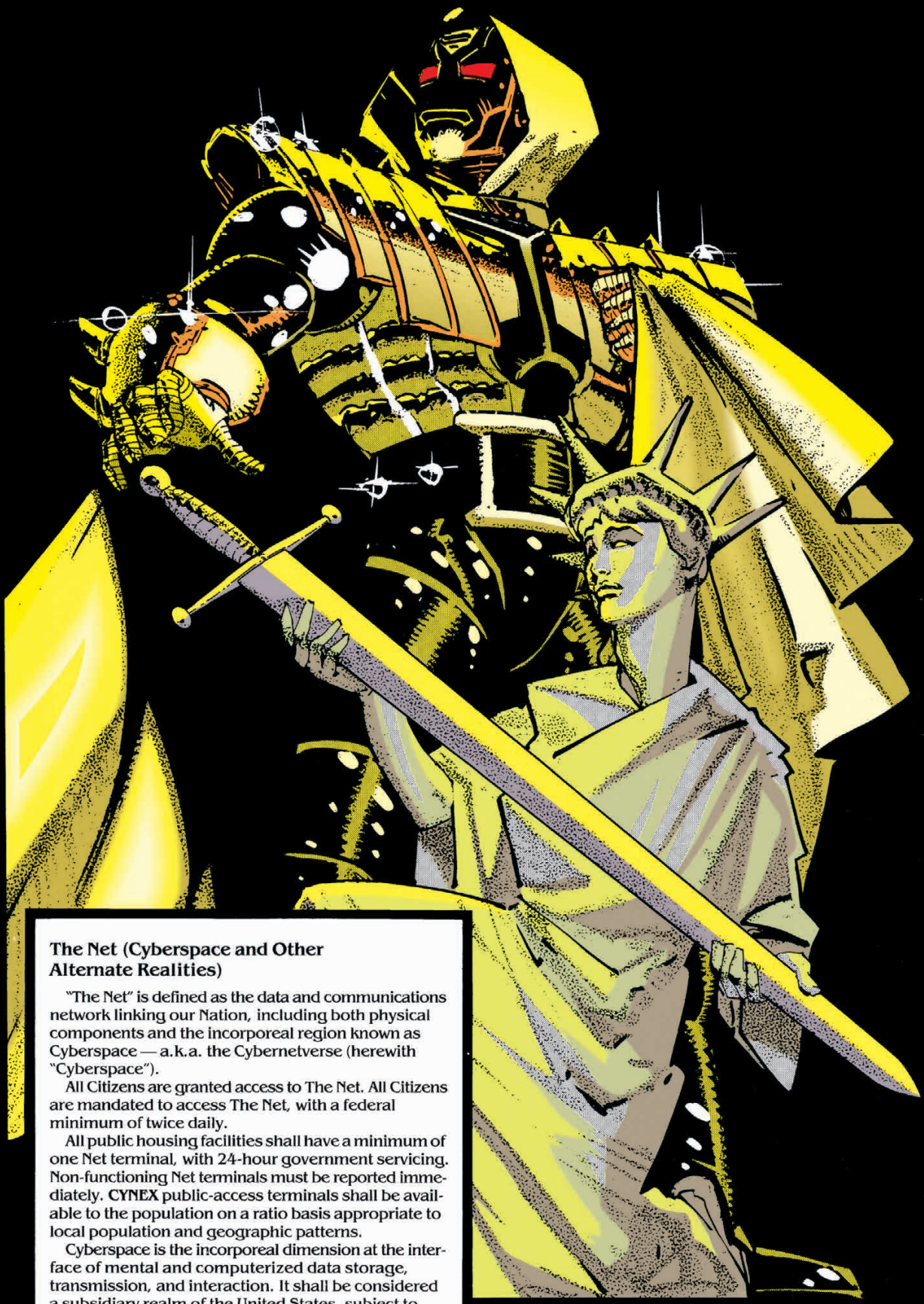
INFORMATION ACCESS

Conventional Media

Recognizing the longstanding American tradition of a free press, the activities of the media — including reportage, essays, editorials, criticism, and reviews — shall not be unreasonably regulated or constrained, except by the Executive Branch.

Neither Citizens nor the government, except for the Executive Branch, shall have access to private notes or conversations between journalist and source.

All requests for information about the government, or requests for interviews with any government employee, will be referred to the Minister of Signal to ensure appropriate and timely response. All government press releases must be submitted to the Minister of Signal for approval.



The Net (Cyberspace and Other Alternate Realities)

"The Net" is defined as the data and communications network linking our Nation, including both physical components and the incorporeal region known as Cyberspace — a.k.a. the Cybernetverse (herewith "Cyberspace").

All Citizens are granted access to The Net. All Citizens are mandated to access The Net, with a federal minimum of twice daily.

All public housing facilities shall have a minimum of one Net terminal, with 24-hour government servicing. Non-functioning Net terminals must be reported immediately. **CYNEX** public-access terminals shall be available to the population on a ratio basis appropriate to local population and geographic patterns.

Cyberspace is the incorporeal dimension at the interface of mental and computerized data storage, transmission, and interaction. It shall be considered a subsidiary realm of the United States, subject to all provisions of the Code.

Citizens' archetypes may travel freely in Cyberspace,

provided a trackable cyberpath is laid for the safety and security of the traveler. The Executive Branch *Cyberdive Cadre*, under the auspices of the Minister of Signal, shall have authority over all Citizens' cyberspace travel, and may at its discretion designate secured and locked Danger Zones.

Protection of Proprietary and Classified Information

Proprietary and classified information may be any formula, design, device, or data maintained in secrecy for the national interest, and which gives the Nation an advantage over foreign governments. Citizens or Corporations may not improperly disclose or use any proprietary or classified information.

In order to best insure the safety and protection of Nation's proprietary information, all Executive Branch locations of Cyberspace are off-limits, under threat of treason, to all except those designated by the Executive Branch. Treason is punishable by death.

ENVIRONMENTAL COMPLIANCE

The Nation recognizes its obligation to carry out its activities in a manner that preserves and promotes a clean, safe, and healthful environment. All Citizens will comply strictly with environmental laws and regulations. The Nation will ensure compliance through vigilant monitoring, and the training and disciplining of Citizens.

The Nation is committed to control of the environment and weatherPand the assurance of a healthy atmosphere — through the use of orbital Environmental Maintenance Platforms (EMPs).

All potential environmental impacts will be evaluated with a view to enhancing conservation of energy and natural resources, minimizing release of any pollutant that may cause environmental damage, minimizing the creation of waste, safe and responsible waste disposal methods, minimizing environmental risks by employing safe technologies and operating procedures, and by being prepared for emergencies.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Recognizing that the United States is a responsible, respected member of the global community, and that individuals of all nationalities, ethnicities and cultures have historically coexisted on this planet, the Nation has no current plan to impose its sovereignty on any foreign government, state, nation, or territory, except as may be necessary for the national interest.

Favored Nations

Diplomatic and free-trade treaties have been established and are in effect with the following foreign countries designated "Favored Nations":

The European Continental Consolidate
The Free Russia Alliance
The Federated States of America
The Texas Republic
Wakanda
Myridia.

Suspect Nations

No diplomatic activities or trade shall be conducted with nations in violation of the *United States' International Emergency Pollution Powers Act, the Trading with the Enemy Act, the Child-Labor Reduction Act,* and related Executive Orders and Minister of Enemy Relations regulations. Currently, such restrictions are in effect with:

Egypt
The People's Republic of China.

Restricted Favored Nation

For reasons of environmental delicacy, trade is restricted with, and travel severely restricted to, the following otherwise Favored Nation:

The Savage Land.

EXTRATERRESTRIALS

Any and all extraterrestrial life is to be considered hostile unless declared otherwise by the Executive Branch. Any and all contact or presumed contact with extraterrestrial life, artifacts, or evidence thereof must be reported to the Minister of Order.

MAGIC

Recognizing that the finite, controllable, interdimensional energy spectrum referred to herewith as "Magic," or any science sufficiently advanced as to be mistaken for Magic, is notoriously unpredictable, sketchily documented, and extremely dangerous, it is hereby illegal to use or attempt to use Magic.

Technomancy, the synthesis of science and magic ("occultech"), is likewise proscribed.

AFTERWORD

While this Code provides definitive answers, there are no definitive questions. Our Nation must ultimately rely on each Citizen's good sense of what is required to comply with the fundamental principles of our democracy.

Our Nation's ability to meet the challenges of the future will depend on our Citizens' understanding of — and obedience to — the letter and the spirit of the Code. Every Citizen must understand that compliance with the Code is a condition of continued Citizenship. Your President is committed to maintaining our Nation's position as world leader by providing the best and most fulfilling opportunities for its Citizens, and by consistently emphasizing innovation and high quality-of-life, all of which will be achieved by strict and unquestioning adherence to the Code.

Rest assured that yours is a compassionate government. All of us, from time to time err (except for the Executive Branch). Transgressions will be judged fairly in relation to context and circumstances, unless we deem otherwise for any reason whatsoever.

There is no need to give thanks. Your continued obedience and unquestioning loyalty to this great Nation is thanks enough.

I pledge, Citizens, to fulfill my part of this great Contract with America.

And you, of course, will fulfill yours.

***Frank Lovece**, Official Transcriber for the Minister of Signal, writes the Marvel series **WRAITHEART**, available in April. His previous Marvel series include **NIGHTSTALKERS** and **HOKUM & HEX**.*

Triumph of the Will: The Making of the American Takeover

"I don't want to go to bloody New York. I've just bought a house. I want to unpack. So stop wasting my time with bad jokes about paying for *me* to go to New York and get off the bloody phone."

"This isn't a joke, Warren. All the other writers are coming to the conference, and we need you there, because, quite frankly, it's all your fault."

"My fault? *My* fault? So who was it phoned me in the middle of he bloody night and said, 'Warren, y'know you wanted to do politics in Doom? Well, have we got an idea for you!'? Go on, tell me who said *that*, Cavalieri!"

"If you dare tell any of the other guys that, not only will I deny it, but I'll have my hitmen burn your house down."

"Joey, I'd purely love to come to New York from England in a bloody Sopwith Camel operated by Big Crash Airlines for your 2099 conference in October. Shall I be staying at Dirty Tonio's Flophouse on the Lower East Side?"

"No. We have a cardboard box picked out for you on Avenue A. Don't be late."

Actually, I was staying at a big Lexington Avenue hotel, whose most memorable feature was an eight-foot-tall doorman named Gordon who stopped taxis by walking out into the middle of Lex, all three lanes of it, blowing a whistle, and then glaring at the oncoming traffic (which didn't want to hit him for fear of the damage he would do to their cars). A taxicab would miraculously appear within about ten seconds. Of course, most New York taxi drivers appear to have seen *Taxi Driver*, and for no good reason insist on regaling all Englishmen with swivel-eyed, marbles-in-mouth Travis Bickle impressions. Like I needed this. Bad enough that Americans make up for having a weedy 55 mph speed limit by driving like hungry epileptic dingoes.

This was my first time in New York, and, sadly, the first thing it brought to mind was an sf novel by John Brunner, entitled THE SHEEP LOOK UP. It tells the story of a modern society collapsing under the weight of its own filth. Written in 1972, it prefigures the current trend of environmental shock-fiction, and does it a lot better.

People don't look up in New York. *It* makes them look like tourists.

This is the place where, nearly three years ago, 2099 was built. And, in October 1994, I came along to sit in on its reconstruction. And it wasn't all my fault. I have witnesses.

What we wanted to do was to make the world unpredictable again. We needed a big shake-up, a massive change on the scale of any major world event, but without the superficiality that comics often brings to such things. Let's face it, if the Crimson Goatgouger grows eight extra arms and decides to go sort out "Yugoslavia," you know fine well that in the following issue he'll be back to the regular limb-count and nothing will be different in the ex-Yugoslavian region (unless the comic is really bad, in which case we'll be treated to the Goatgouger punching out Radovan Karadzic). In 2099, we can do major world upheavals honestly. And that's the plan.

What you're seeing is something that'll shake the world to its roots, and, furthermore, will actually make the world of 2099 a little more cohesive. Because Doom will connect across all strata of this society. Lines will be drawn between, say, VR entertainment on the West Coast and environmental maintenance on the East. The structure of law enforcement in Washington will have ramifications in Transverse City. Doom will see it all and make it all make sense. And, if you keep reading DOOM, you will come to understand the world of 2099 in an unprecedented way.

My concern was to keep the books evolving. The old mantra of "no change, just the illusion of change" gives me a rash. So, as the writers who ride for the 2099 brand filed in on that Indian summer of a Monday, spoiling for a fight (because someone had told them it was all my fault), and I realized that none of them was against change, I just hurled out all my ideas and waited to see which of them would stick to the wall. EMP America. Cynex. Clean lifters. The Black Cabinet. And then Gerry Jones, being Californian, turned up fashionably late—Wednesday—and I had to explain it all over again.

Which leaves only one question; why didn't Joey fire me for drinking heavily on the first day and then spend the rest of the time in bars and stores? I should have been at the table, beating out the details of the next year's publishing. I should have remained to continue blowing smoke over Peter David and needling him about wafting off to some ozoneless holiday island and becoming a big melanoma with legs within a week...but no. Not necessary. Because this is not a crossover. Tattoo that on your eyelids. I was not necessary, once I'd stated what I intended to do in DOOM up to #38. It's entirely up to Pat Mills, John Moore, Tony Skinner, Len Kaminski, Peter David, and Gerry Jones as to the extent to which they want to interact with the Takeover. You do not have to buy all the 2099 books to get the story. Each book will deal with its own individual angle on the New Regime. Mind you, no one's saying you can't buy all the 2099 books, either, y'know.

So, while I was off on me toes, everyone else was working out their approach with Joey, Lia and Matt. Save a special thought for Lia, who had to note down everything that was said at the conference. Because, on the first day, every other note was "Shut up, naff off and get me coffee." Sorry.

I left the millennial rot of Manhattan on Thursday, having helped build the Second American Revolution. Funny, that's being blamed on an Englishman again.

Maybe we'll do a better job of it this time around.

—Warren Ellis

2099 A.D.

FIND OUT YOUR PLACE IN
2099'S NEW WORLD ORDER
THIS MARCH.

MARVEL COMICS

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House Ad from *DOOM 2099 #29*

PLEDGE YOUR ALLEGIANCE
DOOM TAKES OVER AMERICA IN DOOM 2099 #29 AND NO 2099 TITLE WILL ESCAPE UNSCATHED!
2099 A.D.
MARVEL COMICS
2099 AFTER DOOM. THE NEW WORLD ORDER BEGINS IN MARCH!
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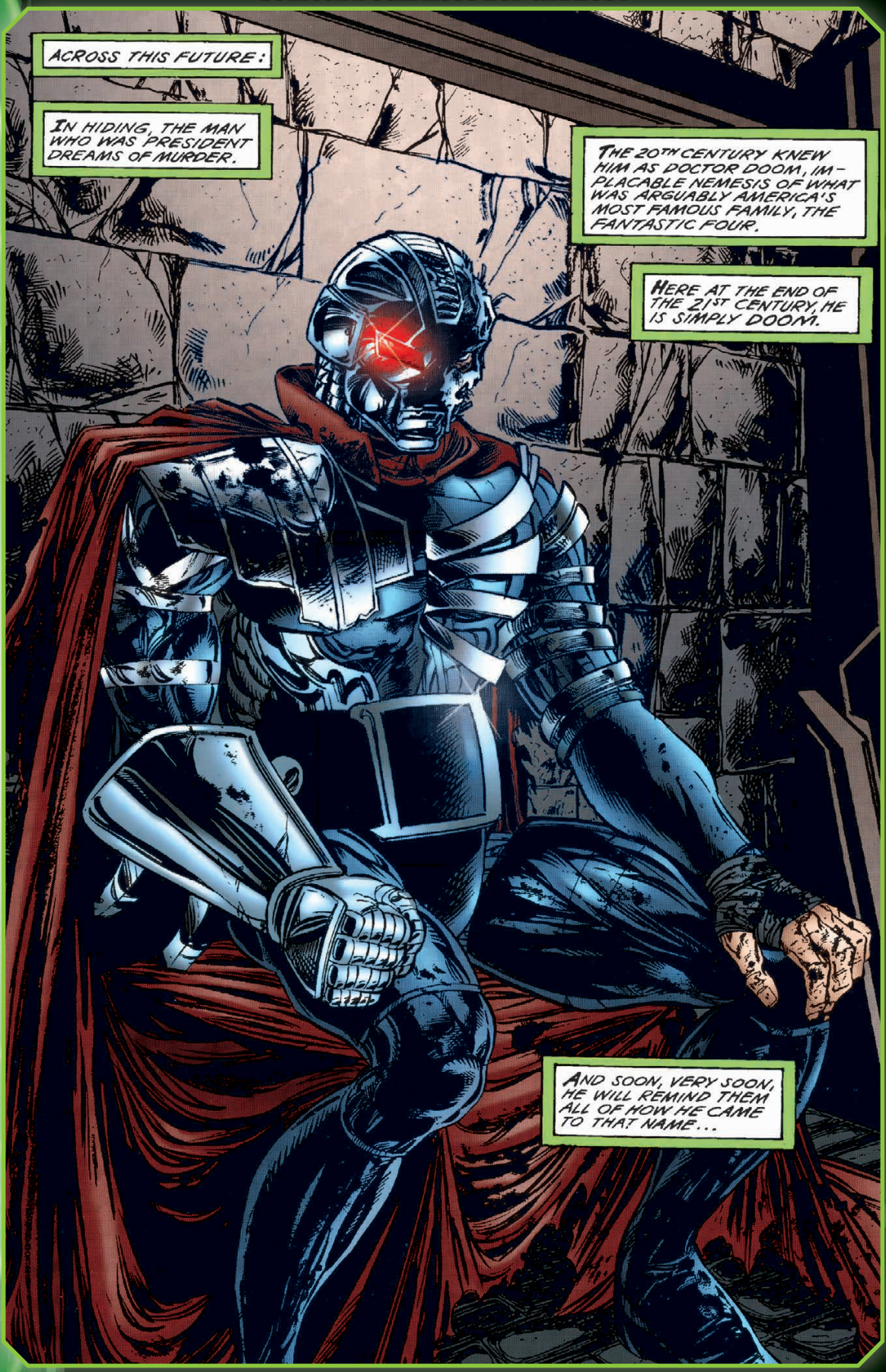
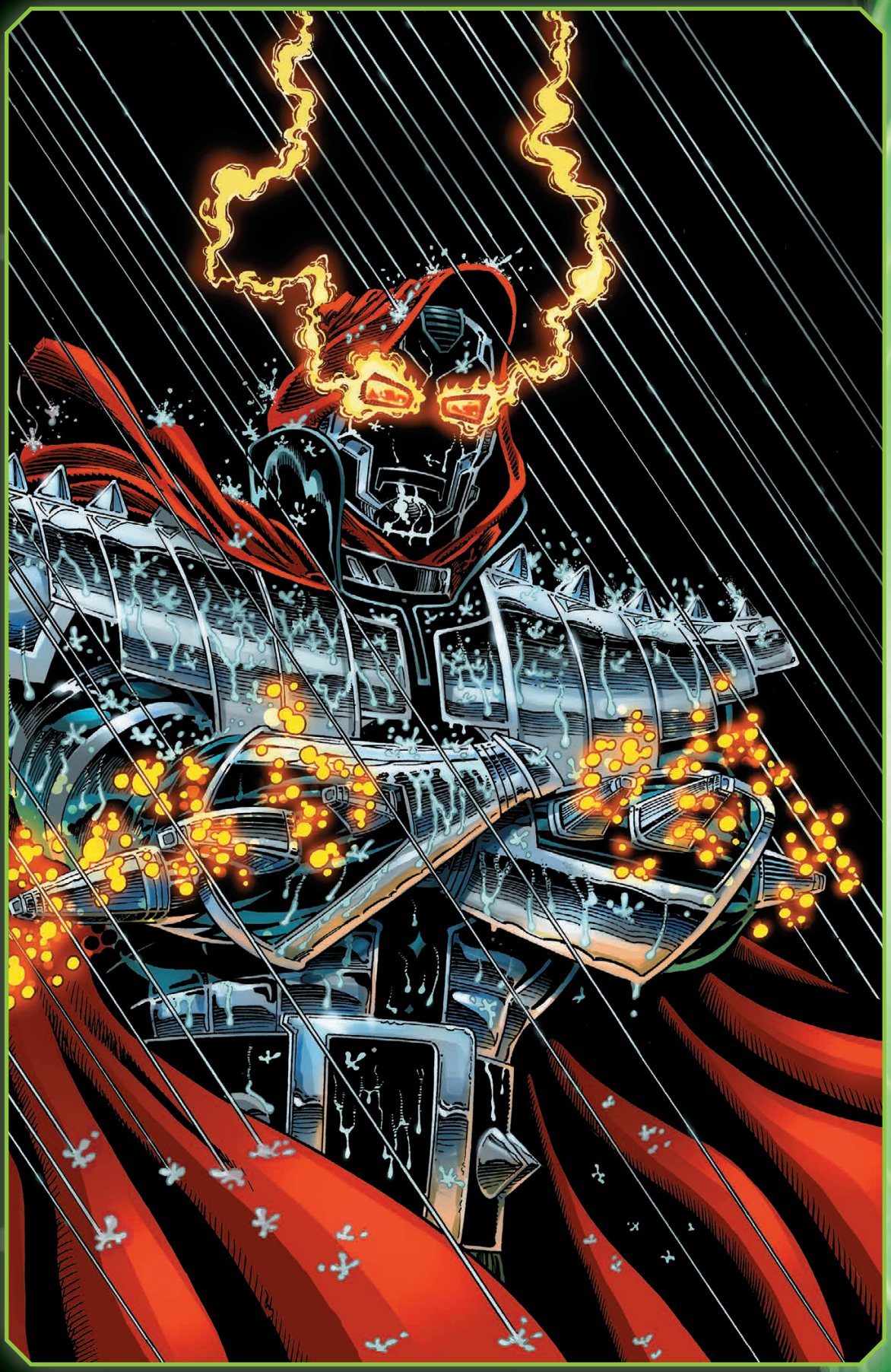
2099 A.D. Genesis #1, page 16 by Warren Ellis and Dale Eaglesham takes place between *Doom 2099 #37* and *#38*.


ACROSS THIS FUTURE:
IN HIDING, THE MAN WHO WAS PRESIDENT DREAMS OF MURDER.
THE 20TH CENTURY KNEW HIM AS DOCTOR DOOM, IMPLACABLE NEMESIS OF WHAT WAS ARGUABLY AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS FAMILY, THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
HERE AT THE END OF THE 21ST CENTURY, HE IS SIMPLY DOOM.
AND SOON, VERY SOON, HE WILL REMIND THEM ALL OF HOW HE CAME TO THAT NAME...

Spider-Man 2099 #39, Doom 2099 #37, Ghost Rider 2099 #21 & X-Men 2099 # 28 Combined Covers

DOOM 2099 #38 Cover Art by Ashley Wood

DOOM COVER
38
C
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE
ASHLEY WOOD 95
PLEASE LEAVE BACKGROUND CLEAR WHITE.. PLEASE..
DON'T COLOUR PENCIL JUST DOOM'S HEAD & CLOAK.. IT WILL REALLY STAND OUT....



BRODERICK 94

Superstar writer Warren Ellis' maniacal overhaul of Dr. Doom's futuristic solo series — featuring technological horror, dystopian despots and more sheer wrongness than you can shake a gauntlet at!

The year is 2099. Victor von Doom, having mysteriously survived from the Heroic Age of the early 21st century, has risen anew in this technologically advanced future. Having retaken his beloved Latveria from those who ruled it in his absence, Doom has turned his gaze to America, once the home of his greatest foes. He sees unrest. He sees disharmony. He knows the struggling nation needs an iron fist to bring it back under control. And he knows just the man for the job. All hail President Doom!

MARVEL

Collecting Warren Ellis' stories from Doom 2099 #24-39, plus material from 2099 Special: The World of Doom — written by Warren Ellis and John Francis Moore; and illustrated by Pat Broderick, David Klein, John Royle, Steve Pugh, Ashley Wood and John Buscema.